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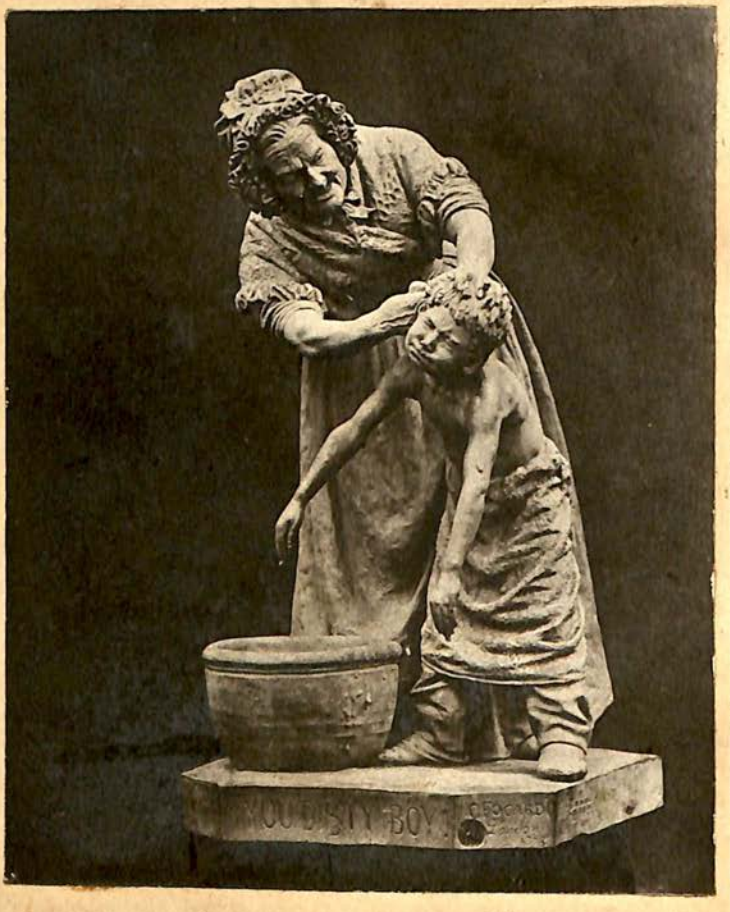

"YOU DIRTY BOY!"

BY SIGNOR FOCARDI.

(COMMISSIONED BY MESSRS A & F. PEARS OF LONDON FOR £500.)

See page 268

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN

IN

1878-9.

BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF 'TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK,' 'AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR,' 'WILLIAM HOGARTH,' 'GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT,' ETC.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FOURTH EDITION.

Qx b. 39 vol I

London:
REMINGTON AND CO.,
5 ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.
SCRIBNER AND WELFORD, NEW YORK.
1880.

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58912

LONDON:
BRADBURY AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE,

THE KIND FRIEND AND PATRONESS OF MY DEAR MOTHER,

AND WHO HAS KNOWN ME EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE CHILD,

MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO,

WITH FEELINGS OF GRATEFUL ESTEEM

I Dedicate this Book.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A CONSIDERABLE edition of *Paris Herself Again* having been exhausted within three weeks, I may be permitted to address a few words of thanks to the public for their prompt encouragement of a work, the letterpress of which I tried to make as entertaining as I could; while my publishers, on their part, have spared no efforts to render the book as pictorially attractive as possible. Thus the objects which we mutually proposed to ourselves have been secured 'all round.' The public have evidently been pleased; else they would not have bought up one edition of *Paris Herself Again*, and called for another. My booksellers, I take it, have equal reason to be complacent; since, if the second edition be swiftly disposed of, they will be emboldened to issue a third, and so on, till they get into the "stride" of M. Emile Zola, who by this time, I should say, is in his fifty-fifth reprint of the fascinating and polished *Assommoir;* thus I am satisfied to find that other people are not displeased with my poor performance. I say that it is poor—lamentably poor; for, my eight hundred pages or so nevertheless, I feel (audaciously paraphrasing the illustrious philosopher) that I have only been picking up pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of Paris lay all undiscovered before

me. I should like, had I the time and the means, to chronicle the hours of the day and night in the vivacious capital, after the manner which I pursued more than twenty years ago, in a book called *Twice Round the Clock*. I should like to translate Dulaure; to bring Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* down to the present day, or in a series of semi-historical semi-social essays, to compare the Paris of Madame de Sevigné and Tallemant des Réaux with the Paris of Honoré de Balzac and Eugène Sue. A great deal in this direction has been done by the Brothers De Goncourt, and by M. Maxime Ducamp; but these eminent publicists naturally write and think as Frenchmen do, and (sometimes) as though there were no other metropolis in the world save Paris; whereas English readers, I apprehend, would prefer an exhaustive picture of the gay city as seen through spectacles, which in their time have been turned on most of the cities in the civilised world. But this is not to be, I am afraid. As it is, I have done my best, and am very thankful for the reception given to my (I hope) harmless production.

One word more. I have somebody else to thank besides the public; but, ere I express my gratitude, I must relate a brief little epilogue. A horny-handed son of toil, engaged in mining pursuits (or perhaps he was a brickmaker), in the north of England, came home to dinner one day, and found, to his indignation, that his wife had provided liver and bacon for his mid-day meal, instead of tripe and cowheel. During the lively altercation which followed the admission of her error, the son of toil remarked that the

sharer of his joys and woes was quietly removing the comb which confined her flowing tresses. 'Wat does thee du that fur?' he asked, sternly. 'Becos,' replied his spouse, 'I dunno want thee to drive t' coomb into ma skoull, wan t' hammers me wi' t' poker." She was a philosopher, and prepared for all things, even for an aggravated assault with the poker. In a similar spirit, when this book left the press, I, metaphorically speaking, flattened my beaver over my eyes, buttoned my doublet up to the chin, folded my arms, shut my eyes, clenched my teeth, and prepared to be pelted by my old foes the critics. The writer of a book cannot run away. He is in the pillory, and must take all that is thrown at him, be it the fragrant rose, or the merry addled egg, or the festive deceased kitten. For many years since I have been lapidated more or less mercilessly by the critics. I have grown callous, case-hardened, pachydermatous to censure. "For a consideration" I would not much mind abusing one of my own books, even as the Dey of Algiers, after Lord Exmouth had bombarded half the city into a mass of ruins, offered to bombard the other half, if the British Government would compensate him for his trouble. To my astonishment, and eventually to my delight, I found that nobody was pelting *Paris Herself Again*. On the contrary, I found the kindest of notices of the book in all the journals which came within my ken.

The *Times*, which was good enough to review a book of mine, called *A Journey Due North*, published twenty years ago, but which subsequently sank into stony silence concerning my writings, gave a graceful notice to *Paris*

Herself Again. So did the *Athenæum*. The *Observer* spoke a great deal better of me and my productions than ever I or they deserved; the *Graphic* gave me the cheeriest and most genial of reviews; the *Pall Mall Gazette* was loftily courteous, and grandly affable; and my ancient and esteemed adversary, the *Saturday Review*, went out of its way, so it seemed to me, to be appreciative and complimentary. This I hold to be phenomenal. What has become of my enemies? Where are they? Are they gone out of town? Will they, when they return, avail themselves of the publication of a second edition of *Paris Herself Again*, to gird at me in the old familiar strain? I hope that they will not do anything of the kind. Life is not long enough for men of letters to abuse one another. By the time that these sheets issue from the press I shall be on the Sea, on my way to a far distant country which I have not gazed upon for sixteen years—to the Great Republic which I first visited when she was in the Midst of War, and which I hope to find in the full enjoyment of Peace, and returning prosperity. Ere I depart I should like to shake hands with everybody. I think that, for myself, I can say, that there is not one human creature living for whom I nourish one spark of unfriendly feeling; and it is a matter of great joy to me to find from the welcome this book has received, not only from the public, but from the reviewers, that, at least, I have not been making enemies since my last work was published.

G. A. S.

November, 1879.

PREFACE.

I WENT to Paris at the end of the first week in July, last year, intending to remain a fortnight in the French capital; and I returned from Paris to London on the twenty-third of November, on the eve of my birthday: when I was fifty years of age. I mention these dates, and I have kept the circumstance of my fiftieth birthday in mind, for a purpose which I shall afterwards explain. I have rarely enjoyed myself so thoroughly and so heartily; and I am sure that I have not, these many years past, suffered so much physical discomfort as I did during nearly five months' residence in Paris. As to the discomfort, I am not, of course, speaking of old times, when one was young and struggling and desperately poor; nor do I allude to such privations as must be endured now and again when a man is travelling in partially-civilised countries, or abiding in partially-civilised cities, such as Constantinople; and I must frankly own that no inconsiderable proportion of the lack of comfort which I experienced in Paris was altogether of my own choosing. There are many new, spacious, clean, and airy hotels in Paris; and I could have obtained, at no very extortionate rates, comfortable and luxurious apartments at the Grand or at the Louvre, at the Continental or at the Splendide, at the Chatham or at the Lille et Albion. But in July '78 the Paris Universal Exposition was at its flood. Thousands of

strangers from all parts of the world were arriving in the capital every week; and all the hotels in the fashionable quarters, from the Rue de Rivoli to high up in the Champs Elysées, and from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin along the Boulevards to the Madeleine, were thronged to repletion with English people. Now it happened that I had at the time a number of very good reasons for avoiding my countrymen. As a rule, I find them when travelling on the Continent intensely disagreeable. I know that I am; and surely there is room in the world enough for us both. It is my fortune, or my misfortune, to know intimately or slightly a vast number of people in all ranks and conditions in life; and I had no wish to hear on the Boulevard des Capucines the same interminable chatter on the Eastern Question—wither the Eastern Question!—and the same club, 'society,' and theatrical stories and scandals which I had been hearing since the beginning of the London season in Pall Mall and in Fleet Street—or in Seven Dials and Brick Lane, Spitalfields, if you like. I had no ambition to hear Codrus recite his Theseid at the Grand Hotel, or to meet Smudge, A.R.A., in the Rue de la Paix, and be scowled at by him because I had written some unpalatable things about his picture of 'The Maniacal Sunday-School Teacher' in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. And, finally, I shrank from meeting the people who, I felt sure, would ask me to dinner. There are, I believe, a host of Britons so hospitable that their chief occupation in life is to ask people to dinner. Throughout the London season they lie in wait for guests; and when the season is at an end they rush over to Paris, and roam up and down the English-frequented streets for the sole purpose of making captives of their bow and spear, or

rather, of their knife and fork invites. I was in bad health when I went to Paris. I cannot ever be in good health again, and half at least of my days are spent in the acutest physical pain; and every dinner which I cannot have the choosing of myself is so much bodily and mental torture, and another nail in my coffin. And I abhor *tables d'hôte;* holding, as I do, that it is abominable tyranny to be forced to dine with people whom you certainly would not ask to dine with you. The majority of English people whom you meet at a foreign *table d'hôte* are either sulky or silly. I know that I am both, by turns; and I prefer to dine in my own room or at a restaurant, where I can read as I eat —to the detriment of digestion;—quarrel with my food; scold my companion; snarl at the waiter; and feel Comfortable. 'The pursuit of happiness' is one among the inalienable Rights of Man enumerated in the American Declaration of Independence. Comfort is, mundanely speaking, happiness; and we are entitled to travel towards the bourne of felicity by whichever route we choose to take.

In this nice, sociable, and amiable frame of mind I gave my compatriots in Paris the widest of berths, and sought for a domicile in a neighbourhood thoroughly French. I would have sought one 'over the water,' in the Rue de Seine or the Rue St. André des Arts; but it was necessary for business purposes that I should have my den close to the Place de la Bourse, where there is an excellent branch of the General Post Office, and close to a cab-stand. On the 'Surrey side' of the Seine it was extremely difficult, during the Exhibition season, to procure cabs. Suddenly I bethought me of a house called the Grand Hôtel Beauséjour, on the Boulevard Poissonnière, where, between 1854

and 1862, I had frequently resided. It was more of a *maison meublée* than an hotel. They could give you your morning *café au lait*, and cook some *œufs sur le plat*, or even a cutlet at a pinch; but the people of the house did not care much about supplying set repasts, and rather preferred that you should take your second breakfast and your dinner abroad. It was a very clean, cheerful, and well-kept establishment, and in its management thoroughly French; although, curiously enough, the majority of the guests were Germans. Close by, on the same Boulevard Poissonnière, was the Hôtel St. Phar, a house almost exclusively frequented by Belgians. I found the Beauséjour in July '78 as clean and bright, as cheerful and well kept, as it had been between '54 and '62. Unfortunately, Madame la Patronne—to whom I hereby beg to convey the expression of my distinguished consideration, and for whose attention and civility I have really reason to be grateful—was suffering from that *trop plein*, or was the rather in the full enjoyment of that plethora of guests which, during the Exhibition time, made business highly profitable to the hotel and lodging-house keepers, and Paris so very unhabitable. The utmost amount of accommodation which Madame could place at our disposal was a couple of little rabbit-hutch-like rooms on the second floor, above the *entresol:* one to serve as a *salon*, and the other, which contained two little beds of Procrustean proportions, was to do duty as a bedchamber. We paid between four and five guineas a week for these two little dens (which were prettily decorated, but were quite destitute of ventilation); and in them we were alternately stewed, broiled, baked, and half frozen during a wet July, a

torrid August, a semi-tropical September, a chill October, and a bitterly bleak November. There was a balcony to our *salon* overlooking the Boulevard; and more than once in these volumes the reader will come across doleful complaints of the thundering sound of the omnibuses and *chars-à-banc*, and the ceaseless roar of a multitude that seemed never to go to bed. We breakfasted on most mornings at the Café Véron, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Vivienne; and I shall not readily forget the constant and thoughtful courtesy shown to me by M. Gosselin, the esteemed proprietor of the café in question. It was he who acted as my cicerone when I visited the Halles Centrales; to him I was indebted for a great deal of varied information on all kinds of things Parisian; and whenever my wife wanted anything in the way of millinery or dress or 'fal-lals,' his wife was always ready to tell her where to go, and how to procure the very best articles at the most moderate prices. When I first entered his establishment and ordered breakfast I was a total stranger to him; but after half a dozen visits we came to be looked upon as regular clients, and the landlord became a genial and considerate friend. And this I hold to be the way of the French. At first sight they may strike you as being greedy for money, even to the verge of rapacity; but so soon as they come to know you they turn out to be not only obliging but really affectionate folks, who will do anything for you.

You may ask, looking at the wretched existence which we led in the two little cabins on the second floor above the *entresol*, why we did not decamp and find lodgings elsewhere. I will tell you why. I have already mentioned

that we came to Paris for a fortnight only. But towards the close of every succeeding fortnight I used to receive a telegram from some business friends in Fleet Street, London, E.C., to this effect, 'Letters all right. Should like more. Pray stay another fortnight. Hope you're quite comfortable.' I was most miserably uncomfortable; but I did not like to disoblige my business friends in Fleet Street, so I stayed on, until the fortnight grew into more than four months. We were always saying that we positively must remove to some other hotel at the end of the week; but we failed to move, nevertheless. I had an immensity of work to do; I hate packing; very few of my English friends (to my joy) had found me out; the landlady, the landlord, their amiable daughter, and the secretary and cashier, all overflowed with civility; and so I stayed on, stewing, simmering, broiling, baking, and semi-congealing, according to the variations of a continually mutable temperature.

I had come to Paris to write a few letters about the Exhibition for a newspaper with which I have been closely connected for more than one-and-twenty years, and the representative of which I have been in a great many distant countries, and on many momentous occasions. When my old and true friend Mr. Edward L. Lawson, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and chief editor of that journal, dismissed me on my mission with the heartiest of good wishes and a pocketful of money, his instructions amounted in effect to this: 'Don't bother yourself too much about the Exhibition. Go there when you feel inclined; but, for the rest, walk about and see things, and tell us all about them.' These instructions, allowing myself a reason-

able margin, I endeavoured to follow; and the result is *Paris Herself Again.* Some of my readers may think that I *have* 'bothered' myself about the Exhibition. I can only say that I have done in 1878 that which I did in the Paris Exhibition years 1855 and 1867. The last-named Congress I described for the *Daily Telegraph;* the first for another journal now defunct. I have not been able to help being from time to time technical; because I delight in technics; because I have a handicraft of my own, at which I could still work and earn a livelihood did my trade as a journalist fail me; because I am always trying to understand processes of manufacture; and because I often find such things as soap and candles, chocolate and pickles, upholstery and electro-plate, quite as interesting as the habitations of mankind and the ways of men. It is not my fault if I think Virtue's *Cyclopædia of the Useful Arts,* and Beckmann's *History of Inventions,* and Ure's *Dictionary* to be as entertaining reading as the *Arabian Nights.* When Artemus Ward wrote to President Lincoln to ask him to attend one of his, Artemus's, lectures, Mr. Lincoln replied that he had no doubt that Mr. Ward's lectures would be eminently pleasing to people who liked lectures, which he, the President, failed to do. Thus the readers who like to read about technics may be pleased with the technical portions of my book; while those who do not like technics may skip them altogether.

One word in conclusion, to explain why I made public so ostensibly uninteresting a fact that I was fifty last November. I drew attention to the circumstance as a justification of my presuming to write anything about

Paris, and to show that I was to some extent qualified to write about it. I have known the French capital intimately, for forty years. I was taken there to school in August, 1839; and there at school I remained until the French language had become as familiar to me as mine own. I was in Paris during the revolution of 1848; during the *coup d'état* of 1851, when I nearly got shot; during the Exhibition years of 1855 and 1867. I was in Paris on the 4th of September 1870, when I nearly got murdered as a 'Prussian spy;' and, apart from the journalistic errands which have taken me to Paris, I have lived for months together, in all parts of the city, over and over again. So that if I do not know something about Paris now—I do not say that I know much—I shall not, I apprehend, ever know anything touching the city which I have seen 'knocked into a cocked hat' over and over again—barricaded, bombarded, beleaguered, dragooned, and all but sacked, but which is now 'Paris Herself Again'—comelier, richer, gayer, more fascinating than ever. And happier? *Que sais-je?* That is no business of mine. I have enough to do, myself, to try to be as little miserable as I can.

46, *Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.*
September, 1879.

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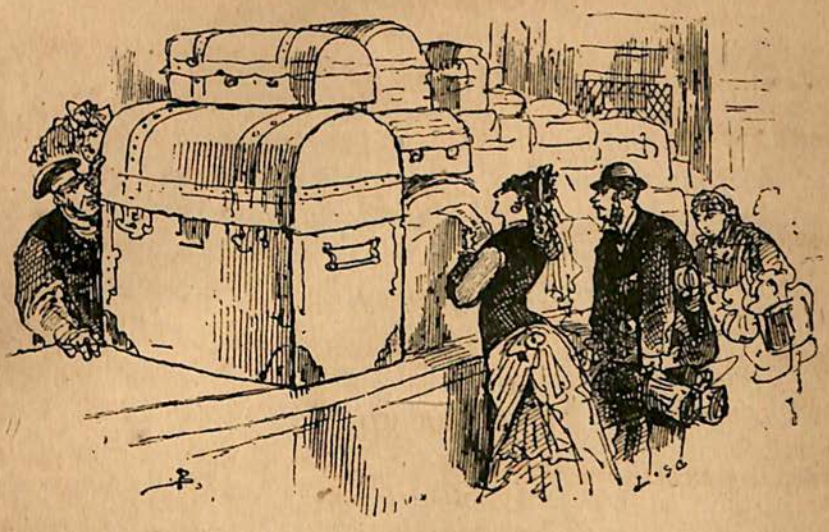


PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.

I.

THE CITY WITHOUT CABS.

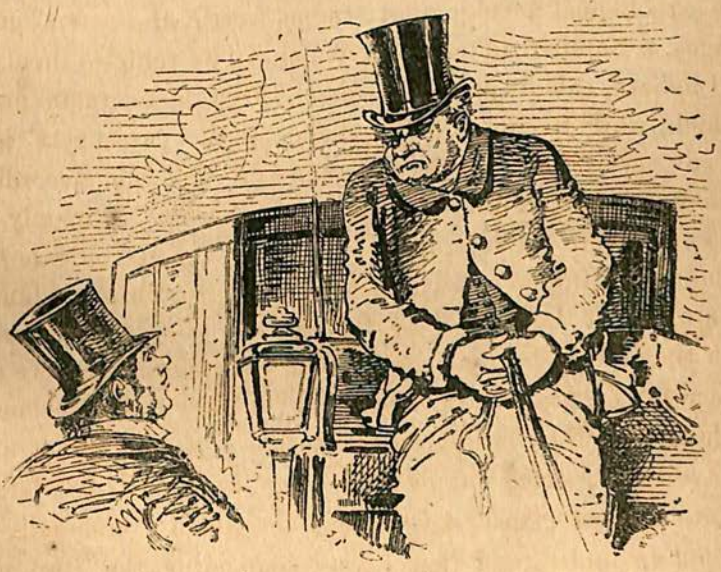
Paris, Aug. 7.

ARRIVING at seven in the morning, hungry and weary, at the Paris terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, we cooled our heels during the ordinary and intolerable half-hour, and were driven by superior order from one *salle d'attente* to another, until it pleased the customs' officers to begin the usual farcical but irritating examination of the passengers' luggage. This performance was not by any means the less stupid because it was a farce and a sham. There are very few things worth smuggling nowadays; smugglers are careful to put their contraband goods anywhere but in the boxes and portmanteaus which they know will be opened; and, even if it were worth while to bribe the custom-house officers, modern French *douaniers* are a singularly unbribable race. They are, in Paris at least, incorruptible, but sulky. As they do not receive fees, they consider themselves to be absolved from the necessity of being civil; so that everything in the *Salle des Bagages*, at seven A.M., goes as merrily as—well, as the Inchcape Bell in a fog.

Dismissed from the unsatisfactory presence of a fiscal organisation with virtually nothing to do, and doing it most elaborately, and emerging into the courtyard of the terminus, I found, to my astonishment, that nearly the only vehicles in the vast area were some half-dozen of those well-remembered square boxes on wheels, with seats *vis-à-vis*, which seem to have started in life with the intention of becoming omnibuses, but, thinking better of it, have halted in a truncated condition. These 'shandrydans' are drawn by a pair of steeds, each seemingly reared for the purpose on old coir-mats and broken Eau de Seltz syphons, and presenting in their osteological development studies worthy the attention of a Gamgee, a Samuel Sidney, or a Walsh. The vehicles themselves are, I believe, called 'paniers à salade,' from the energetic manner in which, while in motion, they shake up the passengers' bones. The patrons of these wretched carriages are, as a rule (according to Parisian legends), either wealthy farmers from Normandy, who have come up to the metropolis in quest of the graceless nephews to whom they intend to leave their fortunes; or harmless lunatics, who are met at the station by the attendants of the asylums to which they are to be consigned. The railway porters were about to place my baggage on the roof of one of these rickety palanquins on wheels, when I mildly observed that I should prefer a cab. 'Une voiture!' cried one of the porters, his mouth distending to the broadest of grins, 'à Chaillot;' by which colloquialism he gave me to understand that I was demanding the Impossible. Then both porters hastened to explain to me that since Monday morning the Paris cabmen had been *en grève;* that the strike would probably become general; that there was a deadly feud between the Compagnie Générale des Voitures and their drivers; that the average number of visitors to the Exhibition had been diminished by one-third in consequence of the lack of facilities for locomotion; and that, altogether, *il y avait du propre*, which was equivalent to an intimation that things vehicular were in a pretty mess.

Although my astonishment had by this time become changed into dismay, I did not wholly give up the battle as lost, or resign

myself unreservedly to the bone-bruising *panier à salade*. Exhibiting small silver moneys as an earnest of future bounty, and speaking the worst French at my command, I pointed to an empty four-wheeled cab in the background, and insisted upon having it. In vain it was represented to me that the driver had his blue flag up, signifying that he was *loué*, or engaged. I continued to point, to insist, and to jingle small coins. At length the pleasant conviction may have burst on the porters that I was *Ultimus Romanorum*, or the last of the Milords Anglais. One of them went in quest of



the distant cabman, who, after long parley and seemingly receiving unimpeachable guarantees as to my British nationality, was induced to listen to reason. His 'machine' was an ancient cab, of the construction formerly known as a 'Dame Blanche.' Its perfume was not that of Araby the Blest, and it was drawn by two half-starved white dobbins; but I entered it with as much alacrity as though it had been the golden coach of a High-Sheriff; and I thought the mile and a half an hour, which seemed to be the utmost speed which the knock-kneed, shoulder-shotten Rosinantes could attain, a very fair rate of progress indeed.

At the other Paris railway stations, on the self-same Tuesday morning, there were, I was given to understand, no cabs at all; and the passengers from the provinces were landed on the pavement, where they were left sitting on their luggage, and lamenting, like Lord Ullin in the ballad. I am bound to admit that the solitary Automedon, in a glazed hat and a red waistcoat, who plied at the Gare du Nord, did not take an excessive advantage of my helplessness. This worthy son of Dioreus held his hand after charging me not more than double the usual fare; and he left the amount of *pourboire* to my generosity. We parted mutually satisfied. He called me 'Mon bourgeois,' and I called him 'Mon brave.' I think that he must have been the father of a family. 'Yes,' he replied, in answer to my inquiries, 'there was a strike, and a devil of a one.' 'Tant pis pour la Compagnie, tant pis pour le public, tant pis pour nous, et tant mieux pour le Mont de Piété.' He was, it will be obvious, a philosopher, albeit one of the pessimist kind. I should say, myself, that strikes are bad things all round and for everybody, except the pawnbrokers and the publicans. Just now the shops of the *marchands de vins* are crammed with mutinous cabdrivers, and the consumption of *schnick* and *petit bleu* is enormous. If the cab collapse continues the wives of the Jehus on strike will soon be setting about making up bundles full of Lares and Penates to be deposited in the kindly but strict custody of *ma tante*.

It did not enter into my scheme of operations to visit the Exhibition during the earlier days of my sojourn in the French metropolis. 'J'avais d'autres chats à fouetter;' which in these days of 'French puzzles' in the *World* may be translated that I had other fish to fry. I was anxious to see what Paris in its Republican and peaceful aspect was like before I explored the wondrous regions of the Champs de Mars and the Trocadéro. For it so happens that, although I have once or twice passed rapidly through the gay city on my way to far-distant countries since 1870, eight long years have elapsed since I trod the boulevards of Paris as a *flâneur*,—since I halted before the kiosques to look at the

ever-fresh and ever-spiteful political caricatures,—since I sipped a *mazagran* or a *Bavaroise* at the Café de la Paix, the Grand, or the Helder. I quitted Paris on a grim September night in 1870, when 'the gentlemen of the pavement' were in power, and the Siege was about to begin. What changes have taken place since then! How much blood, how many tears, have been shed! What treasure wasted! What hopes blasted! What pride humbled! What clever combinations, calculations, forecasts, shattered and trampled in the dust by a derisive Fate! I left Paris for Lyons that lowering September night, left it a city full of the rumours of war and beleaguerment, full of rage and terror, full of doubt and dread; and I have come back to a Paris which, abating the squabble between the cabmen and their employers, seems to be about the most smiling, the most peaceful, and the most prosperous city that I have ever beheld. Whether among the political ashes still live their wonted fires, it is not my purpose just now to inquire.

Not wishing, then, to see the Exhibition yet a while, I was prepared to witness with some equanimity the dire tribulation of innumerable groups of English and American tourists, who throughout the day, and along the great line of boulevards from the Porte St. Denis to the Place de la Madeleine, were vainly

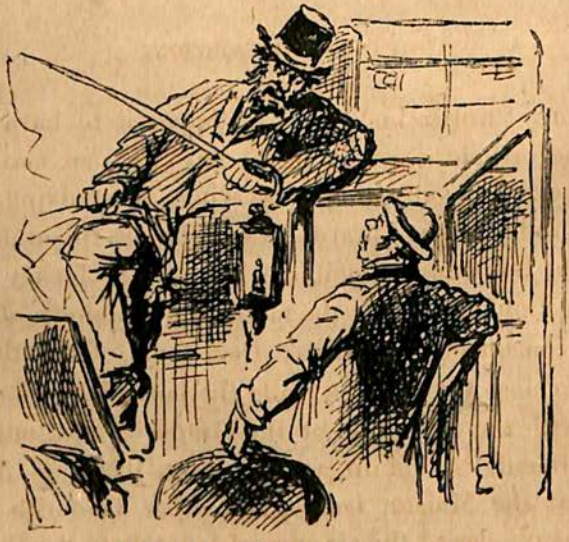
endeavouring to persuade the very few hackney-carriage drivers who were on the stands, to take them to the Champ de Mars. Only one-fifth of the vehicles ordinarily in circulation were out, it is said, yesterday; and the police inspectors, who generally show so much alacrity in jotting down the little faults of the cabmen, wandered about in a listless manner, with blank note-books and unused pencils. The most irritating part of the affair was that among the few broughams and victorias, which at first sight appeared to be plying for hire, nearly every one proved on nearer inspection to be displaying above the driver's seat the little blue banner, signifying that the carriage was engaged. Not a 'Bonny Blue Flag' by any means. To the weary footed rather an ensign of woe. Sometimes 'engaged' was rendered in the masculine, as *loué*, and sometimes in the feminine, as *louée;* but in nearly every case the Amaxelates when hailed shook his head, either courteously, ironically, or defiantly. One gentleman, in a green waistcoat and a hat covered with white oilskin, cursed me so heartily and so copiously when I asked him to drive me from the Rue Vivienne to the Rue de Labruyère, that I almost fancied that he must be our famous 'Ben, the Hackney coachman bold,' come

to life again, and metamorphosed into a vituperative Gaul. You will remember the bold Ben of whom it is sung in the touching ballad of 'Tamaroo': 'How he'd swear and how he'd drive, number Three Hundred and Sixty-five, with his high fol liddle, iddle, high gee woa.'

The man with the verdant vest and the white hat swore at me, but declined to drive me. I gave him as good as he had given; and then proceeded to toil along the broiling boulevard, remote, unfriended, melancholy, and slow, recalling in my mind a certain morning seven-and-twenty years ago, when, as happened yesterday, there were no cabs to be had for love or money in Paris. Stay! If you were a Republican Deputy, M. de Maupas, Prefect of Police, had placed a limited number of private hackney carriages at the disposal of the Representatives of the Extreme Left, who were conveyed, free, gratis, and for nothing, to Mazas, to the Conciergerie, or to La Roquette. That was on the 2d of December 1851. In the Exhibition year, 1867, things were bad enough in the cab way, and there was a partial, but not a general strike. I don't think, however, that I ever paid more than three times the proper fare; and not more than twice, on inquiring of a Jehu how much I was to pay him, did the gentleman on the box raise his whip and 'offer' to strike me across the face. In the year last mentioned, M. Pietri, then Prefect of Police, caused it to be intimated to the *cochers* that if they did not immediately resume work, and keep civil tongues in their heads, their licenses would be forfeited *en masse*, and their places supplied by gunners and drivers from the artillery.

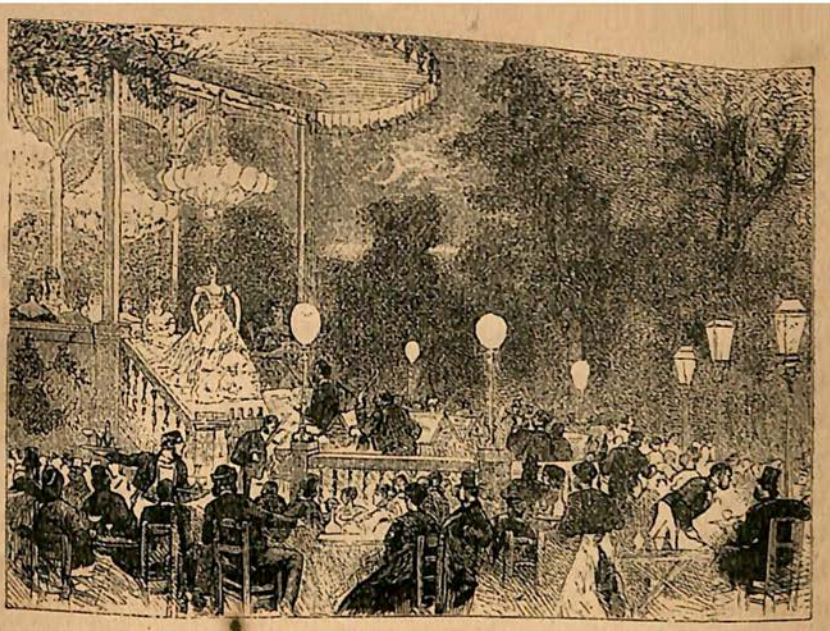
Such high-handed measures are perhaps impracticable under a Republican *régime*, although M. Albert Gigot, the existing ædile, is prepared, I hear, 'to act with energy should circumstances demand it.' Circumstances, I should say, demand that something should be done at once. The company and the cabmen are losing as it is at least a thousand pounds a day in fares to the Exhibition and back again, to say nothing of the ordinary *courses;* and the disgusted public are beginning to patronise all kinds of abnormal

vehicles—wagonnettes, *char-à-bancs*, *tapissières*, vans, and carts of every description, the drivers of which charge only seventy-five centimes from the central boulevards to the Champ de Mars. There is a railway to the Exhibition, but the route is a roundabout one, and an unconscionable time is occupied in getting over it. To-morrow I shall go down to the banks of the Seine, and see whether they are doing anything with the *bateaux-mouches*—the tiny steamboats which rendered such good service in 1867. Meanwhile the discontented coachmen are to meet in public conclave on Thursday, by permission of the Prefect of Police, to discuss matters with their masters. The first thing that the drivers have to do is, I take it, to get on their boxes again. I am prepared to be overcharged, but I Want a Cab. The next thing that the authorities should do is to abolish the silly, vexatious, and utterly impracticable flag system. We tried it in London, and the result was disastrous and ridiculous failure.



AN INDEPENDENT CABMAN, BY CHAM.

'Drive me to the Hôtel ——.'
'Not a bit of it. I only drive to hotels that give me a commission.'



CAFÉ CONCERT IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

II.

OUT OF THE SEASON.

Aug. 9.

EVERYBODY 'worth knowing' is supposed to have left Paris; but there nevertheless remain in the fair city some two millions of people who are decidedly worth observing and studying. With the exceptions, indeed, that towards five in the afternoon no tilburies, dogcarts, nor tandems are visible in front of the Jockey Club; that the Bois de Boulogne is for the moment quite shorn of its equestrian and charioteering glories; that some of the theatres are preparing to close their doors, while the box-offices of all are easy of access, with the exception of the Grand Opéra; and that it is not very difficult to obtain a cabinet at the Café Anglais, at Durand's, at the Maison Dorée, and other favourite resorts of the 'Gommeux' class,* the absence of 'everybody worth knowing,'

* This, comparatively speaking, halcyon state of things did not long endure. The great restaurants began to be, towards the end of September, inconveniently over-crowded, and the crush continued till the end of October.

and the suspension until next November of 'Le Highlife du West-end,' which Anglo-maniacal Frenchmen are so fond of talking about—they are even beginning to speak of candidates for 'High-life' clubs being 'blackboulés,' forgetting or unconscious that the colloquial synonym for blackballing in English clubland is 'pilling' —is scarcely perceptible. The daily and nightly crowds on the boulevards are as great as ever, and would be but little diminished in density, I imagine, were there no Exhibition in progress; the diamonds blaze and the nicknacks glisten, in the innumerable shop-windows in this City of Frivolity, just as they did when the season was at its height; the supply of variegated bonnets and hats is yet so surprisingly abundant as to lead the unsophisticated visitor to the conclusion that every Frenchwoman must have three heads; the open-air concerts in the Champs Elysées and the Orangerie of the Tuileries, the Hippodrome, the dancing saloons

CONCERT OF THE ORANGERIE IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS.

and Alcazars, the *al-fresco* cafés and brasseries, are continuously thronged, quite irrespective of Exhibition patronage; and, in short, Paris to me is what it has been any time these forty years, a perpetual and kaleidoscopic Fair.

It is not so in London, where the denizens of the other 'Ends,' which are populous and busy all the year round, impinge only to an inconsiderable extent on the real 'West End;' and where, so soon as the genuine 'High Life' withdraws itself for its autumnal pleasuring on the Continent, in the provinces, or at the watering-places, and is obsequiously attended thereto by its servants, its factors, and its purveyors—by all its belongings indeed, save its cats, which are left in locked-up London houses to starve—a void in the region which high life inhabits is distinctly manifest and felt. When fashionable London condescends to be 'out of town,' tens of thousands of minor satellites of fashion vanish at the same time, and do not reappear until the sun of fashion once more rises above the horizon. Paris, in its existing condition, appears to be perfectly able to dispense with aristocratic patronage; it is only the exclusively patrician classes who are unable to dispense with Paris, and who will eagerly return to their beloved Boulevards, and their more beloved Bois, so soon as they have exhausted the delights of Trouville and Dieppe, of Spa and of Ostend; and so soon as that Exhibition, which for political reasons they dislike, is at an end. As for Hombourg and Wiesbaden, Ems and Carlsbad, those *villeggiature* must not be mentioned to French ears polite just now. The wounds of 1870 are no longer green, but they are not yet cicatrised. The cruel gashes, materially, are healed—for France seems to be busier and wealthier than ever she was—but, morally, the deep hurts are only skinned over; and by the Republican section of the press and the people the German is as cordially hated, and the spoliation of Alsace and Lorraine is as bitterly resented, as ever.

What elements of future turbulence and discord may be latent beneath this smiling and brilliant surface, it would be as rash to conjecture, as, indeed, it is humanly impossible to foretell; but, to

AT TROUVILLE.

judge only from the external aspect of things, Paris at the present moment spells peace and goodwill to all mankind. If the abhorred German will only be prudent enough to dub himself, while resident in Paris, an Alsatian, a Swiss, or, better still, an Austrian, he will not be molested; and the newspapers are singularly free from invectives against the Emperor William or Prince Bismarck. A few—a very few—of the 'journaux sérieux' have followed, from day to day, the imbroglio of the Eastern Question, and have yet

something cogent to say concerning the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention; but, on the whole, the tribulations of Turkey and the aggressive designs of Russia seem to trouble the Parisian public far less than do the recent sedition among the white-aproned waitresses at the Duval restaurants and the still existing strike of the cabmen. On one point, however, politicians of all shades of opinion seem to have made up their minds—that the word Cyprus is a capital one on which to cut jokes, first, because there is a French opera called *La Reine de Chypre;* next, because in French slang 'chiper' means to purloin; and finally, because the French have gotten into their heads the extraordinary notion that the English are inordinately fond of 'Cyprus wine.' On this last topic it is quite useless to reason with them. As well might you attempt to shake their faith in 'l'Hospitalité Écossaise'—I should like to learn the ideas of a Highland hotel-keeper as to Scotch hospitality—or to persuade them that Englishmen have abandoned the practice of selling their wives, with ropes round their necks, in Smithfield, as to represent to them that Cyprus wine, in its modern form at least, is a mixture of fermented grape-juice flavoured with resin, extremely unpleasant to the English taste, and an almost entire stranger to the English market. The Parisians persist in speaking of this beverage as 'ce vin cher aux Anglais.' Perhaps they think that the capital of Cyprus is Oporto, or that Madeira is somewhere near Paphos. While the 'serious' papers are talking of 'Sir Wolseley,' and of the instructions transmitted to him by 'Lord Layard' to mount nothing but hundred-ton guns on the Cypriote batteries, the caricaturists indulge in good-natured 'skits' at Bri-

A DUVAL WAITRESS.

tannia, always represented as a high-cheeked female in spectacles, with a chronic grin, and very prominent front teeth, sitting on a rock sipping *le vin cher aux Anglais* out of a 'patent tea-cup,' while a hapless little Greek of Hellas wriggles impaled on one of the prongs of her trident, or writhes crushed under her ponderous shield. One facetious print paraphrases the old Joe Miller of the sanctimonious grocer who, having assured himself that his apprentice has sloe-leaved the tea and sanded the sugar, bids him come to prayers. 'Have you protected Cyprus?' asks Britannia of our Premier. An answer in the affirmative is given. 'Do you intend to protect Tenedos and Mitylene?' Again an affirmative reply is made. 'Then come and hear some Litanies,' says the lady who rules the waves. To the ordinary French mind the liturgy of the Anglican Church is exclusively composed of litanies.

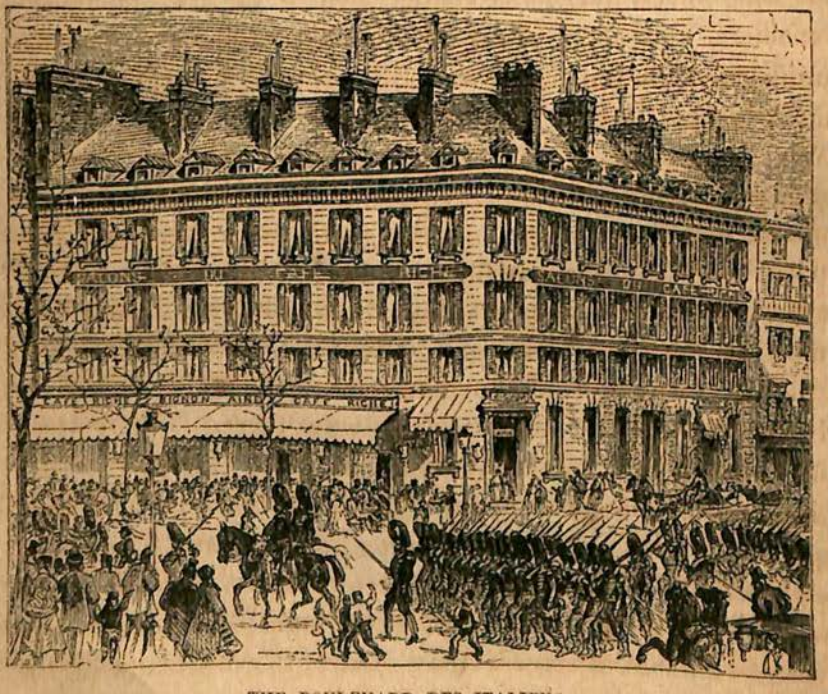
Finally, in M. André Gill's satirical journal *La Lune Rousse*, and with the title 'La Farce prime le Droit,' the British Lion is represented with the limbs of a Lifeguardsman, clad (trousers and all) in blazing scarlet, and with a most portentous tail protruding

from beneath the short jacket. This leonine dragoon is indulging in a triumphantly hearty swig from a bottle labelled 'Chypre,' to the astonishment and disgust of a very thirsty-looking Russian bear in the guise of a Cossack, who has nothing on the table before him but an empty glass.

All this badinage, however, is essentially good-natured. One reads no words of abuse against 'Perfidious Albion,' who 'French commerce would destroy, and monopolise to herself the Empire of the Seas.' I have scanned a dozen papers this morning without finding any indignant protest against the Mediterranean being turned into 'an English lake;' nor have I been able to meet with any reference to the contingency of Lord Sandon's steam plough interfering with the vested interests of France in the Holy Places. All this strikes me with the greater force, inasmuch as I can remember how, in 1839 and 1840, France in general, and the Parisians in particular, were in a white-hot fit of passion with England touching Syria and the Holy Places. I can remember it, because at the time I was a boy at a French college, and because the favourite diversion during the play-hour of my schoolfellows was to gird at me and revile me, to cuff and spit at me, because I was a 'rosbif,' a 'pomme-de-terre,' a 'goddam,' or Englishman. I had bribed Marshal Grouchy with the guineas of William Pitt to stay away from the field of Waterloo until Blucher had come up. I had brought back the Bourbons, the Swiss Guard, the Jesuits, and the *billets de confession*. I had embittered the last years of the life of the Emperor Napoleon by countenancing and applauding the atrocious tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe. But these were past offences. In 1839 and 1840 I was accused of firing on a French hospital at St. Jean d'Acre, of insulting the French flag at the Piræus, of stealing the crockeryware and breaking the chairs and tables of a French Vice-Consul at Alexandretta, of inciting the Grand Vizier to kick the first dragoman of the French Embassy at Constantinople; of stirring up strife against France in the islands of the Pacific; and finally and comprehensibly of being a perfidious child of Albion, bent on destroying French commerce and mono-

polising to myself the Empire of the Seas. That was Paris torn by anxieties of impending war. The Paris of 1878 cares apparently not one farthing about any kind of war whatsoever. Her voice is all for Peace, and for Business, wholesale or retail, on a strictly ready-money basis. I never knew this ingenious and persevering people to be hungrier than they are now after francs and centimes. It is only Glory which seems to be at a discount. They may have had enough of it, and to spare, eight years ago.

That which singularly contributes to the pacific aspect of Paris at the present moment is the marked absence of soldiers from the streets. Englishmen who are habitually resident here may not be struck by the change which, from a military point of view, has come over the French capital. To me, after virtually eight years' absence, the transformation is simply marvellous. Until the collapse of the Second Empire I had never known Paris but as a tremendously martial city. You saw as many soldiers on the



THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

boulevards as you did at Berlin; but the French warrior was more conspicuous, more animated, and more picturesque than the Prussian type of militarism. In Berlin you meet so many broad-shouldered stunted privates, and so many gaunt, whiskered, and tight-waisted officers in tunics, *pickelhaubes*, and red-striped trousers (and all seemingly with pokers down their backs underneath their tunics), that you begin to think after a while that these must form the normal garb of the population, and that the few people in civilian costume whom you come across are strangers like yourself. But the Paris which I knew down to September 1870 was a very masquerade of varied and brilliant uniforms. Only recall those that you beheld in the course of a stroll under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, between the Rue de Castiglione and the Place du Palais Royal. Stately Cent Gardes, with their shining casques, their towering plumes, their sky-blue tunics, their buckskins and their jackboots. Soldiers of the Guides, rivalling in the tight fit of their jackets and overalls, and the abundance of their embroidery, our horse artillerymen of the last generation. Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, Eclaireurs, Zouaves, Sapeurs, Cantinières of the Imperial Guard, Chasseurs de Vincennes, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Spahis, Turcos—*ubi sunt?*

What has become of all these parti-coloured warriors? I might just as well be inquisitive, perhaps, as to what has become of the Imperial lacqueys at the Tuileries, gorgeous in green and gold and hair-powder; of the postillions and the *piqueurs*, the cooks and the *marmitons*, of the Imperial household; although I have little doubt that, were an Empire or a Monarchy restored to-morrow, all the old costumes would come to light again, and many of the old servitors would be found ready to wear them. The footmen and bargemen, the cooks and scullions, of Charles I. lay by, quietly enough, during the Protectorate; but they flocked to Whitehall, eager for their old posts, and clamorous for arrears of wages, so soon as Charles II. had come to his own again. So may it be should the wheel of French Fortune ever again place a crown on a French head; but as regards the military, those soldiers of the

Imperial Guard who were not killed in battle or who did not die of fever and ague in the Prussian prison-camps, have long since, I surmise, been absorbed into the ranks of the regular army, or, their term of service having expired, have taken their discharge and obtained employment 'dans le civil.' They may have become cash-collectors for notaries, railway guards and porters, *gardiens* at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, telegraph messengers, and what not. In France there is always plenty of employment for the old soldier. A few of the Cent Gardes have, I fancy, taken service in the Garde Républicaine. At least I have noticed on duty outside the theatres at night more than one austere Republican warrior, of such a tremendous number of inches, so well set up, and so bushily moustached, that I could not help fancying that he had belonged in old times to the famous cohort of giants in sky-blue tunics who used to stand, motionless as statues, on the grand staircase of the Tuileries on gala-days. *Exit* grand staircase, with many other pomps and vanities of the world Imperial. The parti-coloured warriors have disappeared, and the few soldiers seen in the streets are clad with almost quaker-like sobriety. The officers only wear their epaulettes when on duty; and altogether there is a remarkable absence of military parade and swagger, of the twisting of moustaches, the trailing of sabres, and the clanking of spurs. These remarks apply, obviously, only to the public thoroughfares of Paris, to the cafés and the public gardens in which the military element was formerly so arrogantly prominent. For the rest it is understood that France is in this instant month of August 1878 in possession of an immense army and reserve, splendidly armed, equipped, and organised, and sedulously trained to grave and systematic work. What it is to do, and when and where it is to do it, the public do not seem to be very anxious to know. The army, in Paris at least, is sedulously kept out of sight, and it is only Peace, for the moment, that we are happily enabled to contemplate—meek-eyed Peace. Her meekness is modified to a slight extent just at present by the cabmen's strike.

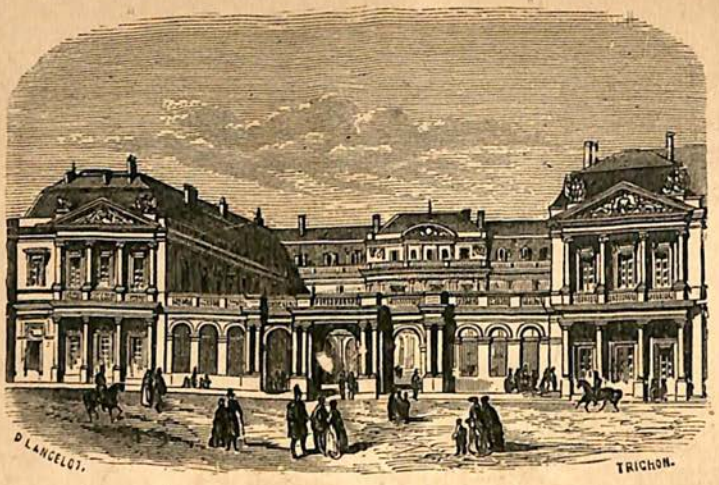
AT THE TUILERIES—UN COUP D'ŒIL EN PASSANT.

The strike, controversially considered, continues; but tourists need murmur no more, for there are plenty of cabs to be had at ordinary fares. A police-agent is always at your elbow at the time of hiring and discharge, and is 'down' on the driver if he attempts an overcharge in a moment. But such drivers and such carriages! Younger sons of younger brothers, discharged unjust serving-men, and ostlers tradefallen; Auvergnat *commissionnaires* past the carrying of messages; invalided *croque-morts* and *gavroches* grown too old to play at marbles on the quays; ragged varlets in blouses white and blue, and many absolutely in their shirt-sleeves—and the shirts look as though they had been stolen from the red-nosed innkeeper at Daventry; all Falstaff's ragged regiment, in a word,

plus a horde of Callot's Bohemians, seem to have been pressed into the service of the Compagnie Générale des Voitures, and to

have been promoted from the kennel to the coachbox. They are, as a rule, civil enough; and many of them have told me that they are entirely opposed to the strike, and that they have no desire save to earn an honest living, if the rates they are called upon to pay were only calculated on a slightly less exorbitant scale; but the Company seem reluctant to intrust these improvised charioteers with a better class of vehicles. No spruce landaus, no sparkling

victorias, no trim little brougham-*coupés*, have as yet reappeared, and the vast majority of the vehicles in circulation are the most ramshackle old 'cruelty vans' that ever you saw out of the purlieus of an Irish fair. As for the horses, the spectacle of the forlorn bags of skin and bones tottering along on broken-kneed legs would make Mr. Colam cry. I have not seen a cab-horse to-day that a Spaniard would give a dozen dollars for to be disembowelled in the bull-ring. The greater number of the temporary cabbies are, moreover, wholly unacquainted with the art of driving. They know no more of the Rule of the Road than, in all probability, they know of the Rule of Three. Like Leigh Hunt's pig, they 'go up all manner of streets;' and during the last thirty-six hours two matters for astonishment and gratitude have constantly been present to my mind: first, that I have not been run over; and next, that I have not, vicariously, run over anybody else.



THE PALAIS ROYAL.

III.

THAT DEAR OLD PALAIS ROYAL.

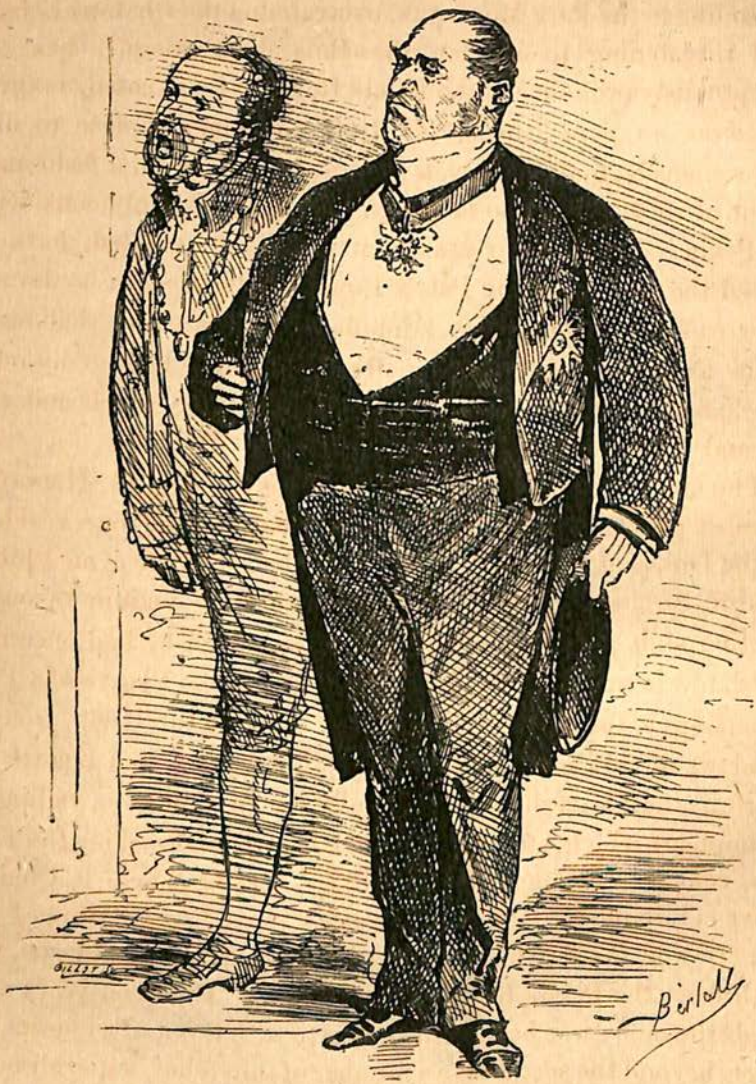
Aug. 12.

Was it not the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker who professed not to know where Russell Square was; and was it not Theodore Hook, who, following the lofty Secretary of the Admiralty at a humbly tuft-hunting distance, inquired whereabouts, on the way to Bloomsbury the traveller changed horses? I am very much afraid that the Palais Royal, a region which for very many reasons is dearer to me than any locality of which I am aware in Paris, has been, these ten years since, slowly fading to the complexion of the sere, the yellow leaf, socially speaking; and that, had I the honour of the acquaintance of M. le Vicomte Satin des Gommeux of the Jockey Club, or M. le Général Roguet de la Poguerie of the Cercle des Mirlitons, either of those gentlemen (on his return from Biarritz or Trouville) might, if questioned concerning that which was once the most fashionable, and which will always be the most famous, resort in the metropolis, reply, with a faintly perceptible *moue* of disdain on his patrician countenance: 'Le Palais Royal! Voulez-vous dire celui de Pekin? Le Palais Royal! mais, mon cher, on n'y va plus.'

The irrevocable tendency of civilisation is to march from the

VICOMTE SATIN DES GOMMEUX.

East to the West. We have heard that axiom before. The movement is from sunrise to sunset; so that when 'all earthly things



GENERAL ROGUET DE LA POGUERIE.

shall come to gloom,' and 'the sun himself shall die,' as the poet Campbell gloomily sings, it will be in the remotest of Occidents that Fashion will expire. The Palais Royal has only experienced the application of a universal law. Fashionable civilisation spreading westward, spreading to innumerable new boulevards,

spreading to the Parc Monceaux, overrunning the Champs Elysées, and threatening to overlap the Bois de Boulogne, has contemptuously pronounced the Palais Royal to be situated, as things go, *dans un pays impossible*. It is no longer a place to dine, to promenade, to flirt, or even to conspire in:—from a fashionable point of view. It is too far away. It is, fashionably considered, at Pekin. The great restaurateurs, Véfour excepted, have deserted the arcades of the Palais Royal for the western boulevards. The cafés are, socially and intellectually, only the shadows of their former selves; and finally the edifice has—temporarily perchance—lost the slight political importance which under the Second Empire it possessed.

The side of the vast quadrangle facing the Rue St. Honoré is, as most people know, a magnificent palace, erst the town residence of the Dukes of Orleans. Thither did the profligate cynic Philippe Égalité turn sad eyes as the death-tumbril bore him through a hooting mob, past the old splendid home which he had once inhabited, to where the guillotine awaited him in the Place de la Révolution—now the Place of Concord. And in July 1830, from the windows of that selfsame Palais Royal, did the son of Égalité look wistfully, half fearfully, half hopefully, on another mob, yelling and triumphant, which, after storming the Louvre and sacking the Tuileries, came screeching the Marseillaise, roaring 'Vive la Charte!' 'Vive la République!' 'Vive Lafayette!' 'Vive Louis Philippe!' The last cry won the day; and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, went forth from the Palais Royal a Citizen King. Eighteen years afterwards the mob came back to his house to turn it out of windows. At home, beyond the sea, I have a number of thin folios, superbly bound in crimson morocco, gilt and tooled, and with the inner sides lined with blue watered silk. They are full of reports and collections of statistics from the Ministers and Heads of Departments between 1825 and 1848—reports written in a fair, round, fat, clerkly hand—the hand of the *employé* who takes his time, who leisurely nibs his pen and symmetrically rules his lines, who puts on a pair of black-calico sleeves before he begins to work, and refreshes him-

self between column and column of figures—the 'nines' and 'sixes' with prodigiously long tails—with a pinch of snuff. Some of these folios bear, emblazoned in gold, the crowned escutcheon with the lilies of France. Others have only the initials 'L. P.' I bought the lot, fifteen years ago, for a song, in a rag-shop at New York; and they have served very conveniently since as repositories for newspaper cuttings. But how did they get out of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal? and how did they manage to cross the Atlantic? There is but one possible answer to the first inquiry. The mob! The volumes may have formed part of the rapine of February 1848. Again in an old curiosity-shop, in the Chaussée d'Antin, I picked up an exquisitely beautiful little vase of Sèvres porcelain, *pâte tendre*, in colour a rich azure, almost equalling the renowned old *bleu du Roi*. One side of the vase bore the initials, 'L. P.;' on the other side was painted, in a *cartouche*, a sweet little group of Cupids. I turned up the vase to find the Sèvres mark. I found something else: the words, to wit, stamped in red letters, 'Château des Tuileries, 1835.' Unquestionable 'loot,' this: all cries of 'Mort aux voleurs!' during the escalade of February '48 to the contrary, notwithstanding. The vase was cracked right across, but had been very skilfully mended. I got it, the thing being *entamé*, cheap. In September 1870, the multitude were in a patriotically honest mood, and forbore to plunder.

The palace of the Palais Royal had, however, enjoyed full twenty years of tranquil splendour. Even before the reëstablishment of the Second Empire it had been the residence of old Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, the 'petit polisson' of Napoleon I., the consort *en premières noces* of the ill-used Miss Paterson of Baltimore, and whom his Imperial nephew, not knowing very well what to do, made at last Governor of the Invalides. The old gentleman was a Waterloo man, and had not behaved badly in that fight. By the Parisians he was generally, in virtue of an atrociously twisted conundrum, called 'l'Oncle Tom,' since, it was argued, Napoleon I. being 'le Grand Homme,' and Napoleon III. 'le Petit Homme,' old Jerome must necessarily stand in the rela-

tion of 'Uncle Tom' or 't'homme,' to the latter. His son Napoleon Jerome, kept high state at the Palais Royal, gave good dinners and bad cigars, and hatched vain intrigues there against his cousin and benefactor, until the Empire tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards—cards marked by gamblers who had lost their cunning and could no longer *faire sauter la coupe*. Very dreary must be the saloons of the palace now. Very dank and dismal must be the empty stable and coachhouses in the courtyard facing the Galerie d'Orleans. How many times have I watched 'Monseigneur's' barouches and landaus, with their satin-skinned horses, emerge, spruce, natty, brilliant with sub-Imperial veneer and sub-Imperial

varnish, from those stables! Sometimes it was the whim of Monseigneur to travel 'post' to his country residence; and on those occasions there would be a full-dress parade in the courtyard of a heavy *berline de voyage*, hung high on C springs, and painted bright yellow. This equipage would be drawn by four fat Picard horses, *gris pommelés* in hue, their manes plaited and tails tied up with parti-coloured ribbons. Brave in ribbons, likewise, were the glazed cocked-hats of the postillions, full-powdered their tie-wigs, bright scarlet their waistcoats and the lappels of their green jackets, dazzlingly white their buckskins, lustrous black their jackboots, radiant the silver badges on their arms. Behind the *berline* came *fourgons*, or closed vans, full perchance of delicacies from Chevet's or Cuvillier's, or Potel and Chabot's, for picnic purposes. On everything external blazed the sub-Imperial

arms—the reflection from the greater glory of Imperialism at the Tuileries hard by. The guard turned out; the drums rolled; gleaming arms were presented, as the *berline de voyage* rattled out of the *cour d'honneur* of the Palais Royal. Ichabod! I suppose that a snuffy old *concierge* or two are deemed to be enough to keep watch and ward, at present, over this ex-Royal, ex-Imperial habitation. The ghost of the Napoleonic era is a very woebegone one, and Bonapartism, *for the moment*, seems to exercise less influence over the minds of the multitude than ever I can remember it to have done. Still it must be admitted that the Second Empire, while it lasted, did things very handsomely indeed. The pieces in its *répertoires* were got up regardless of expense, and its *pourboires* were unstinted. 'Ce que l'on ne saurait nier,' quoth General Fleury, when, at St. Petersburg, he learned the downfall of his Imperial master, 'c'est que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés.'

Disestablished politically, ostracised by the fashionable world, the Palais Royal might ostensibly run the risk of sinking to the level of a tenth-rate neighbourhood. It is not only the great eating-house and coffee-house keepers who have quitted it for the boulevards. To a considerable extent it has even suffered abandonment at the hands of the cheap tailors, who have discovered that a 'coin de rue,' or corner of a populous street, is a necessity in carrying on the business of a slop-shop palace on a large scale; and at the present day Albert Smith's Mr. Ledbury, with his friend Jack Johnson, would find some difficulty in purchasing for eleven francs a pair of the celebrated Palais Royal pantaloons, the favourite pattern for which was lemon-colour striped with black, or else a chess-board-looking check; or for twenty francs the equally renowned Palais Royal swallow-tailed coat—a festive garment of a bright chocolate colour with a collar of green cotton velvet, and gilt buttons, the die of which represented an English 'sportsman' on a very long-legged horse, pursuing a fox with a tail like a turnspit's. I miss, too, those wonderful dressing-gowns with monastic hoods, cheap at twenty-two francs; and the

'sportsman's' complete rig-out for the shooting season, consisting of a coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured holland, bound with white tape and plenteous in pockets; leather gaiters—if they were not haply of brown paper—abounding in buttons and tags; and a *gibecière* or game-bag with a covering of tasselled network, to keep the flies from the pheasants, partridges, and rabbits which the bold 'sportman' was to shoot—the whole complete for forty-five francs. How often have I pictured to myself the effect of half an hour's steady rain on the brown holland suit and brown leather —or paper—leggings of that bold 'sportman'! There yet remain slop-shops in the Palais Royal; but they are few in number, and subdued in aspect. Their dummies look dusty, clammily pallid, and generally dejected, from their obvious inability to cope with the pretentious lay-figures of the 'coin de rue' slop palaces: the boys in Glengarry jackets, knickerbockers, purple hose, and preposterously rouged faces; the aristocratic coachmen with buff greatcoats reaching down to their feet, white neckcloths, bushy black whiskers, and gold-laced hats with monstrous cockades; the dashing Amazons with Tyrolese hats and golden hair, and coral-handled whips, and who never forget to lift a corner of their habits to a sufficient altitude to assure the spectator that they are provided with under-garments of chamois leather, with black feet. These artistic exuberances are beyond the present capacity of the poor old Palais Royal.

It was thus not without a certain feeling of sadness that I sate down in the sunshine outside the Café de la Rotonde, and, looking across the vast quadrangle, and peering into the dim recesses of the distant arcades, I tried to conjure up memories of the days that shall return no more. So have I sate, hour after hour, outside Florian's at Venice, when the City was Enslaved, and when there seemed to be nobody alive in St. Mark's Place beyond myself, loafing over an 'arancio-selz' and a 'Virginia;' a listless waiter leaning against one of the columns of the Procuratie; a brace of prowling Austrian gendarmes; a poor little *fioraja*, who could find no customers for her pretty threehalfpenny bouquets,

and had gone to sleep in sheer weariness on a step; and the pigeons that flock from the cupolas of the Basilica and the leads of the Patriarch's Palace, at their stated hours, to be fed; and, surveying this scene of silence and decay and desolation, I have asked myself inwardly, passionately, Is this to go on for Ever? Will the uprising tocsin never sound? Will these infernal Tedeschi never go away? They are gone. The city and the land are free; and the last time I sat at Florian's I was half stunned by the clamour of the Italian people shouting 'Evvivas!' to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, standing at one of the windows of his palace, with Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, on his right hand; with Humbert, Prince Royal, and Margaret, the Pearl of Savoy, on his left. The Palais Royal, built in deliberate imitation of the Piazza San Marco, and presenting a really noble albeit imperfect copy, just as our Covent Garden piazzas present a stunted and squalid caricature, of an unapproachable model, must always bear a pleasantly dim resemblance to its peerless Venetian original. Unfortunately the incurable mania of the French for the over-ornamentation of every monument of architecture which they possess has led to the conversion of the immense area between the arcades into a garden. It never was a handsome garden; and at present it is more than usually ill-kept, exhibiting only a gravelly walk, with a few patches of gray-green herbage, and scraggy shrubs here and there. Were the whole expanse smoothly paved, *a l'Italiana*, in a simple but elegant pattern, in white and gray or white and pink marble, and were the ugly newspaper kiosks, the toy and cake stalls, and the supplementary booth fronting the Rotonde, all of which impede the view to an exasperating extent, swept away, the garden of the Palais Royal would assuredly be one of the most magnificent spectacles in Europe, especially at night, since in the basement of every one of its sections is a shop, or a café, scarcely ever closing until after ten o'clock, and necessarily brilliantly lighted with gas. The majority of the *entresols* and first floors are, again, occupied by restaurants; and the illumination of these bright saloons enhances, to a wonderful degree, the nocturnal brilliance

OUTSIDE A BOULEVARD CAFÉ.

of the scene; but it is aggravating to enjoy no full and sweeping view of the arcades on either side, and of the radiant frontage of the Galerie d'Orleans, at the extremity, parallel with the palace. It is more aggravating to find no military band present at night to discourse enlivening strains. The condition of the Palais Royal does not, I suppose, concern the Ville de Paris. Its maintenance may be the business of the State, or of the mysterious proprietors of *immeubles*, who bought, for a trifling price, the National Domains during the First Revolution, and who seem to have been living very comfortably ever since on the interest accruing from their lucky investments. I am quite ignorant as to whether the Orleans family continue to hold any portion of the house-property in the Palais Royal, which was originally intended to form one continuous palatial residence, but the arcades of which were speedily let out as shops, restaurants, and gambling-houses by a Duke whose finances had become embarrassed through his *penchant* for building.

Paris is to me a permanent and most wondrous problem generally; but I do not know anything within its walls more perplexing and more wonderful than the sight of the thousands of well-dressed people who sit all day, and during a great portion of the night, in and outside the boulevard cafés, smoking, drinking, playing at cards and dominoes, and otherwise enjoying themselves. They play piquet and drink 'grogs Américains'—weak rum-and-water, hot, with sugar and lemon—at eleven o'clock of the forenoon in August; they are playing dominoes and drinking 'bocks' of frothy beer, refreshing to the palate but apparently innocent of malt, at six o'clock P.M. They are imbibing coffee and cognac at eight, after dinner. They are consuming ices and *sorbets* at ten; they are sipping more American grogs at midnight; and yet, to all seeming, they have not 'turned a hair,' as the saying is, in the way of inebriety. They are all as sober as judges; and yet they have been laughing and shaking in Rabelais' easy-chair for the last thirteen hours. Who are they? Whence do they come? Where are they going? Where do they live? They cannot be all shopkeepers who have left their wives to manage the shop, since they

frequently bring both the male and female branches of their families to the café with them. They bring grandams of eighty, who drink hot rum-punch. They bring little brats of seven, who drink 'bocks' and ask for the *Vie Parisienne*. *Vogue la galère!* But where is the galley, and who tugs at the labouring oar? How

do they get the money to pay their score and give the *garçon* his *pourboire?* If I were to sit inside or outside a tavern from morn till midnight, even if I drank nothing stronger than barley-water, and smoked nothing more powerful than cigarettes of lavender, those conversant with my affairs would very soon suggest my incarceration at Colney Hatch or the expediency of the removal of myself and my household to St. Pancras Workhouse. Again, I frequently notice that, when some depraved vagabond in a tattered

blouse is arraigned before the Cour d'Assises or the Police Correctionnelle, the Public Prosecutor rarely omits to mention in the act of accusation that the prisoner is an habitual haunter of *estaminets* and *brasseries*. Why, it was the Public Prosecutor's twin brother, or at least his cousin-german, that I saw at eleven in the forenoon drinking hot rum-and-water, and blocking his adversary at dominoes with a double-five at the Café des Mille Constellations! The only solution that I can possibly find for the problem is that the café frequenters are all *propriétaires d'immeubles;* that their grandfathers purchased large slices of the National Domains at peppercorn prices in the year 1792, and that they and all their families have been living prosperously and hilariously on the dividends ever since.

They—if there be indeed such a class of Parisians, deriving their incomes from such a source—do not seem to be much given to patronising the poor old Palais Royal. It is too quiet for them. The passing show is not exciting enough to interest the *flâneur* class. In the daytime, sitting on your rush-bottomed chair outside the Rotonde, you see few people beyond a succession of youthful

nurserymaids and elderly *bonnes*. The nurserymaids are occasionally pretty; and if they are not well-favoured, they make up for the absence of good looks by a very fascinating coquettishness;

but the ugliness of the elderly *bonnes* is fearful to look upon. When you have seen an old Frenchwoman you have seen Mother

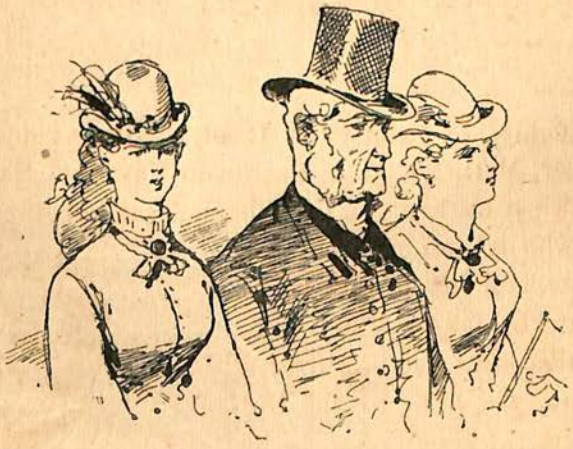
Redcap—you have seen the Witch of Endor. These attendants bring with them troops of sickly, monkey-faced children. The French are a gallant, chivalrous, ingenious, and witty people, but they are certainly not a good-looking race; and, as a rule, the dolls in the toy-shops, though facially idiotic, are much prettier than the little girls who nurse them. Children, moreover, of the upper classes have ceased to resort to the Palais Royal to hold skipping competitions or to form daylight quadrilles. The perambulators are few and shabby. Some few soldiers are to be seen. *Noblesse oblige;* and these gallant sons of Mars have come to pay their homage to the youthful nurserymaids. A 'Mondaine' rarely shows her painted countenance and elaborate toilette in the garden. Gaunt

In the Garden of the Palais Royal. I. 34.

pale-faced lads in blouses smoking cigarettes of bad tobacco or sucking pipes of blackened brier-root, slatternly workgirls in dresses of cheap printed calico from Roubaix or St. Etienne and 'coiffées en cheveux'—the pretty and becoming white cap of the Parisian *grisette* has, like the *grisette* herself, almost entirely disappeared—are 'trapesing' up and down in couples, staring in all the shops, and apparently in no hurry to go back to their work; while now and again, in a corner behind some angle of stonework, there broods, huddled up on a chair, an old, old man, with a parchment face furrowed into a thousand wrinkles, lack-lustre eyes, a weather-beaten hat with the nap all gone and the brim drooping, a patched brown surtout buttoned up to his throat and with the place of a

button supplied here and there by a pin, deplorable trousers, indescribable shoes, and one glove. Who is he? Balzac must have been aware of him forty years ago. He may be a contemporary of the terrible 'Ferragus.' Was he a prefect under the Restoration, a banker in the days of the Orleans dynasty, a police spy under the Second Empire, a croupier at one of the gaming-houses? To me he looks like an incarnation of the poor old Palais Royal itself run to seed.

And yet they tell me the Palais Royal is gayer just now than it has been during any period these eleven years past; but so far as the experience of my own eyes enables me to judge, it has only been momentarily galvanised into a deadly-lively spasm of vitality by the presence of the English and American visitors to the Exhibition. From the minds of these worthy and unsophisticated people you cannot eradicate the long since fixed idea that the Palais Royal is still the centre of 'Life in Paris,' the pivot on which all Gallic gaieties turn, the 'hub' of the Parisian universe, as Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, is the 'hub of the universe,' gene-



rally speaking. You meet travelled Britons, cosmopolitan Britons, on the Boulevards or in the Rue de la Paix; you look for your travelled American in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, or under

the arcades of the extravagantly magnificent Hôtel Continental in the Rue de Castiglione; but the 'Innocents abroad,' be they of British or of Transatlantic origin, float at once to the Palais Royal. I have met to-day at least half a dozen Ritualist curates —they are among the most innocent and the foolishest creatures that I know—the Rev. Mr. Chadband from Stoke Newington, and the Rev. Gypes Toloddle from De Beauvoir Town; the three Miss Sowerbys of Leamington; Captain Swabber, R.N., and his

numerous family, of Palmerston Road, Southsea; and little Mr. Sam Gynger, M.R.C.S., from Barrow-in-Furness. Sam is rather a gay dog when he has got the Channel safely between him and Mrs. G. (who is serious), his Unitarian aunts, and his Baptist grandmother; and he informed me, with a sly wink, that after handing over all his patients, *pro tem.*, to old Nobbler, the general practitioner, he had come to Paris 'for a bit of a spree.' Ingenuous Samuel! as though the Palais Royal were on the way to the

Spree! Equally numerous are the American Innocents. No shrewd and somewhat cynical New Yorkers; but few serene and complacent-with-higher-culture Bostonians; and fewer well-bred, albeit somewhat haughty, South Carolinians and Virginians—they have had losses, and so are bound to keep as stiff an appearance as they can—do you meet under the arcades. But you meet highly-respectable people from Brattlebury, in the State of Vermont, and Toledo, in the State of Ohio.

You meet Professor Popcorn of the Homespun University, Princeton, Delaware; you meet Elder Prigarsin of the Scandinavian Church of Snickersnee, New Jersey; you meet Dr. Rufus Clamchowder, erst Brigadier-General of Volunteers (he fought valiantly at Antietam), at present pharmaceutist (he has got a patent pill), of Barkum, Blisterum county, Michigan. I met Miss Desdemona Wugg of Philadelphia, author of the alarming work entitled *Proof Positive; or Shakespeare's plays written by a Woman, and that Woman a Wugg!* Miss W. wore her celebrated brown-holland dress, with the large mother-o'-pearl buttons, her broad-brimmed beaver hat with the green veil, her tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, and her buff-leather gauntlets. Abating her spectacles, she might be one of Cromwell's Ironsides. I was aware of her form afar off, and fled from before her face, even from the Galerie de Valois into the Galerie d'Orléans; for Miss Wugg is in the habit of carrying a few copies of *Proof Positive* in her reticule, and there would be wailing in France if she made me read that book. *Ça porte malheur.* I began it once, and my tailor at once sent in his account, with a demand for immediate payment.

What do all these excellent people want in the dear old Palais

Royal? To change their English and American money into napoleons and five-franc pieces? Why, money-changers' shops abound all over modern Paris; to say nothing of the excellent John Arthur and Co., of the Rue de Castiglione. To buy diamonds and rubies at the few remaining first-class jewellers' shops? No; they scarcely look like people who want expensive jewellery. To dine at the cheap restaurants? Possibly; but then they are here all day—long before lunch and long before dinner-time. They want, I apprehend, to see 'Life in Paris;' but the life, dear sirs and madams, is no longer here. The glory of the Palais Royal has departed. The quick-eared, quicker-eyed Hebrews who keep the very cheap jewelry shops, with the open fronts and 'Entrée Libre' inscribed over the portals, might be very irate did they hear me thus asperse the liveliness of the Palais Royal. I wonder who buys this glittering rubbish—the thin gilt lockets, with big staring initials, enamelled in gaudy enamel, or set with false stones; the flimsy necklaces, the pancake-looking brooches, the clumsy bracelets, the sham-gold tiaras and belts, the multitudinous array of 'charms' for *châtelaines*—a very microcosm of tinsel and pinchbeck. Who buys them? Why, inconsequent *radoteur* that I am, *I used to buy the tinselled and pinchbeck rubbish myself* long years ago, when I was young:

> 'Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
> That never has known the barber's shear,
> All your aim is woman to win,—
> This is the way that boys begin,—
> Wait till you come to Forty Year.'

The girls were very pliant when I brought them home the thin gilt lockets with the enamelled initials, the flimsy necklaces, and clumsy bracelets, as presents. They smiled, and said things pleasant to hear. Now, not all the gold of Ballarat, not all the silver of Nevada laid at their feet, would win a smile, save one of derision, from them. I hate girls, and boys too. I will go into the Café d'Orléans, and have a glass of Eau de St. Galmier with a cinder in it.

But I can avail myself of a surer recipe for chasing away melancholy in the Palais Royal. Just as, when I feel hipped and dull at home, I always turn to a little thin folio of the 'characaturas' of Lionardo da Vinci, engraved by Wenceslaus Hollar from the originals in the Portland Museum, and find myself, ere five minutes be past, shaking with laughter over Lionardo's incomparably droll portraits—types of 'odd-fish' humanity three hundred years old, but which at every turn you will find repeated in London society—so in the Palais Royal, when 'the Something Bitter' surges up from the memories of the past, I seldom fail to find a cheerful solace by repairing to the Galerie d'Orléans, and surveying the contents of that ever-delightful terracotta pig-shop. Do you know those pigs? They are modelled by a skilful artist named (I think) L. Desbords, who likewise excels in the representation of monkeys, and is even a proficient of what may be termed the Humorous Nude, in the shape of little statuettes of ladies more or less in the costume of Hans Breitmann's Mermaid; but it is in the plastic delineation of porcine life and manners that the genius of M. L. Desbords most brilliantly shines. He seems to have based his studies first on a careful perusal of a translation of Charles Lamb's *Essay on Roast Pig;* then (to my thinking) he has carefully considered the pig as demonstrated in England by George Morland and in France by Décamps; then he has gone to nature—to the pigsty; and finally he has evolved out of his own internal consciousness an anthropochoisine comedy, preserving in piggy all his piggishness, yet investing him, *pour rire,* with certain human attributes. Thus you see the pig who is 'tight,' and the pig who is suffering from a headache on the day following his orgie; the pig who is beating, or is being beaten by, his wife; and—subtle stroke of true genius!—*the pig who is having a few words with his mother-in-law.* The only contemporary artist who can be for an instant compared with this porcine Praxiteles of the Palais Royal is our own admirable Britain Riviere. Do you know that consummate painter's picture of 'Circe'—the enchantress gazing at the companions of Ulysses, changed by her magic

arts (and her Royal Tullochgorum whisky) into swine? Every phase of human hoggishness developed by excess into an unmitigated pigdom is there illustrated. Mr. Riviere and M. Desbords have travelled to Circeland by parallel roads. In the shop where these wondrous porcine terracottas are sold there is besides a plentiful stock of miscellaneous plasticity, comprising many genuine works of art; but I care little for the Antinous or the Callipygian Venus, the Dancing Fawn or the Huntress Diana, in such merry company as that of M. Desbords. *Est modus in rebus.* There is a time to laugh and a time to weep; and when I am in the Galerie d'Orléans my attention is absorbed by the pigs, and by nothing else.

Was it not in this same gallery that there might have been seen strolling on most afternoons, so late as the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe, an old, old man, who was nicknamed by his few associates 'Valois Collier'? The old man had been the husband of the infamous Jeanne de St. Remy, 'Countess' de la Motte, who was wont to boast (with some show of truth, it would seem) that she had a strain of the royal blood of the Valois in her veins. This convict-countess was, you will remember, the prime mover in that phenomenal swindle of the 'Affaire du Collier,' or Diamond-Necklace business. They ran her in at last. She was whipped and branded on both shoulders with the letter V (for *Voleuse*), and locked up in the Salpétrière for life; but she made her escape (owing probably to court influence) from that penitentiary, and made her way to that grand refuge for villany, London, where she met a miserable death by jumping out of the window of a Lambeth lodging-house, hotly pursued by the bailiffs who sought to arrest her at the suit of a pettifogging attorney. I am writing on this matter from memory, as I have by me neither Mr. Carlyle's wonderful disquisition on the Diamond Necklace, nor Mr. Henry Vizetelly's exhaustive examen on the same subject. One of the queerest tragi-comic episodes extant, this Affaire du Collier. It was one of the *levers de rideau* of the tremendous drama of the Revolution; and to think of old La Motte, inconsolable widower of

this flagellated and stigmatised convict-countess, surviving the eighteenth century, and crawling through the years of the nineteenth even into the 'thirties.' He enjoyed, it is said, in his latter years a trifling pension from the Prefecture of Police. Possibly he did the Rue de Jérusalem some slight service in the way of espionage. Well, Dr. Titus Oates died a pensioner of the government of William III., and made a tolerably decent end of it. Society can afford to pass a statute of limitations for the benefit of any ancient rascals who have become historical and can do no more harm. Within the memory of men still living, there was a nonogenarian chieftain in one of the Sandwich islands, whom whaling captains were glad to 'interview'—paying half a dollar a head for the privilege—on the score that the savage patriarch had been at the killing of Captain Cook; and that at the cannibal banquet which followed the murder, the Illustrious Navigator's great toe had fallen to his (the patriarch's) share. Still I don't think that any Indian government would pension off Nana Sahib with fifty rupees *per mensem*, were the Butcher of Cawnpore (they say he is alive, and doing very well as a commission agent in the Cashmere-shawl trade) unearthed. A short shrift and *sus. per coll.* in a pigskin rope must needs be the lot of that unutterable miscreant, were he as old as Methuselah when captured.

But I must get away from the Galerie d'Orléans, and from the Palais Royal too, for good and all. The place is too full of dissolving views. Why, on the site of this same Orleans passage, were the notorious Galeries de Bois, the resort of all the painted profligacy of the Directory, the Consulate, the First Empire, and the Restoration! In 1815, the Galeries de Bois were nicknamed, owing to the extensive Muscovite patronage which they enjoyed, 'Le Camp des Tartares.' But in the year of Invasion and Occupation after Waterloo, when Béranger was writing 'Le Ménétrier de Meudon' and 'La Complainte de ces Demoiselles,' all Paris was a hostile camp. Our Highlanders bivouacked in the Champs Elysées. Lord Uxbridge's troopers picketed their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. The Russian head-quarters were in the Place Vendôme.

The Prussians held the heights of Montmartre. The Austrians were in the Champ de Mars and the Carrousel. But all these alien warriors came down to the Palais Royal, to stare at the jewellers' shops and the painted 'demoiselles' of the Galeries de Bois; to lose their money at the gambling-houses, or be cheated out of it at the restaurants. Waterloo was avenged at last by the *gros bataillons* of the bankers at *roulette* and *trente et quarante*, and by the sale to the invaders of many thousand bottles of rubbishing champagne at twelve francs the flask. 'Rouge gagne!' 'Rouge perd!' 'V'là, Monsieur!' and 'Garçon, l'addition!' were sweeter sounds to the French ear than the dreadful 'Sauve qui peut!' of Mont St. Jean.

A STUDENT OF THE QUARTIER LATIN.

IV.

PARIS CUT TO PIECES.

Aug. 14.

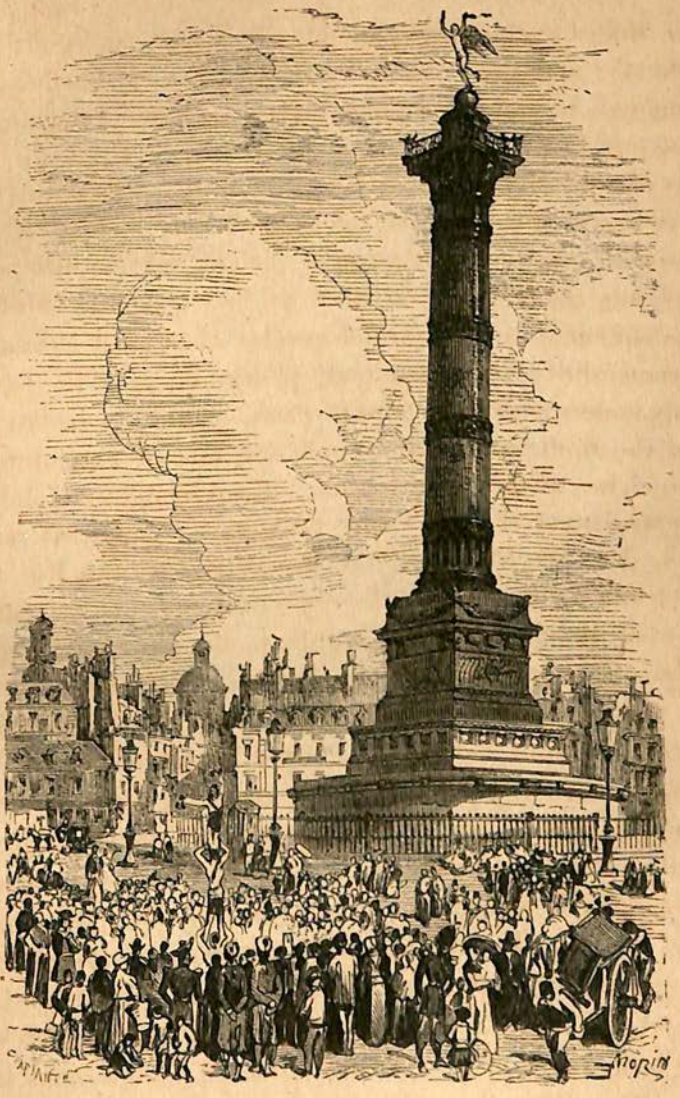
I HAVE not yet revisited the Quartier Latin, the districts of the Odéon and the Panthéon, or the long, stately, silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain:—all situate on what has been termed the 'Surrey side of the Seine.' When I cross the Pont Neuf, and dive into that which was to me, many years ago, a familiar and a beloved region, I shall have much cause, I fear, for disappointment and regret. I read, for example, the other day, that the Rue de la Harpe, that once teeming hive of students, *grisettes*, and Polish refugees, had been entirely demolished; and I am prepared to find even the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine reduced to a phantom of its former self. The Paris of Vautrin and the Père Goriot is fast becoming a legendary city; and as for the Paris of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries*, it has been utterly swept away these many years.

A BOHEMIAN OF THE STUDIOS.

So long ago as the first week in December 1851—two nights after the *Coup d'Etat*—I supped in company with an English friend at the veritable *gargotte* of the 'Lapin Blanc,' in the Rue aux Fèves,

a house almost exclusively frequented by bandits and their female companions; and the 'Ogress' who kept the establishment was good enough to tell us, as she served us our 'Arlequin,' that the Rue aux Fêves had at last begun to 'smell too loud' in the nostrils of authority, and that it was forthwith to be pulled down, in order to widen the approaches to the Palais de Justice.

Meanwhile the transformation of the city, which, with magical rapidity, has taken place on what we may term the 'Middlesex side,' is sufficient to amaze and perplex that most assiduous of pedestrians, the 'oldest inhabitant,' to say nothing of the foreigner who only makes periodical trips to Paris. Take, for instance, one strip of the Boulevard, and one side only thereof, extending from the Madeleine to the Café Anglais. Keep straight on, and there will be no danger of your losing your way. You *must* reach in time the Rue de Richelieu, the Rue Vivienne, the Rue Montmartre; and I suppose that the route continues onward, although intersected by many new boulevards, to the ultimate Place de la Bastille. But, branch off to the right from that strip of which I spoke, with the intent, say, of getting into the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs—how they would stare if you entered a restaurant and asked for *bouillabaisse!*—or the Rue St. Honoré, and, before you are five minutes older, you will find yourself wandering in the most 'feckless' manner among the irreconcilable segments of a Paris which has been cut to pieces. Some of the old side streets, it is true, remain. I come upon the Rue Louis le Grand, the Rue du Port Mahon, the Rue de Grammont, and the Rue St. Anne; but those thoroughfares no longer seem to lead direct to the goals at which they were wont to culminate. Threading the well-remembered, narrow, full-flavoured little thoroughfare, full of *maisons garnies*, fruiterers, and wine-shops, you come suddenly on a great Babel of a brand-new street, broad, lined with tall mansions and splendid shops, abounding with palatial hotels and garish cafés, and blazing with gas, intermingled with the well-nigh blinding, but far from agreeable, electric light.



THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

I am accustomed, for a reason which I shall speedily have the honour of practically explaining to you, seldom to breakfast or dine twice running at the same restaurant. I am making a list of *menus* and a collection of bills; and a very remarkable body of documentary evidence they will turn out to be, I fancy. Thus, I

wished a couple of evenings since to dine at the Restaurant Gaillon—a very excellent and moderately-priced place of entertainment, hard by the Fontaine Gaillon. Scores of times in old days I have reached that familiar eating-house by the way either of the Rue Louis le Grand or by the Rue de la Michodière. On this occasion I thought that I would take the Michodière route; but, alas, it led me neither to Gaillon's Fountain nor to Gaillon's Restaurant. It landed me on the brilliant but barren strand of a new street, at the upper extremity of which I could discern the colossal but meretricious façade of the New Opera House. Fairly bewildered and *désorienté*, I was fain to ask my way. 'Suivez toujours la Rue de la Michodière' was the direction of the obliging citizen in a blouse to whom I addressed myself. But where was the Rue de la Michodière—that part of it at least which was to come? I lighted upon it at last, in a painfully dislocated and fragmentary condition, on the other side of the brand-new street, but certainly two hundred and fifty yards from where I should

have expected to find it. I came upon the Fountain and the Restaurant Gaillon at last—the last, fortunately, as good as ever, and indeed altogether unaltered; for the proprietor, M. Grossetête,

had taken pains to affix to the centres of all the great mirrors in his dining-saloons placards conveying his respectful compliments to his 'nombreuse et estimable clientèle,' and containing the pleasing announcement that he had resolved 'firmly to maintain his ancient and accepted prices' during the whole of the Exhibition season. *Abi tu et fac similiter*, I would say to the proprietor of the Restaurant du Grand Écorcheur, who charged me this morning at breakfast three francs for two moderately-sized peaches, and five francs for a bottle of *vin de Grave*, which I could have bought in London for a couple of shillings.

Ere I enter on the great theme of Paris restaurants, their provisions and their prices, I may just venture parenthetically to note one circumstance typically illustrating the perfectly arbitrary manner in which the tariff of articles of food is made to fluctuate. The water just now in Paris is almost undrinkable. The Faculty are unanimous in denouncing its unwholesomeness; and everybody is diluting his *vin ordinaire* with a slightly aerated and very palatable mineral water called the 'Eau de St. Galmier.' It is almost as refreshing as Apollinaris; and the Parisians are patronising it to an enormous extent, not only from gastric but from patriotic motives, St. Galmier being a French *source*. I have heard, it is true, of one over-scrupulous anti-German gentleman who objected to drink St. Galmier on the ground that it came from the 'Source Badois,' and that Baden is in Germany. His scruples were, however, removed, first by exhibiting to him a bottle, from the label of which it was made manifest that the name of the spring was 'Badoit,' with a *t* instead of an *s*; and next, by pointing out to him that if the water had been, indeed, of Teutonic origin, 'Source' happens to be a feminine noun, and the requirements of French grammar would have demanded the substitution of 'Badoise' for 'Badois.' I should say that St. Galmier would yield a very fair profit if it were sold retail at fourpence a bottle. At the Duval restaurant they charge fifty centimes for this beverage; at restaurants of the second class the price is seventy-five centimes, and at those of the first class a franc. At the grand

hotels the charge for St. Galmier is one franc fifty centimes. I never had the audacity to stay at Claridge's; but is there any hotel in London the Expensive, I wonder, where they charge eighteenpence for a bottle of soda-water?

But let us return to Paris Cut to Pieces. That which remains of the Michodière puts me in mind but very faintly of old times. There is yet at the boulevard corner of the street a ready-made-clothes shop; but it is a far less pretentious establishment than the one on the same site, of which I remember the 'inauguration' some four-and-twenty years ago, and which did business under the imposing title of 'Le Prophète.' Whether the prophet in question was Mohammed or John of Leyden, Francis Moore or Zadkiel, was not stated; but the entire concern was, nevertheless, conducted on the loftiest and most ceremonious scale. Why the presence of a *huissier*-like personage of grave and reverend aspect, clad in a full suit of black, with a white cravat, and a steel chain round his neck, should have been provided as necessarily auxiliary to the carrying on the affairs of an emporium of coats, vests, and pantaloons, I could never satisfactorily determine; nor could the sable-clad and steel-chained functionary himself be considered in the long-run as a success. The French public at large do not like *huissiers*, they associate those officials with the law; and ere long an unpleasant impression arose in the popular mind that the proprietors of 'Le Prophète' were in difficulties, and that the solemn individual with the steel chain was the man in possession. After a time they prudently withdrew the man in chains, and I heard that he subsequently transferred his services to the conductors of a three-franc dinner, wine included, in the Passage des Indigestions. Nothing disheartened, however, the 'Prophète' people replaced their discredited *huissier* by a stalwart negro, who mounted guard at the boulevard entrance to the shop. In a green tunic, with gilt buttons, buckskins, topboots, and a splendid gold-

lace band and cockade to his hat, he looked like one of the Imperial grooms—the grooms of the Emperor Soulouque, I mean. For a time the Ethiop at the 'Prophète' was amazingly popular, and attracted large crowds to the slop-shop. 'Un beau noir,' the *grisettes* and *bonnes* used to say, gazing admiringly at this glorified black man. His reign, however, was brief. He was eclipsed by a yellow-faced Chinaman, with a pigtail and a purple petticoat, who was retained by the proprietors of an adjoining tea-shop; and the sable groom, being afflicted, besides, with a weakness for 'le Rhum des Iles,' faded into the Infinities.

But, ah, ere I leave the Rue de la Michodière, to stray hither and thither through Paris Cut to Pieces, my mind recurs to one modest little *boutique*, the disappearance of which awakens the very pleasantest and the very saddest of memoirs. Whereabouts was Madame Busque's? There are *cabarets*, billiard-rooms, *blanchissages de fin*, milk and fruit-shops galore, in the Rue de la Michodière of 1878; but I am unable to fix upon any one of these establishments as standing on the premises erst tenanted by the excellent old lady whose lot I have not ceased to lament. And who, you will ask, was Madame Busque? She kept a *crêmerie* in the Michodière. She sold butter and eggs, milk and cheese; but in her little back parlour and at her little round table—on which at night-time not more than a single candle was ever permitted to shine—she provided *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and dinners, fortifying in quantity and delicious in quality. Well do I remember the succulence of her *potage croûte au pot*, and especially her matchless *moules à la poulette*. Her wine was sound, albeit of no particular vintage. Her *fromage de Brie* was superb. One did not care for Roquefort, Camembert, or Pont l'Évêque in those days. We brought our own cigars, *petits Bordeaux* not unfrequently, and costing only a halfpenny, very smokable little weeds. In 1854-5 we had not come to the complexion of Regalias Britanicas at a franc apiece. For my part, looking at the fact that it is next door to the impossible to obtain cigars of even tolerable quality in Paris, and not having the courage to smuggle genuine

havanas into the territory of the Republic, I would as lief smoke *petits Bordeaux* as anything else. Unfortunately that particular

MADAME BUSQUE, 'DEVOUTEST OF ROMANISTS.'

brand has come to be of simply indescribable vileness. The monopoly of the *Régie* is one of the chief social curses of France; the lucifer match monopoly is another; and since the Siege the quality of both products has been growing steadily worse year after

year. The Parisians are accustomed to say bitterly that there exists an infallible preventive against the breaking out of conflagrations in France, namely, to thatch the houses with the government tobacco, and try to set fire to them with the 'concession' *allumettes*. The first won't burn, and the second won't light.

But dear old Madame Busque. She was the worthiest of womankind, the devoutest of Romanists; but she cheerfully gave credit to the heretics among her customers. She depended not on the support of the outside world, being quite content with the patronage of a private *clientèle* composed mainly of young Americans and Englishmen domiciled in Paris. The Americans taught her to make sundry Transatlantic dishes; and speedily Madame Busque hung out her sign as the 'Spécialité de Pumpkin Pies' and the 'Délices des Buckwheat Cakes.' I think even that she knew what 'succotash' was, and could have made 'gumbo soup' and 'clam chowder' had the proper ingredients for those mysterious compounds been brought to her. I am very certain that she could mix a 'cocktail,' even to the more recondite preparations of the 'eye-opener,' 'moustache-twister,' 'morning glory,' and 'corpse-reviver' kind. The nights we used to have at Madame Busque's! Nearly all the Englishmen who went there in 1854-5 —dramatists, journalists, poets, painters, and so forth—are dead; but often, when reading the American papers, I come across the name of some distinguished Congressman or Physician, General or Judge, in the Great Republic, who, in the old days, came night after night to ply his knife and fork and quaff his cheap Médoc, to smoke his *petit Bordeaux*, and tell his tale and sing his song, in the little back parlour behind the *crêmerie*. I cannot find the shop; I cannot find the house; but the memories of my own countrymen who made part of the merry circle cluster round me till my old feet, like the friar's in *Romeo and Juliet*, stumble at graves. One of the mournfulest pilgrimages that I ever made in my life was from Madame Busque's breakfast-table, in a bitter January morning, through thickest snow, to the Cemetery of Montmartre. But we must not indulge in such lugubrious re-

membrances. *Vive la bagatelle!* So I struggle through the *disjecta membra* of Paris Cut to Pieces, until I settle down at a little marble table in front of one of the most dazzling cafés of that new Avenue de l'Opéra which has opened up so splendid a vista to the Place du Palais Royal, and has so completely hamstrung, truncated, and spoiled the Rue de la Paix; and blinking like an owl in the radiance of the electric light, I plunge into the wildest revelry of a cold 'soda-groseille.'

V.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Sunday, Aug. 18.

Among other persons and things in Paris which, to my thinking, seem to have deteriorated—to have visibly degenerated—since the collapse of Imperialism, and the definite adoption of Republican institutions, is the Washerwoman. Her prices are as extravagant as of yore, with twenty per cent. added, 'in consequence of the Exposition;' but she is no longer punctual in keeping the appointments which she makes to bring home your linen, and she is apt

to lose the articles with which you have intrusted her: offering you in lieu thereof textile fabrics of strange warp and woof and cloudy hue, the property of persons whose personal acquaintance you have not the honour to enjoy. Dudley Costello once wrote in a magazine a story called *La Camicia Rapita*, in which he related, with equal grace, humour, and delicacy, how a *mariage de cœur* between two persons moving in the select circles in society was brought about through the gentleman finding among his linen the innermost garment of a lady; the lady on her part being equally a victim of the laundress's blunder, and discovering to her horror a masculine *indusium* in her basket. That is all very well; but I want my own linen, and not that of other folks. Sometimes the French *blanchisseuse* loses, say, a white waistcoat altogether; still she never omits to charge seventy centimes for it in her bill. 'But where is my waistcoat?' you ask, in stern reproachfulness. 'I know not,' she replies, with touching *naïveté*; 'all that I know is that I washed it before I lost it.' So, it will be remembered, did Othello kiss Desdemona before he killed her; still the caress was but a slight compensation to poor Mrs. O.

The modern Parisian laundress, although still an incomparable ironer and 'getter-up,' has sadly fallen off as a *blanchisseuse*. She burns holes in your linen with the *eau de Javelle*, or some other abominable caustic solution which she uses; and she either starches your linen too much or not at all. She is no longer pretty—the demand, perhaps, for *sujets* at the theatres of Cluny and Belleville is, perhaps, too exigent; and the juvenile apprentice to soapsuds is contemptuously spoken of as 'un baquet,' a tub: but it is of her unpunctuality that I chiefly complain. You may well scribble 'à rendre incessamment' at the foot of your bill. She laughs, to all seeming, derisively at the injunction. The week slips away. Saturday comes and goes. You look from your window, and behold scores of elaborately-frilled skirts borne past you in ironical triumph on poles, and you rage at the thought of your own destitution. Those *jupes* are going home to their fair owners; but your washerwoman cometh not. Fancy Mariana waiting desolate and

forlorn in the Moated Grange for her 'things.' Or it may be that Mariana's young man could not come to her for the reason that he had been disappointed by his washerwoman. Where is that false *blanchisseuse?* Did she stay too late last night at the Folies Bergère? Has she gone off to the *Fête Patronale* at St. Germain-en-Laye, at Choisy-le-Roi, or at Bourg-la-Reine? Or, like the

heroine in *L'Assommoir*, has she come to fisticuffs with a sister *blanchisseuse* at the public washhouse, and is consequently laid up with a black eye?

'Pan, pan, pan! Margot au lavoir,
Pan, pan, pan! à coups de battoir;
Pan, pan, pan! va laver son cœur,
Pan, pan, pan! tout noir de douleur.'

What have I to do with her affairs of the heart? I wish that she would bring home my washing.

There is thus much, however, to be said of Margot. She does not wholly throw you over on the Seventh Day. No one knows

better than she does that Sunday in Paris is a day of merry-making and rejoicing, and that, as Artemus Ward put it, 'it is difficult to be festive without a clean biled rag.' So she lets you have something before noon on the Sabbath. It may be only a tithe of the basketful to which you are entitled; still it is some-

thing which will enable you to make a cleanly Sabbath appearance, and you must be thankful for small mercies. Half a loaf is better than no bread. In her heart of hearts Margot must admit that it would be the height of cruelty, *une lâcheté des lâchetés*, to deprive you even to the slightest extent of the means of enjoying that holiday which she herself so dearly prizes. She has very probably been overwhelmed with work during the week, and has sat up all Saturday night ironing and folding, so as to satisfy at least a

A Whist-Party. I. 59.

portion of the needs of her *pratiques* early on Sunday, and have the rest of the day to herself.

This is not by any means the way in which we understand the Sunday question in England; nor can I more fitly preface the brief observations which I am about to make on Sunday in Paris than by pointing out that it is utterly and entirely hopeless to expect the slightest assimilation or reconciliation of ideas between French and English people touching their respective observance of the Sabbath. A British Sunday is one thing, and a Continental Sunday is another; and you can no more hope to bring about a likeness between the two than you can turn vinegar into oil or black into white. I am not speaking on this matter from brief or from imperfect experience. Forty years ago I used, as a schoolboy, to get my *exeat*, or 'day rule'—unless I was 'kept in' for high crimes and misdemeanours—at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. My sister and I used to go to the English Episcopal church in the Rue d'Aguesseau; and after service we proceeded, under the guardianship of kind French friends, thoroughly to enjoy ourselves. We took our walks on the Boulevards, in the Palais Royal, or in the Garden of the Tuileries, peeping in at all the gay shops; we were treated to breakfast at a restaurant and to ices at Tortoni's; in the afternoon we listened to the military band playing in the Place Vendôme; at proper seasons of the year we went to the Fête of St. Cloud, the *fanfare* at Vincennes, or to Versailles to see the *grandes eaux* play; and in the evening, if we were not taken to the theatre or the opera, we had that which to us children was a gala-dinner at some friend's house. After dinner the ladies and gentlemen sang secular songs and played 'minuets and rigadoons,' or at least something for us to dance to; while in a snug corner of the *salon* the *curé* of the parish—yes, that venerable and benevolent ecclesiastic—enjoyed his game of whist with M. le Général des Trois Sabres and the family *notaire;* and Madame de Vis-Brisée, who was nearly eighty years of age, plied her spinning-wheel, and told us, in the intervals between our romps, moving stories of the Great Revolution and the noble and beautiful heads that were cut off during the

Reign of Terror. She used to wear a black-silk calash, and her hair was as white and as silky as the flax she spun. She was a peaceful cheerful old lady; yet her father, her husband, her brother, *avaient tous passés par là*—the Guillotine.

Am I to ascribe the hardened wickedness of my subsequent career to this my systematically dissolute and profligate conduct in the matter of Sunday during my nonage? Who knows? I do know that when we have to Hang a man—and the hangman is tolerably busy nowadays—the condemned wretch is generally very solicitous to inform the chaplain—of course without the slightest suggestion on the part of that reverend functionary—that his first steps in crime were due to his non-observance of the Sabbath. Similarly the convict burglar at Pentonville told Charles Dickens that his—the convict's—manifold deeds of housebreaking were all directly prompted by his having witnessed the 'Hoprer of *Frar Diaverler*' from the sixpenny gallery at the Surrey. There is no rule, however, without an exception; and I remember that the last murderer whom I saw strangled—it was eleven years since—went to the scaffold crooning a Sunday-school hymn. The gaol chaplain was very scrupulous to explain this to me, pointing out that in this particular prison they used *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Thus it is clear that this assassin, for one, had at some time or another been an observer of the Sabbath in its British sense.

As regards Sunday in Paris, as it was when my life began, so it is now that I am a man; and so, in all probability, it will be when I grow old, and after I am dead. With some very slight exceptions, to which I shall presently call attention, I fail to observe any material difference between the Parisian Sunday as it used to be kept in August 1838, and the Parisian Sunday as it is kept in 1878. Here is the actual Sunday, as I see it from the ground-floor saloon, open to the street, of the Café Véron, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne and the Boulevard. I am breakfasting at an hour which, in England, forms rigorously a part of church-time. The Café Véron is not a private club. It is a

house of public entertainment; and the proprietor thereof—his wife and daughter are officiating as *dames de comptoir*—is, to all intents and purposes, a licensed victualler. I may be content with a modest flask of St. Galmier, or a cup of tea with my breakfast, but my worthy host is quite ready to supply me *hic et nunc*, with any quantity of burgundy, champagne, or moselle—of brandy, rum, whiskey, or hollands—that I may choose to order. As a matter of fact, I can discern, on dozens of little tables inside and outside the Café Véron, the ruddy glow of cognac in the *carafons*. At all the churches there have been Matins this morning, and, indeed, the youngest daughter of the proprietor, radiant in her Sunday best, has just come back from High Mass at St. Eustache. She places her parasol and her gilt *paroissien* on one of the little tables, and very contentedly despatches her breakfast *coram publico*, after which she relieves her mamma at the receipt of custom behind the *comptoir*. This system of 'shifts' and reliefs, this 'turn and turn about' of watches, as on board ship, seems to go on continually without unduly fatiguing anybody. The present Sunday may not be the youngest daughter's 'Sunday afternoon out,' for the dearly beloved *promenade;* but it may be her 'Sunday evening out,' to go to the play; while if one *dame de comptoir* is devout and attends Matins, there is no reason why another shall not attend Vespers. At the same time the Law does not require the cafés to be closed because one section of the community goes to church and another stays away.

Be it observed that, although there is no café or restaurant in London in which I, as a stranger or pilgrim, can obtain exciseable liquors during church-time, I am entitled to eat and drink as much as ever I like of an exciseable or non-exciseable nature

during church-time on Sunday, at the open window of the coffee-room of a Pall-Mall club, from which I can even merrily note the strictly bolted and barred-up public house on the opposite side of the way. I am perfectly well aware that the closing of the public-houses during church-time on Sundays prevents a great deal of drunkenness; but I cannot see why, if a man be hungry at half-past eleven, or hungrier at half-past three or four or five, he should not be allowed to enter an eating-house, and have his lunch or his dinner, and his wine or beer at that repast. The dram-drinker and the sot do not want anything to eat beyond an occasional halfpennyworth of bread, or a red-herring, to their intolerable deal of gin and beer; but for their few sakes the moderate section of the community must needs go hungry and thirsty in church-time, unless they happen to be members of the clubs. Mind, I have not the slightest wish to surrender my privilege of looking out of the club-window on Sunday, and watching the people who are not allowed, by Act of Parliament, to have any exciseable refreshment during the prohibited hours. I am, I hope, a consistent Liberal; but my only fear touching the possible return to office some day or other of Mr. Gladstone is, that the uncompromisingly virtuous statesman in question might, on the old ridiculous 'sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander' ground, bring in a Bill for closing the Pall-Mall clubs during church-time on Sunday. He would do it, sir, I hugely fear.

As for the traffic on the Boulevards during this present Sunday in Paris, it is certainly at least four times greater, and naturally so, since I first made acquaintance with this city. The population has more than doubled. I think that *Galignani* for 1839 gives 800,000 as the number of souls in the Lutetia of Louis Philippe; but the facilities of locomotion, and the number of holiday-makers who enjoy a portion of their holiday on wheels, have increased during the last generation in a much larger ratio. Dublin has often been qualified as the 'most car-drivingest city in the world;' but the Paris of the existing epoch may certainly be defined as the city *par excellence* for one-horse chaises or open victorias. The

suddenness and the completeness of the cessation of the cab-strike were significant proofs of the imperative necessity for supplying a popular demand. The poorer class of Parisians have no need for *coupés*, and will dispense with *fiacres;* but the open chaises or victorias they must and will have. They are patronised on Sunday to an amazing extent. When I was young the popular vehicle was the *cabriolet*—a yellow concern with a hood, and with huge wheels, the driver sitting on a little bench on one side of his fare. This was the same *cabriolet* which, from its propensity to upset, Louis XVI. declared that, 'if he were Lieutenant of Police, he would not permit to circulate in the streets of Paris;' still it was a most roomy old vehicle, and under its capacious leathern hood could be packed (by amicable arrangement with the driver) well-nigh as many passengers as clamber into or hang on to those wonderful shandrydans, drawn each by a meagre pony with a streaming mane and tail, that you meet racing at a breakneck pace along the dusty road between Naples and Torre del Greco. The modern Parisian victoria is, from a police point of view, designed to contain either two or four passengers; but on Sundays there seems no limit to the number of men, women, children, and dogs that—always by amicable arrangement with the *cocher*—can be packed between the two rickety wheels. The horse is not consulted. He is bound to go till he drops, and he very often does drop.

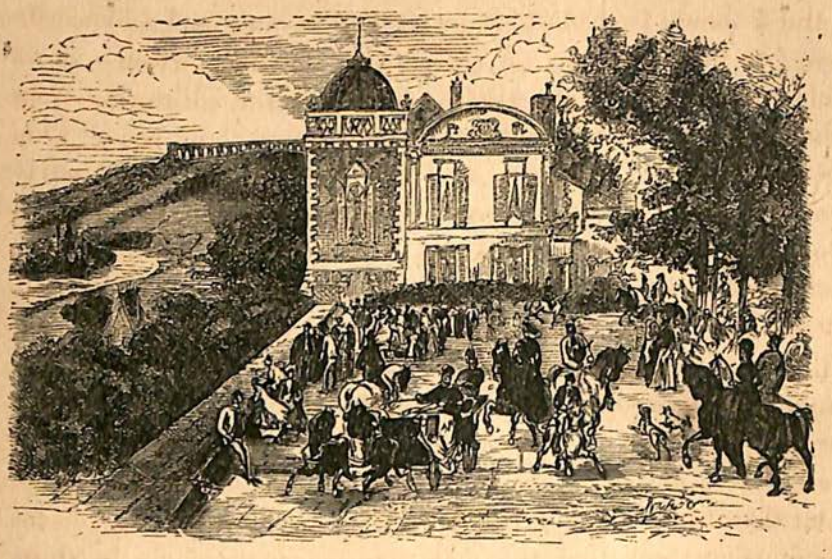
In our metropolis, save when there is a funeral or a political meeting in progress, you very rarely see working people riding about in cabs; but the tremendous affluence of the many-headed into these conveyances is to me one of the most curious features of a Sunday in Paris. There is for this, as for most other sublunary things, a good and sufficing reason. The Parisian petty tradesman very rarely keeps a chaise-cart. The costermonger rarely possesses even the humblest of donkey-carts. Gigs are rare; so the Parisian shopkeeper or working man, when he wishes to give his 'missis and the young uns' a ride on Sundays, joins with a number of his friends similarly disposed, and makes a bargain with the driver of one or more victorias. Where they all drive to, I

really have not the remotest idea. Perhaps it is from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and from the Bastille to the Madeleine, and back again: all day long. Assuredly there could not be found in the whole civilised world a more diverting drive. To these incessantly succeeding chariots—the Automedons of which are not, as a rule, by any means so skilful as he who conducted Achilles—must be added a legion of much more powerful and much more heavily-laden omnibuses than I ever remember to have seen in the Paris of the past.* The 'knifeboard' has become a recognised institution, the 'bureaux de correspondance' of the 'buses are perpetually thronged; and in the outskirts of the city tramway-cars follow each other so closely that you fancy you are gazing on so many American railway-trains which have become accidentally disjointed. I do not think that I shall be accused of exaggeration in saying that on the Sabbath the vehicular traffic on the inner boulevards is doubled. The huge railway vans and the *fourgons* of mercantile houses

* The first Paris omnibus company was formed by a royal decree of Louis XIV., in 1662. The vehicles were called *carosses à cinq sous*, and were licensed to carry eight passengers each. The Duke de Roannes was the chairman of the company; and among the shareholders was the Sieur Blaise Pascal, author of the *Provinciales* and the *Pensées*.

—vehicles powerfully horsed, but recklessly driven—are indeed pleasantly conspicuous by their absence on Sunday; but to the interminable procession of omnibuses and cabs must be added the abnormal Exhibition traffic; the special vans and *chars-à-bancs* and *tapissières*, holding from thirty to fifty passengers, each bound to the Champ de Mars, and an almost equally numerous *cortége* of pleasure wagons going out of town to the village festivals round about Paris. To remoter hamlets the railway-trains are all gaily flying; and endless relays of *convois* come and go between Paris and Versailles, St. Germain, Enghien, St. Cloud, Bellevue, Poissy, Auvers-sur-Oise, Rueil, Mantes, and even Fontainebleau.

I must hasten, albeit the task is not an encouraging one, to disabuse the minds of my countrymen, whose experience of Paris is only short and superficial, of the notion that Sabbath observance is, from an English point of view, increasing in Paris, because less manual labour is done in Paris on the Sabbath, and a great many more shops and warehouses are closed on Sunday, than was formerly the case. These phenomena have nothing, save in the rarest and most isolated cases, to do with any change in the religious sentiments of the people. I am given to understand that Protestant missionary work is going on in sundry districts of Paris, but the results of these well-meant attempts at evangelisation can only be



THE PAVILLON HENRI QUATRE AT ST. GERMAIN.

as a drop of water in the vast ocean of Parisian Sabbath desecration: —as we understand it to be desecrated. My *coiffeur* has in his shaving saloon a neat little placard conveying the information that his establishment will be 'fermé les dimanches et fêtes après une heure de l'après-midi.' But his polite assistant, when I went to get shaved this morning, was busy over his own ambrosial locks with a pair of curling-tongs; and his young and buxom consort had her hair in papers. I don't think these symptoms looked like church or chapel, or Sunday school, or a Mothers' Meeting by and by. They looked much more like the maddening wine-cup—or coffee-cup—and the mazy dance later in the afternoon. There are plenty of jewellers' and linendrapers' and tailors' shops—shops which it appears to me are quite needlessly kept open—which do not close their doors on Sunday here; but on the other hand, especially in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix, the Rue Scribe, the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Avenue de l'Opéra, there are large numbers of commercial establishments which are as hermetically sealed as the banks and the public offices.

But I should be a blockhead were I to assume, and a hypocrite were I to maintain, that an increase in religious fervour—as we understand it—is at the bottom of this partial abstinence from Sunday labour. The smaller money-changers' shops are all wide open; so are the toy-shops, and the confectioners and pastry-cooks; because foreigners want to change money, and French people are in the habit of buying playthings and sugarplums for their children on Sunday; but in the majority of instances it is not on that day that the public require to purchase velvets and satins, Aubusson carpets, carved oak furniture, embossed paper hangings, Madapolam calicoes, or the new 'Cestus of Aglae' corsets. For lack of custom many of the great *magasins* close their doors, and those which continue open do so more from habit than from the expectation of selling anything. Do you for one moment think that the male and female *employés* in these closed establishments utilise their emancipation by going to church, or sitting at home and reading good books, or staring grimly at each other till they begin to yawn and nod, and at last fall asleep from sheer weariness. They will the rather pour on to the boulevards, to fill the cabs and the cafés, to chatter and gesticulate, to eat, drink, and be merry, to dance and drink, and to go to the play at night. I was not consulted when this City was built and the manners of the inhabitants were formed. Whether the Parisians' mode of observing Sunday is harmless or mischievous, it would be dangerous dogmatically to assert. I only describe that which I see; and this is Sunday in Paris as I have seen and known it, man and boy, any time these forty years, come the twenty-ninth day of August next.

I have not the slightest expectation of seeing such a Sunday prevalent in London, or in any English town. I have not the slightest wish to see such a Sunday prevailing anywhere in my own country. Our observance of the Sabbath may be susceptible of modification in a tolerant and liberal sense; but there are two good reasons why the 'Continental Sunday,' as typically presented in Paris, is a thing to be deprecated in England. In the first

place the decent classes among us are quiet people, with comfortable homes, from which we rarely stir on the Sabbath; whereas the Parisians, in a vast number of cases, have no homes at all that can be called comfortable, and are an excessively noisy, restless, and inconsequential race, who can only find happiness out of doors. In the second and much more important place, we drink the very strongest liquors that can be brewed or distilled; the classes among us who are *not* decent are in the habit of getting mad drunk, and of fighting, after the manner of wild beasts, when they have a chance of using their fists, their feet, or their teeth on each other, or on the guardians of the law. Our places of licensed victualling are merely ugly dens, where the largest number of sots can get tipsy in the shortest space of time; and Sunday in London, with all the public-houses, all the theatres, all the music halls, thrown unrestrictedly open from morning till night, would exhibit the most horrible terrestrial *inferno* that eye ever beheld, that the ear ever heard, or the heart ever sickened at. We are so very strong, and stalwart, and earnest, and 'English,' in a word, that we need in our diversions a number of restrictive checks and kicking-straps, which the feebler and less pugnacious peoples of the Continent do not require. The better observance of Sunday may not succeed in London in making the mass of the people more religious; but it keeps them quiet and tolerably well-behaved:—and tolerable good behaviour is all that can be expected in a city of four millions of souls. That is about the whole of my philosophy on the matter; and I have seen a good many curious Sundays in a good many curious countries.

A PERPLEXED SEASON-TICKET HOLDER (BY CHAM).

'Why fifty centimes, when my season-ticket has the regulation photograph?'

'Yes, but only a half-length; so you pay for the other half.'

VI.

ASTRAY IN THE EXHIBITION.

Aug. 20.

I MADE my first excursion to the Exhibition yesterday; and, pursuant to a plan which I had proposed to myself, I determined that my first visit to the Champ de Mars should be conducted strictly on the system of pursuing absolutely no system at all. Thus I did not provide myself with any of the thousand and one guides and *vade-mecums* to the Exhibition, and panoramas and plans thereof, which pullulate in every bookseller's shop and every kiosk on the Boulevards. 'There will be time enough,' I said, 'for guides and catalogues by and by. For the nonce let us go and see all the fun of the fair.' And in the good old times of fairs who wanted a mapped-out route of the whereabouts of Richardson's Show, of Wombwell's Menagerie, and of the Crown and Anchor booth? Who wanted to be told where the Pig-faced Lady, the Polish Dwarf, and the Irish Giant were to be met with? You came upon these things of beauty—not joys, unhappily, for

ever—accidentally, or you discovered them by an intuition. With a good conscience, and a pound of best gingerbread nuts tied up in a blue-cotton pocket-handkerchief, you made your way into the fair; and the deuce was in it if you were not made aware of some of its fun—even if the facetiousness took the form of a 'scratcher' being applied to the small of your back—before you were five minutes older. Pray do not think that I am in the slightest degree desirous to disparage or to speak with undue levity of the Exposition Universelle of 1878. In process of time I shall have, I hope, to consider it under a good many aspects, but yesterday I elected to look upon it only as a great aggregate of shows. Current coin, I may remark, is rigorously refused at the entrances to the Exhibition Palace, but tickets of admission, price one franc, are procurable at the *débits de tabac* and other places all over Paris, as well as at the kiosks in front of the various *portes d'entrée*. The identity of season-ticket holders is assured by obliging them to have their photographs affixed to their cards of admission—a regulation which Cham has amusingly satirised in various ways.

A SEASON-TICKET HOLDER IN A DIFFICULTY (BY CHAM).

'Sir, I detect a pimple on your nose, which isn't in your photograph. You must get rid of it before you can be allowed to pass.'

So soon as ever I entered the enormous labyrinth of glass cases into which the Champ de Mars has been converted, I purposely and deliberately lost my way, confidently delivering myself up to the myriad chances of the *imprévu*. Have you never thus wilfully lost your way in Venice, in Rome, in Seville—a confident Mr. Micawber, for something is sure to turn up? Wander, and double, and 'try back' as you may, you are sure after a season to find yourself in view of the cupolas of St. Mark, to stumble on the Fountain of Trevi, or to be aware of the Tower of the Giralda. Thus, in the Exhibition Palace yesterday, although I roamed about for five mortal hours in different directions, and saw a great many more hundreds of things than I can enumerate here, I came full twenty times upon, or was distinctly aware of, two conspicuous landmarks—Gustave Doré's colossal Bacchanalian vase, and a towering obelisk covered with gold leaf, an idea borrowed from our Exhibition of 1862, and representing the amount of bullion annually *livré au commerce* by an enterprising Parisian jeweller in the form of settings to his wares. How many millions of francs the gilt obelisk represented I duly read, but did not stay to note. There will be time to be statistical anon; nor does it matter, perchance, much more than to know how many thousands of buns, pork-pies, cups of tea, and bottles of ginger-beer were consumed on the occasion of the last visit of the Ancient Order of Foresters to the Crystal or the Alexandra Palace. We should be careful ere we fall in love with mere figures. To me the Tower of Babel is the wonder, and not the number of bricks that may have been used in its construction.

I will, in the outset, candidly own that, although I have the proud privilege to be a free-born Briton of the Victorian era, I went about the Exhibition in the spirit of an ancient Athenian, perpetually demanding some new thing; and quite as frankly must I admit that, so far as my first visit to the Exhibition went, I was disappointed. 'It's the Old Sarpint, your Grace, with a new coat of paint,' said the showman to the Duke of Wellington when he refused to take the Hero's shilling, when proferred for a

COLOSSAL BACCHANALIAN VASE, BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

view of the 'Cobra Corrugata or Coruscated Snake of the Yang-tse-Kiang.' I saw the 'Old Sarpint,' with a new coat of paint and a tremendous amount of gilding, innumerable times yesterday in

the Champ de Mars. Item: The diver. Do you not remember him, in his Crusader's helmet, with the gig-lamp eyes—his india-rubber armour, his elephantine arms and feet, and his intolerable tail? Item: A lighthouse trophy—a pyramid of lanterns, reflectors, and refractors playing in the glare of the summer afternoon the most astonishing prismatic tricks, and affording unbounded opportunities for spectrum analysis. In the gigantic and generally well-arranged and well-lit picture-galleries, a multitude of admirable pictures which you have seen before, or of which you have engravings or photographs at home, mingled with a host of paintings certainly new to you, but further acquaintance with which, owing to their general mediocrity, you may not be ambitious to make. Some very magnificent works in Italian mosaic; a few execrably garish and tasteless French attempts in the same line. The English porcelain and pottery superlatively good; but English ceramics can be seen to equal advantage in Regent Street, South Audley Street and Bond Street. Glass, on the whole, both English and foreign, wonderfully bright and tasteful; the exhibit of Messrs. Thomas Webb & Sons of Stourbridge showing a brilliant progress in the beautiful and difficult process of engraving on glass. I do not mean etching with acids, but the actual incision by means of the copper wheel. Furniture, both English and foreign, very splendid. France still keeps the lead in Renaissance upholstery, especially of that kind to which tapestry, silk velvet, and other textile fabrics are accessory. Italy—witness the superb bookcase contributed by the Brothers Sonsogno, the music publishers of Milan—retains a conspicuous place for proficiency in the craft of inlaying ebony with ivory—a craft which, the colours employed being reversed, is virtually *niello*-working in wood. England continues to assert unapproachable preëminence in the production of Gothic furniture of the purest design and the most thoroughly conscientious workmanship; while the determination of the English manufacturers to 'keep moving' in this important branch of art industry is pleasantly shown by the close alliance which is springing up between the *ébéniste* and the potter

ENGRAVED CLARET JUG, EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. THOMAS WEBB AND SONS.

—a revival, indeed, of a very old association—and leading to the decoration of cabinets and tables with beautifully painted plaques of earthenware. The application of this tasteful mode of embellishment to pianofortes is likewise made manifest by a superb example of a grand pianoforte in the French department, and to which I may have occasion to recur.

On the whole, the rapidest of surveys of the departments devoted to decorative furniture induces the conviction that the

rage for the Japanese style has, in France at least, reached its climax. The carpet manufacturers have largely, and it would seem abidingly, profited by the innumerable hints as to brilliant harmonies of colour and elegant *naïveté* of design which Japan is ever ready to furnish; but the French are, in matters of art, essentially a classically plastic people—a few short-lived aberrations to the contrary notwithstanding. The basis of their design is 'the round,' because roundness gives the light and shade which are to be found in Nature. The basis of Japanese—and, to a very great extent, of Gothic—decoration is 'the flat;' and flatness not only excludes the due apportionment of light and shade, but, as a rule, militates against the due observance of the canons of perspective; and, as poor Haydon, the father of all our schools of design, pointed out long ago, the fundamental reason of the superiority of French art-workmen over our own countrymen lies in the fact that the Frenchman learns geometry first, to model the human figure next, and finally to practise ornamental design, even if he be intended for a pattern draughtsman only of Lyons shawls and Mulhouse patterns; whereas the English student is taught ornamental design first, and to draw the human figure afterwards. It must be admitted that a large number of admirable specimens of sculpture from English chisels are to be found in the Champ de Mars, and to these I shall ere long endeavour to do justice; but our lamentable national backwardness in the plastic arts of the secondary and tertiary grades is exposed by the almost total absence of works in bronze by undoubtedly British artists. The firm of Elkington of Birmingham have done as much as it is possible for any English firm to do in bronze and in electro-silver working of an artistically plastic kind; but their chief modellers and sculptors are not Englishmen, but Frenchmen. The Elkingtons did as grandly with their 'Milton Shield' in *repoussé* in 1867 as they have done in 1878 with their 'Pilgrim's Shield;' but it is positively deplorable to remark that, in the course of eleven years, no English art manufacturers of note have followed the example they have set in reproductions from the antique, or in the execu-

tion of original designs on a thoroughly classical model in bronze or marble. Let me not be misunderstood. A plenitude of ecclesiastical brasswork from English and Scottish hands adorns the Exhibition, where, moreover, signs are not lacking of our surpassing preëminence as gasfitters, as lamp manufacturers, as bedstead makers, and as workers in metals generally; but in the secondary and tertiary stages of bronze or silver industry I failed to see any clockcases, any statuettes, any vases, any *bibelots*, or 'gimcracks' even, of British design and production, and of marked artistic merit; while of bronze sculpture of the first class, such sculpture as issues from the *ateliers* of Barbédienne and of a score more French houses as renowned, there is in our section an almost total absence. This is a wretched thing to think of, especially when it is remembered that we are still eager to lavish thousands on the acquisition of blue and white earthenware pots and pans more or less from Nankin, and that the silly and tasteless mania for hanging painted plates—often vile in design and garishly coloured—on our inward walls is rapidly converting the boudoirs of English ladies into the similitude of sculleries. I never find myself alone in one of these crockery-hung rooms without wishing that the Act of Parliament against wilful damage could be suspended, in order that I might make play, for a quarter of an hour, with the bright poker.

It has always been my ambition to keep my eyes open, and to describe as graphically as lies in my power the things which I see; but at present I refrain from attempting to give even a superficial description of what Minton has to show in the Paris Exhibition. You who dwell in London have but to go to Goode's in South Audley Street, who by the way has acquired the entire Minton display, to Mortlock's, to Sharpus's, to Phillips's, to Gardner's at Charing Cross, and to assume that the most superb specimens of china and earthenware to be seen in the great metropolitan showrooms have been selected as types of the Minton collection in the Champ de Mars. The reward of the firm is, that their name is now habitually coupled by educated French critics with that of Sèvres. With regard to the Elkingtons, the case is somewhat

different. They have competitors of tremendous power and prestige in France. They are goldsmiths, silversmiths, enamellers, bronze-workers, and electro-platers. They must stand their ground against a whole host of art-work firms, of whom Barbédienne, Christofle, and Froment-Meurice are only the most conspicuous representatives. The Birmingham house may be, indeed, Briareus-handed, but its rivals are a hundred giants, each with a hundred hands. The leading artistic performances exhibited by the Elkingtons are virtually unique; many of them cannot be reproduced, like works in pottery; and they can be seen by but a limited portion of the English public at home. This is especially the case with the wondrously beautiful Renaissance mirror, designed by M. A. W. Willms, of which the architectural and decorative portions are composed of oxidised silver, and of bronze incrusted with gold and silver, the *fond* being of steel damascened with variously tinted gold, forming *rinceaux* embellished with figures of birds and insects. It may just be mentioned that, until the other day, so to speak, damascening was, so

SILVER FLOWER-VASE, BY FROMENT-MEURICE.

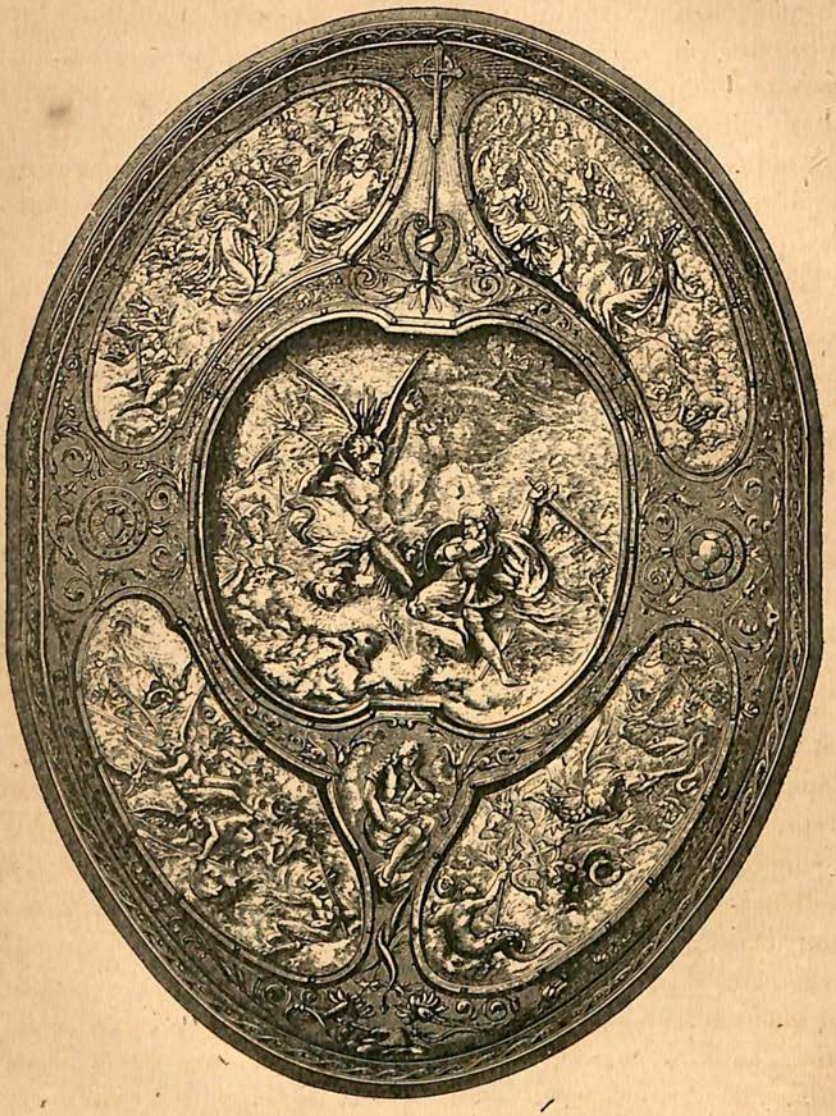
far as its practice in Europe was concerned, a wholly obsolete and well-nigh lost art. Take, again, the exquisite vase of damascened steel, another work of M. Willms, the body of which is covered with intricate patterns of peacocks and lyre birds, woven as it were into the fabric in fine threads of gold, and of which the portions in silver are elaborately chased. A plaque in *repoussé* steel, de-

PLAQUE, 'LOVE BROUGHT TO REASON,' BY A. W. WILLMS.

signed and mainly executed by the same artist, presents us with a transcript of Prudhon's picture 'Love brought to Reason.' Cupid, captive and weaponless, is fruitlessly striving to burst the bonds by which he is fastened to a terminal bust of the sage Minerva

—possibly intended to mark the boundary line between Love and Reason—whilst a maiden sits by and mocks his struggles. 'Rira bien qui rira le dernier, Mademoiselle;' for a pair of cooing doves overhead indicates that the blind god's reign is not yet over. Around the border of the plaque four cupids, with emblems of love in their hands, are sailing through the air. Separating them are trophies of antique arms richly damascened in gold.

I have alluded to the 'Pilgrim's Shield,' a noble work of art in *repoussé*, by M. Morel-Ladeuil, and the most important object in the Elkington display. As in the 'Milton Shield,' the most striking episodes in *Paradise Lost* were dramatically rendered, so in the 'Pilgrim's Shield' the central idea in Bunyan's immortal allegory is dwelt upon in a manner equally grandiose and picturesque. The inspired tinker of Elstow only appears in what may be termed the 'middle distance,' and in a subsidiary position as a 'dreamer of dreams.' All around him are evolved the wonderful conceptions of his imagination, but the eye of the spectator goes at once, as it did to our First Parents in their state of innocence in the Milton composition, straight to the pivot on which the 'Pilgrim's Shield' turns. On a principal lunette which fills the middle of the design is represented the combat, between Apollyon and Christian, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This central medallion is executed in such high relief as well nigh to present the appearance of *rondebosse*, or of being what we term 'undercut' almost entirely away from the ground; and a glance at the back of the shield will show how patiently laborious has been the *opus mallei* in pushing the metal upwards with repeated taps of the hammer. Some of the parts are, on the other hand, in the lowest possible relief, not extending beyond the faintest appearance of embossing; and these exquisite gradations in surface show the perfect mastery which M. Morel-Ladeuil has attained over one of the most beautiful and the most difficult of crafts. The fight *à outrance* in the Valley of the Shadow is represented with astonishing force and *verve*, and the corrugated muscles of the demoniacal warrior contrast very skilfully with the thoroughly human comeli-



THE PILGRIM'S SHIELD, BY MOREL-LADEUIL.

ness and symmetry of Christian. The execution, again, of the texture of the Pilgrim's armour, in contradistinction to the light and airy drapery pendent from it, is a triumph of manual skill and

dexterity. Below the central composition is the figure of Bunyan, a volume of the Scriptures on his knees, and rapt, seemingly, in an ecstatic trance. On either side are bas-reliefs representing the lowermost depths of the Valley of the Shadow—a gruesome pit full of hobgoblins and sprites, such as Callot revelled in portraying; but from this dire Tartarus we are led by graceful decorative scroll-work to the two upper bas-reliefs, wherein are depicted all the joys of the Celestial City—angels and seraphs and cherubs, bright with 'harping symphonies.' Interposed between the *rilievi* are emblematic cartouches of Faith, Hope, and Charity, respectively symbolised by a cross, an anchor, and a heart—the virtues by means of which the Pilgrim has been enabled to overcome Apollyon and reach at last his desired goal; while at the base of the shield are the trappings of the Pilgrim's calling—the slouched hat, the wallet, the scallop-shells, and the sandalled shoon. Looked at not only in its powerful *ensemble*, but in the astonishing minuteness and grace of its details, this latest work of M. Morel-Ladeuil may be regarded as at once the most ambitious and the most successful that he has executed for Messrs. Elkington.

The *salon* of Messrs. Elkington contains another sumptuous example in *repoussé* from the hammer of M. Morel-Ladeuil, the 'Pompeian Lady at her Toilette,' of which it is sufficient to say that it reminds the spectator of a picture by Alma-Tadéma translated into high relief by the *opus mallei*. To M. Morel-Ladeuil is also due the Renaissance silver ewer with the genii of Day and Night in its side panels and its symbolical birds of dawn and twilight; as well as the pair of rose-water dishes by which the ewer is accompanied, and wherein the months of the year are typified by graceful female figures, and the seasons by groups of children with flowers and fruits. Messrs. Elkington show in *cloisonné* enamel a number of splendid specimens of trumpet-shaped flower-vases, *plateaux*, *tazze*, incense-burners, and standishes; while among the *orfèvrerie* are conspicuous dessert services of the pattern made for the Prince of Wales's Pavilion, 'Old English,' in silver-gilt; and some remarkably fascinating *tête-à-tête* tea-services of modified Japanese design,

RENAISSANCE SILVER EWER, BY M. MOREL-LADEUIL.

and in which the *plateau* takes the shape of an outspread fan. I may hint that I have not purchased the Helicon Vase, or the Renaissance Mirror, or the Pilgrim's Shield as yet. My treasure-ship—long overdue—is not yet come home.

In the way of ships, I apprehend that an ironclad squadron would be required to convey the whole of M. Barbédienne's show of art bronzes to England, should Royalty evince a desire to inspect that wonderful collection *en masse*. I may in perfect candour observe that, owing to my rigorously carried out system of not having a system, I am utterly ignorant of the whereabouts of M. Barbédienne's particular 'installation' in the Champ de Mars. It is, without doubt, a truly magnificent one, but I have not yet come across it. Granting, as I do, that I have not yet seen the Barbédienne bronzes in the Exhibition, what business, it may be asked, have I to talk about these bronzes at all? I can explain matters in a moment. I happen to live next door to M. Barbédienne's warehouse, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. I am happy to state that, following the commendable French custom, he takes down his shutters very early in the morning, and that he does not put them up until past ten at night. Thus I have several inter-

views, every day and every evening, with the contents of his huge shop-windows; and, as he makes a change in his *étalage* almost every other day, I think that by this time I know the major portion of the contents of his stock-in-trade by heart. I have got, to a certain extent, his bronzes on the brain. They are my delight before breakfast; they are my consolation after a bad and dear dinner. He has got a noble reproduction of Michael Angelo's incomparable sitting figure in Roman costume, from the tomb of the Medici in Florence. He has got a smaller replica of that figure surmounting a clock in a chalcedony case, with two bronze-gilt candelabra, *formant garniture*. What punishment, I wonder, does the French Criminal Code assign to the offence of running away in the broad daylight with a bronze clock and candelabra? He has got a Crouching Venus and a Bather that make me half delirious to look upon. He has got a Spanish matador in pale bronze, whose embroidered jacket and overalls are well-nigh miracles of chiselled dexterity and refinement. He has got a Bull that makes me dream of the Toro Farnese, and fancy that I am going to a bovine paradise, and that Paul Potter and Old Ward and Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., are of the company. Less need to discourse of his fauns and his satyrs, his nymphs and his hamadryads, his saints and cherubs, his cowled Trappists and vestal virgins, and his grand Louis Quinze *chasseur* on horseback, with the hunting-horn wound round his noble body —the Marquis de Carabas in early youth—and cheap at 1250 francs, that is if I read correctly the cabalistic characters inscribed on the little green ticket affixed to the huntsman's wrist. In addition to this varied statuesque display, there are classic vases and tripods of bold and graceful form, Renaissance ewers and candelabra of elaborate ornamentation, and plaques and caskets in *cloisonné* enamel of great beauty and splendour. For the rest, I purchased the whole of M. Barbédienne's stock at least ten days ago. To get them home I shall have to charter a vessel something like the Cleopatra; but there is no hurry, since the necessary cheques have not yet arrived, and M. Barbédienne might

BRONZE TRIPOD, EXHIBITED BY M. BARBÉDIENNE.

be chary of dealing with a customer who would offer to buy the Koh-i-noor, if, instead of being a tawdry bit of glittering charcoal, it were a model of plastic beauty and grace.

I fancy, nevertheless, that there is a model of a ship in the Exhibition which would carry across the narrow seas and the wide ocean to boot all the art-bronzes which the *ateliers* of the Barbédiennes and their compeers could fabricate; and carry them, with a plentiful supply of water, coals, and provisions, and a thousand human beings into the bargain, as easily as though they were bandboxes full of feathers.

Erring to and fro in the park of the Champ de Mars, I was overtaken by a sudden and heavy shower—we have had tropical heat, aggravated and not relieved by, on an average, two tremendous downpours a day for the last fortnight—and took refuge in the Maritime Exhibition, which is installed in a series of sheds on the bank of the Seine, to the left of the Pont d'Iéna, going towards the Trocadéro. The Maritime Exhibition is very strongly impregnated with the odour of pitch and tar; and I even imagined that I could detect the perfume of bilgewater. The impression, however, may have been due to the scent of several hundreds of streaming and steaming umbrellas. Altogether the place had a 'Yo-heave-ho' character. It reminded you equally of a ropewalk, a shipchandler's, and the corridor of a gaol in which oakum-picking forms the staple of convict labour. Here Marseilles, Brest, Lorient, Rochefort, Nantes, Havre, Cherbourg, Dunkirk, Bordeaux, and Cette had amassed samples of their nautical products and manufactures. Hemp and jute, sailcloth and tarpaulin, anchors and harpoons, cables and bolts and stanchions, sea-going slops, bags of biscuit, barrels of rum, creels of salt fish, waterproof boots, glazed hats, oars and rudders, boathooks and marlinspikes—all spoke of the sea, and of those who go down in ships thereto. But at the extremity of the sheds devoted to the French Maritime Exhibition I found a gallery full of English exhibits; and there, among a very characteristic assortment of models of yachts, paddle-wheel steamers, gun-boats, life-boats, steam-launches, and canoes, I found a stately model of the new ocean steamship Gallia, belonging to the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Company. The Gallia, which has been built by Messrs. James & George Thomson of Clydebank, Dum-

bartonshire, is to go into commission in January next, and is the youngest but equally powerful sister of that wonderful ocean fleet of steamships which comprises the Abyssinia, the Batavia, the Hecla, the Russia, the Samaria, the Malta, and twenty-six others, besides a Channel fleet of thirteen vessels. I have an incurable weakness, dating from my earliest youth, for models of ships; and I well remember how, as a little boy, I used to stand open-mouthed before the counterfeit presentment in ivory of a British three-decker which adorned the window of a grocer's shop in Major Foubert's Passage, Regent Street, London. How often have I peered through the stern windows of the three-decker into the principal cabin, in the full and firm belief that I could descry the Captain, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Midshipman Easy, and a bumboat woman, reading the Articles of War and drinking 'sweethearts and wives' in hot grog. With scarcely less interest did I survey this superbly constructed and nicely-scaled image of the Cunard steamship Gallia—the model alone cost twelve hundred pounds, they say—with its highly-polished brass fittings, its snowy deck, its faultless rigging, its shining hull, and the tiny windows of its deck cabins. What would I have given to see one of the doors of the little deck cabins open, and the well-remembered form of Captain Lott or Captain Cook make its appearance! Everything in the model looked as snug and shipshape and carefully disposed as a Cunard steamer herself. The sight of the model took me back full sixteen years, when, on a stormy November afternoon, at Queenstown, in Ireland, I boarded the Cunard steamship, Arabia, bound for Boston, U.S.A.*

I may as well own that when I went astray in the Exhibition, among a maze of tall glass cases, full of broadcloths, friezes, twills, serges, and so forth, from Lancashire and Yorkshire, I did not feel, from a textile point of view, very much interested.

* I am pleased to record that the Gallia has fully equalled the expectations formed of her. She accomplished upwards of sixteen knots per hour on her trial trip, and sailed under favourable auspices on her first voyage to New York on April 5, 1879.

Whole acres of space seemed to be given up to the products of Leeds, Halifax, and Huddersfield; and the woollen goods were ranged horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, with mathematical precision; but I do not want fifty thousand pairs of trousers or twenty-five thousand coats. With a light heart and a thin pair of pantaloons I have managed to go through the world during a great many years; and looking at the amazing wealth of woollen goods of which Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax have made so well-organised a display, I felt for a moment inclined to cry, with Socrates, in the Athenian market-place, 'How many things are there here that I do not want!' Things in the Agora have altered, and not for the better, since the days of the philosopher just quoted. When I was last in the poor little market-place of the metropolis of Hellas, I beheld scarcely anything exposed for sale beyond leeks, water-melons, boxes of wax-matches, sugar-candy, red-kid slippers, and birch-brooms—things all very nice in themselves, but scarcely adequate to the sustentation of life.

The woollen-fabrics department was, however, to me not less a haven of delight, owing to the circumstance that the avenues between the interminable blocks of glass cases were almost entirely deserted, that the floor had been newly sprinkled with water, that the entire region was as cool as it was tranquil, and that the air was laden with a peculiar and by no means oppressive fragrance of newly woven and dressed cloths, such as comes to you in whiffs from the Manchester warehouses in shady City lanes, or from the shops of the wholesale drapers in Vigo Street, Regent street, who supply the West-end tailors with coatings and trouser-stuffs. It was a fearfully sultry day, but a tour in the cloth-weaving districts relieved me to a delightful extent; and after that I went to look at a fire-engine, which, for all the blazing scarlet with which it was painted, made me feel quite cool and refreshed. I had not been long in this contented state when, to my misfortune, I found myself astray in a district all full of pickles and sauces. It was dreadful—looking at the altitude of the mercury in the thermometer—to be confronted by these serried battalions

of bottles full of piccallilly, gherkins, onions, chillis, capsicums, mango chutnee, Nepaul pepper, curry-powder, and sauces of the utmost pungency. The spectacle filled the mind with red-hot visions of mullagatawny soup, anchovy-toast, bashawed lobster, and devilled bones; nor did I much better my position when, beating a retreat from this torrid zone of culinary zests, I came on a culinary concentrated land replete with preserved soups and made dishes. These, however, did not look quite so hot as the pickle-bottles; and moreover they contributed to strengthen a persuasion which had been growing in my mind for the last forty minutes past, that the time was approaching when it would be expedient to see about getting some lunch.

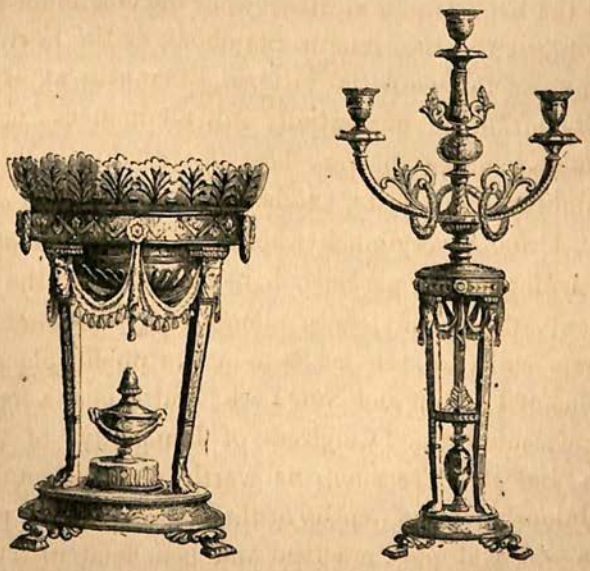
This pleasant conviction was still further fortified by an accidental *détour* which opened up to me dim but delicious vistas of glass cases piled high with bottles which, on nearer inspection, proved to be 'exhibits' of pale ale from Burton-on-Trent, of Dunville's 'V.R.' and Kinahan's L.L. whiskies, of dry sherries, of mountain ports, of East India Madeiras, of all kinds of those wines, spirits, and liqueurs which are so very pleasant to drink in combination with Apollinaris, Seltzer, potass, or St. Galmier water, and the consumption of which tends so much to the enhancement of her Majesty's revenue and the fees of the medical profession. As a rule, however, I am constrained to deprecate the display of fermented beverages in a public exhibition, especially when the show is held in very hot weather. The sight of all these drinkables weakens the steadfastness of your adhesion to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the pump, and begets in your heart an unholy hankering for the possession of a corkscrew. Observe this curious fact: In temperate countries fountains are frequent and beautiful in form, so beautiful that you thirst for nothing but water. In the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851, no alcoholic beverages were procurable; but, *en revanche*, there was Osler's Crystal Fountain. As a rule, drunken countries are destitute of fountains; and that is why I should be sorry to see the humble halfpenny ice and sarsaparilla barrows banished from the streets

of London. They look cool and inviting and temperate. A 'coffee-palace,' excellent as the intention of its founders may be, does not look cool; but, so far as my ocular experience goes, it looks hot and uncomfortable. Even the big decanter of lemonade, with the abnormally-sized lemon on the top, on the shop-counter of a cheap Italian confectioner in Leather Lane, appears to me mutely eloquent. It seems to be whispering, 'Come and have a penn'orth of Me! I am much more refreshing, and I will do you much less harm than beer or gin will.'

If we could make Temperance handsome and picturesque, as it is made in France, in Spain and Italy, and the East, and if we could only banish from the Temperance teacher's mind the preposterous and impertinent desire to mix the Mosaic Scriptures and the Psalms with abstinence from liquors which destroy the coats of our stomachs, we might make temperance popular in a surprisingly short space of time. As it is, while we benevolently invite the working man to regale himself with 'half a pint of coffee and a slice,' we attempt to choke him with a tract. The working man objects to be choked, and goes next door to the gin-shop, which, to his imperfectly instructed mind, is handsome, and liberal, and free. If Tottenham Court Road and Whitechapel High Street were boulevards, and if the working man could sit at a little table outside the tavern and drink his beer and smoke his pipe, and watch the great panorama of life rolling by, his wife and children by his side—which is the condition of his brother in the blouse in this vast city—he would not get drunk quite so frequently at the gin-shop bar. But the boulevard and the table outside it would be 'un-English,' I suppose; and the bare suggestion of such an innovation would frighten the Middlesex magistrates into fits. We are a very extraordinary people. Foreigners are continually learning from us; and in reality we have a number of really noble and useful things to teach; but we obstinately refuse to learn anything from foreigners except their vices. Those we import, duty free, by the shipload. On foreign virtues we place the prohibitory tax of our social prejudices.

All this, you may urge, has nothing to do with the Paris Exhibition in its glass-case aspect, in its 'Congress of Art and Industry' sense. That may be; but it has a great deal to do with the Paris Exhibition in its humane aspect, and in its civilised sense. I mean to expatiate, all in good time, on the textile fabrics, the dolls and fans and milliners' gear; on the waterproof sheets, the cocoâ-nut matting, the Kidderminster and Aubusson carpets, the lighthouses and fire-engines, the pictures and statues, the mosaics and carvings and stained glass, the upholstery and tapestry and damask curtains, the cutlery and glass and earthenware, the surgical instruments and the machinery in motion, the carriages and harness, the samples of stationery and book-binding, the bronzes and enamels, the feathers and artificial flowers, the shawls and laces, the boots and gloves, the weapons and walking-sticks, the portmanteaus and dressing-bags. I have seen all these things—as good, and even better—in 1851, in 1855, in 1862, in 1867. I can see as good, without being called upon to pay a franc for the privilege of inspection, by walking any day down Regent Street or the Strand, down Broadway at New York, or through the Kitai-Gorod at Moscow, or the Gostinnoi-Dvor at St. Petersburg, or the Bezestan at Stamboul, or the Kärntherstrasse at Vienna, or the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele at Milan. The Paris Exhibition is substantially only an immense aggregate of shop-windows full of the very best of everything—the best that money and ingenuity, taste, emulation, and the desire of gain, can furnish. I doubt very much whether it will teach any lessons worth learning—save, perhaps, here and there in the machinery department—to anybody, since almost every specimen of art industry here collected can be seen in the public places and the showrooms of London and New York; but it is as a social display that to my mind the 'Congress of Humanity' of the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro is worth studying, and studying most sedulously. Nine-tenths of the visitors will, in my opinion, acquire a vast deal more practical and beneficial instruction from the survey of the city of Paris and its people than by the inspec-

tion of the Paris Exhibition, of which the contents have been amplified to such an inordinate degree as to become, after a time, wearisome. But, physical fatigue apart—and that can be alleviated by sitting outside a café, and imbibing a 'bock' or a 'mazagran,' as your inclination may lead you thereto—you do not grow weary of perambulating the streets of Paris the Astonishing, and conversing with the more astonishing Parisians, differing as they do from us as widely as mercury differs from lead, yet separated as they are from us only by a distance which is accomplished in ten hours, and which should be accomplished in seven. Man and boy, I have been familiar with the city and the people since the eighth year of the reign of Louis Philippe, collapsed and deceased. I have been present at three of its Revolutions and at four of its Expositions; still Paris after the Peace is to me, in many respects, a new and strange city, deeply interesting, and from the contemplation of which I hope to learn some useful lessons. That was why I went astray yesterday. I wished to obtain what is called 'a general idea of things.' Anon I shall begin to particularise.



PIECES OF AN INLAID DESSERT SERVICE, EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. ELKINGTON.

THE PARIS OPERA: CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BOXES OF THE GRAND TIER.

VII.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.

Aug. 22.

SURELY in the whole modern lyrical repertory there is no more charming opera than M. Gounod's *Faust*. It is full of delicious melodies. The story is infinitely romantic, the *dénouement* inexpressibly pathetic. The terrific *epopœa* possesses—as every true tragedy should have—a comic element in the cynical humours of Mephisto, and the Ephesian Matron-like readiness of the old woman to console herself for the loss of her husband. Gretchen is, next to Amina, the most fascinating of lyrical heroines; and, although Faust is a fool, and a rascal to boot, you cannot help feeling a sneaking kind of admiration for him when he has a comely presence, a handsome costume, and a sweet tenor voice. Still, these only revolve like satellites round the terrific planet of evil, Mephistophiles. You must needs loathe him and shudder at his infernal wiles; but what a fine first-rate Devil he is! '—— him, I wish he'd won!' cried Lord Thurlow, when he came to the

end of *Paradise Lost*. Mephisto in *Faust does* win, so far as his dealings with the Doctor are concerned; yet he is checkmated at last.

But how is it that, notwithstanding its picturesque libretto, its plaintive 'There was a King of Thule,' its fascinating Waltz, its quaint Chorus of Old Men, and its resonant March, I have held these many years past the masterpiece of M. Gounod in the liveliest detestation, and that, as a rule, I would much rather listen to the dreariest bore of my acquaintance than witness the performance of *Faust*. The reason is a very simple one. Fifteen years ago I abode for a season at, say, No. 99 West Fourteenth-street, in the city of New York. On one side of my habitation resided an estimable family, the proud possessors of a Steinway's grand pianoforte. On the other side lived an equally estimable family, who were the happy owners of a Chickering grand; and over the way was another family, rejoicing in the possession of an Erard. These households all abounded in young ladies with slim waists and 'cataract' curls, and they were all accomplished pianistes. The time was summer; the weather was tropically hot; the windows were always kept open; and from early morn until far into the night I was fain to listen to the Steinway, the Chickering, or the Erard discoursing This—

'Lum tum, ti tiddledy um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum,
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
La la la *la*—la la la *la*—la la *La!*'

Everybody with an 'ear' can tell what I mean. Was it not Rossini, who, affecting to forget the name of Sir Henry Bishop, always spoke of him as 'Monsieur Lara-ta-*tara*tara-tata*ratata*ra-*tee*,' humming the air of 'Home, sweet home.'

I had to bear this torture for many weeks. I fled to Philadelphia, but only to hear the Italian organists grinding forth 'Lum tum, te tiddlety um tum.' I went down to the Army of the Potomac to find a Massachusetts regiment marching and countermarching to the same terrible tune. I came back to New York to find that the 'extension parlour' of my residence had been engaged

by a middle-aged bachelor of musical tastes, who had brought an upright Broadwood, and in the intervals of speculating in gold in Wall Street was perpetually pounding, not the abhorred 'Lum tum,' but the equally formidable

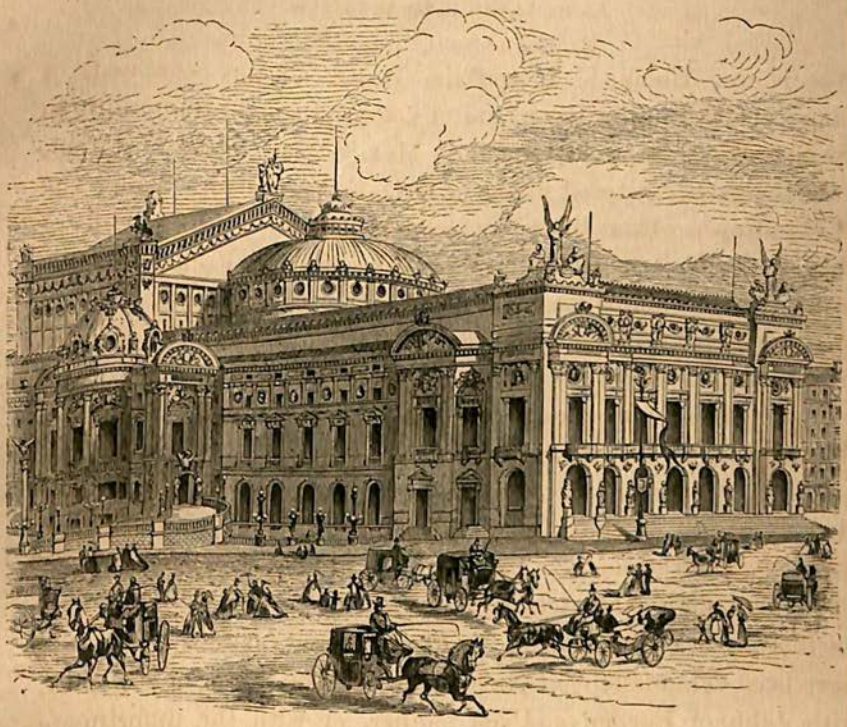
'La ree ta titti, la ree ta titti;
La ree ta titti ta tee ta tittytee.'

Woe is me, Alhama! It was the Waltz. I was possessed. I eloped to Havana, in the island of Cuba. I sought tranquillity in the Spanish Main and quietude in Mexico; but wherever I went, from the cactus-covered plains of Orizaba to the forest glades of Tchapultepec—from the *tierra caliente* of Jalapa to the Falls of Regla—the Waltz and the March, now brayed by a French military band, now strummed on the cracked guitar of an *arriero*, pursued me always. And thus it was that I learned to loathe the opera of *Faust*, and to regard M. Gounod as my bitterest enemy.

With the old Chickering and Steinway grievances rankling in my mind, you will not be surprised to hear that, when recently I was offered a seat in a box at the new Grand Opéra, and I found that *Faust* was on the *affiche*, I preferred all kinds of excuses to avoid the entertainment. The repertory of M. Halanzier, Director of the Académie Nationale de Musique, appears to consist almost exclusively of *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Le Prophète*, and *La Juive*.* I should have been delighted to pass an evening with the Prince of Denmark, with John of Leyden and his mother, or with the unfortunate young lady who was wont to be boiled in a caldron of oil at the end of the fourth act, but is now, I believe, reprieved at the last moment. However, against the Waltz, the March, and the Chorus of Old Men I stoutly rebelled. I pleaded the excessive heat and a tendency to cerebral congestion. But the box into which I was to be inducted happened, I was informed, to be the very coolest in the whole house. There would be plenty of fresh air, my kind inviters told me; and the box had even an antechamber attached to

* When this was written, M. Halanzier had not yet produced M. Gounod's *Polyeucte*.

it, where tea was served. That over-persuaded me. In the anteroom there would probably be a divan; and on that divan I thought that in a corner, in the dark, and with cotton in my ears, I might contrive to slumber out the Waltz, the March, and the Chorus of Old Men, while Youth and Beauty enjoyed themselves in the



THE PARIS GRAND OPERA.

avant-scènes. *Avant-scènes*, indeed! I little knew what kind of box I was destined to occupy.

The friend who was to present me to the lady who was the *abonnée* of this remarkable box (she pays at the rate of five-and-twenty thousand francs a year for it) came somewhat late to fetch me; but when we arrived at M. Garnier's colossal pile he insisted that, before we entered our *loge*, I should inspect the famous staircase and the more famous *foyer*. 'Avez-vous vu l'escalier?' has

become as common a question to be addressed to a foreigner newly arrived in Paris as the 'A-t-il lu le livre?' of the French Cardinal who was so ardent an admirer of Rabelais. It chanced that I had never seen the staircase, nay, nor the *foyer*, nor the *auditorium*, nor, indeed, any portion of the new Grand Opéra save the external façade thereof, the last of which is associated in my mind with a somewhat curious circumstance. Just eight years ago I was staying at the Grand Hôtel, in a room overlooking the Place de l'Opéra; and on the morrow of the Revolution of the 4th of September, 1870. I was lying grievously sick in bed. From the angle of the apartment in which my bed was placed I had a capital view of the façade of the Opéra; and with peculiar curiosity did I watch the proceedings of a journeyman painter in a blouse, who, perched on a tall scaffolding, was occupied in erasing from the inscription 'Académie Impériale de Musique' the adjective 'Impériale,' and substituting for it the word 'Nationale.' He took such pains over his work that I got an opera-glass to peer at him the more narrowly. The labour to him was manifestly one of love. He licked his lips, so to speak, over the upstrokes and the downstrokes; and his whole Republican soul seemed to pour forth when he came to the great round O. Instinctively as I ascended the *perron* a week since did I glance upwards at the inscription; and in the flaming gaslight 'Nationale' seemed to me to have a newer coarser sheen than the rest of the legend. There had been a wound, and this was the scar. Ah, if all the other hurts of France could cicatrise so quickly as this has done!

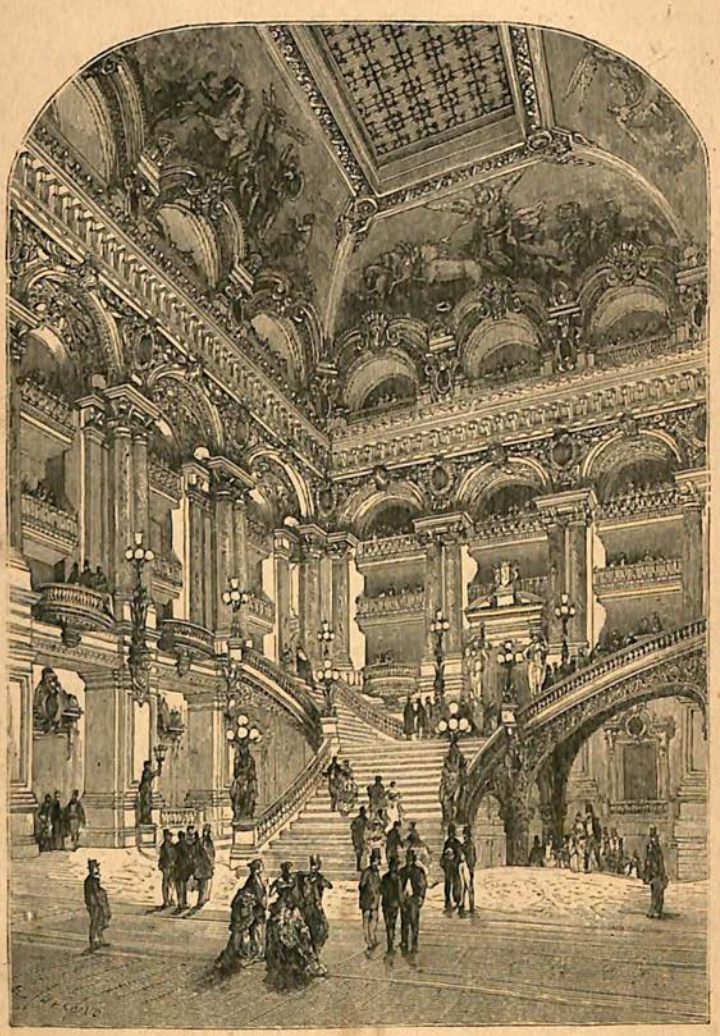
Of the exterior of M. Garnier's monumental playhouse I am not, as I have more than once hinted, an enthusiastic admirer. It is overloaded with ornament, and it is singularly deficient in tasteful columniation. A theatre is primarily and essentially a temple, and a temple should have an abundance of colonnades. The noblest model that could, to my mind, be chosen for a national theatre is the Madeleine, which, as it stands, fails to remind you, either in its exterior or its interior, in the slightest degree, of a church. It was not, to be sure, intended for one. Against the

staircase of the Opéra, structurally, not one word, however, can be said. It presents the finest arrangement in curvilinear perspective that I have ever seen; and illuminated *a giorno* by hundreds of

LA LOGGIA OF THE PARIS OPERA.

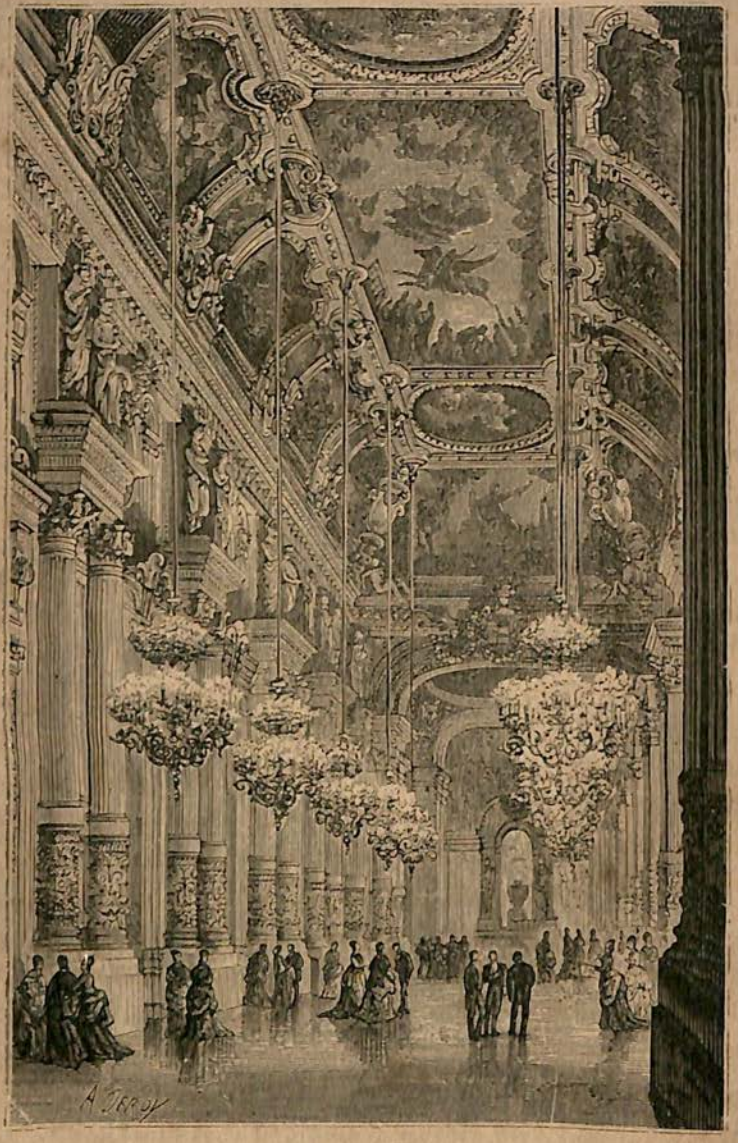
bright yet soft lights offers a spectacle of well-nigh unrivalled magnificence. To the sumptuous paintings by M. Paul Baudry, on the walls and ceilings, a double interest attaches: first, that of

their really surpassing excellence in drawing and colour; and next, in the fact that they are examples in a style of art in which not one solitary English painter is proficient. When old Covent Garden



THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE PARIS OPERA.

Theatre was redecorated for the purpose of being turned into the Royal Italian Opera, the management were fain to send to Italy for a *plafond* which, painted on paper and cut into gores, was after-



THE FOYER OF THE GRAND OPÉRA. I. 97.

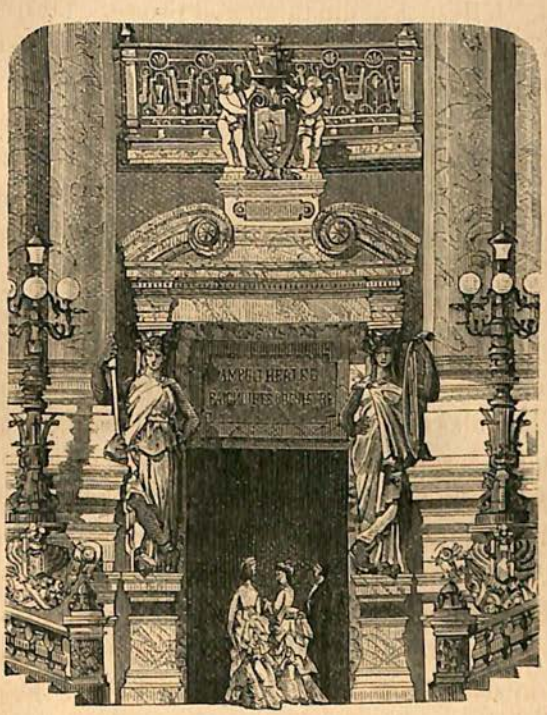
wards pasted to the opera-house roof. This was in 1847. More than thirty years have elapsed, and we are still—if we wish to essay anything more ambitious than the angularly mediæval or some feeble Renaissance mouldings and scroll-work in *carton pierre*, picked out with colours and gilding—at the mercy of the foreign decorator, just as our silversmiths are at the mercy of the foreign modeller. M. Paul Baudry has produced, in the staircase and the *foyer* of the Académie Nationale de Musique, a work which is the wonder of the whole art world. In or out of our Royal Academy, we have not a single painter sufficiently acquainted with the geometrical canons of foreshortening and concave perspective to paint a ceiling. Those canons are clearly and explicitly laid down in scores of books published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but those books find no English students. We console ourselves for our impotence by repeating Pope's pert sneer about the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, and by preparing to scrub out Sir James Thornhill's paintings from the dome of St. Paul's. We choose, in our complacent ignorance, to forget that the grandest achievement of pictorial art in the whole world is the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

The enormous *foyer*, or crush-room, reminded me very forcibly, in the huge masses of gilt scroll-work forming the frames of the paintings, of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Royal Palace at Madrid. The ornamentation is so heavily *flamboyante*, and so overladen with gilding, as to approach the *rococo*, or to suggest to the spectator that the model mainly followed has been the interior of one of those churches built by the Jesuit architects of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which are all ablaze with carving and gilding, verde antique and lapis-lazuli. The first act of *Faust* was just over when we entered the *foyer*, and the immense hall was filled by a crowd of whom I hope it is not disrespectful to say that its aspect very closely resembled that of a mob. Full dress for gentlemen is not, I am aware, insisted upon at any time even in the *fauteuils d'orchestre* of the French Opera, and there are many parts of the house in which the ladies may wear bonnets;

still I certainly never remember to have seen in the crush-room of the old house in the Rue Lepelletier a multitude comprising ladies in dresses of alpaca, nankeen, and printed gingham, with the commonest trimmings, and in felt hats of the cheapest kind. As for the gentlemen, they were dressed 'anyhow:' in frocks and in cut-away coats, in waistcoats much too long, and in trousers much too short. They wore low-crowned straw hats, 'Jim Crows,' wideawakes, 'billycocks,' anything you please. Gloves were conspicuous by their absence. Red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, white-spotted, were freely sported, and shoes were worn low, thick-soled, with strings. These formed certainly sixty per cent. of the native costumes. I was moreover privileged to gaze upon a numerous contingent of my own beloved fellow-countrymen, who, with the manly independence and *sans-gêne* which so charmingly distinguish them when travelling abroad, did honour to M. Halanzier's management, M. Garnier's building, and M. Baudry's paintings by appearing in 'tourists' suits' of lightly-hued blanketing,—'in this style fifty-two shillings and sixpence.' The wideawake was the prevailing head-gear of these bold Britons; and in several cases artistic finish was given to the general make-up by the assumption of the celebrated courier's bag slung by a strap over the right shoulder. What is that bag supposed to contain? A 'Paris Guide,' a briarwood pipe, a pocket-pistol containing some of the celebrated 'cocked-hat' whisky, and a box of blue pills.

Pray do not entertain the notion that the audience at the Opéra was miscellaneous and ill-dressed because France is daily becoming—to all seeming—more and more soundly Republican, because Democracy is in the ascendant, or because the admission to the Opéra is cheap. On the contrary, the last is very costly, and unless you feel inclined to get up at seven in the morning and form part of the *queue* on the Place de l'Opéra, on the chance of securing a place at the *bureau de location*, you will not obtain a seat in any part of M. Halanzier's house for less than five-and-twenty francs. In many cases the *marchands de billets* will make you pay a great deal more. It is all the fault of the

Exhibition. The fashionable world of Paris is still away at the watering-places, or that portion of it which has returned to the capital is sitting in its lordly mansions, holding, as it does, the Exhibition and all its works in lofty anti-Republican disdain. The Parisian tradespeople are too busily employed in making money, and are too consistently frugal to waste that money in paying extravagant prices for opera-tickets; and the mob in the



ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE AND STALLS.

foyer is mainly made up of foreigners and of provincials, who have never seen the 'Grrrrand Opéra' before, and will probably never see it again. They have determined to 'see the elephant,' and do not mind, for once in a way, how much the sight of the prodigious quadruped costs them. 'I know that I'm charging you too much,' once remarked to me a highly intelligent courier, whom I engaged to traverse the Russian Empire from St. Petersburg to Odessa;

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'but what does it matter? *you'll never come back again.*' That is where it is. The receipts at the Académie Nationale de Musique average just now eight hundred pounds a night; but every evening there is a fresh audience of foreigners and provincials. They will, in the majority of cases, never come back again. That is why M. Halanzier's *répertoire* consists of *Faust, Hamlet, Le Prophète,* and *La Juive,* varied by *La Juive, Le Prophète, Hamlet,* and *Faust.*

ARTISTE'S DRESSING-ROOM, PARIS OPERA.

When the people who are in the habit of 'coming back again' do arrive, the prudent Director will give them something new by M. Gounod or M. Ambroise Thomas. On the evening on which I visited the Opéra, the part of Faust was sustained by a gentleman whose services in London would certainly have been deemed overpaid at six pounds a week. The lady who played Marguerite was an *artiste,* and was possibly a laureate of the Conservatoire; but

her age was mature, and her name wholly unknown to European fame. Tenor and soprano were quite good enough for an audience of which the bulk would 'never come back again.'

I had been promised that the box was to be the coolest in the house. It was. Through corridor after corridor, and up staircase after staircase, was I conducted, until I began to imagine that our *loge* must be on a level with the topmost tier. Error. We had not yet attained the level of the stage. Suddenly we were confronted by a portly and venerable dame in printed calico, a kind of superior *ouvreuse*. 'Madame d'E——'s box?' 'Parfaitement. La loge de Madame d'E—— est sur la scène.' Upon my word, the box in which I was to have a seat was behind the curtain. A door was passed, and I stood cautiously on one side to avoid being crushed by the Town-hall of Leipsic on painted canvas and a wooden frame, which was bearing rapidly down on me, steered by three burly men with beards and short blouses. *Gare!* I had a narrow escape of being overwhelmed by the Cascades of Terni. Trying to avoid contact with one of the walls of Elsinore, I stumbled over the steps of the throne of an Indian emperor; and bringing myself up suddenly, I have the mischance to tread on the toes of a *pompier* with a brass helmet and a red sash. I beg the fireman's pardon; whereupon he replies, civilly enough, 'Il n'y a pas de quoi;' and propels me amicably against three young ladies in silk tights and satin shoes, and floral wreaths, and—well, I cannot recall to mind that they had much else on, who salute me with a saucy but friendly grin. 'Take care! there yawns an open trap. Take heed of the "floats" and grooves. Don't run your head against that gas batten.' Thus my friend who is conducting me through the labyrinth.

Well, I have picked my way behind the scenes of a good many theatres in my time, even behind those of the Paris Grand Opéra —not here, but in the old house in the Rue Lepelletier. The year was 1855; the occasion, the state visit to the Opéra of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor Napoleon III. By great good fortune I gained admission to the *coulisses* on that

A POMPIER AT THE PARIS OPERA.

memorable night, and I remember the fun which the juvenile members of the *corps de ballet* made between the acts of the two towering Cent Guards who, motionless as statues, stood sentry on either side of the proscenium. So soon as the curtain was down, an impudent little minx of a *rat d'opéra* ran across to one of these mailed giants; examined him from crested helm to spurred jack-boot; tapped with one little rosy finger nail the steel of his cuirass, and cried to one of her companions in the *cantonade*, 'Tiens! c'est vivant!' It's alive! A corrupt epoch. 'Et pourtant,' philosophically remarked General Fleury in St. Petersburg, in September 1870, when he learned that the corrupt epoch had collapsed, 'il est certain que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés.'

The coolest box in the house was, in truth, delightfully airy and spacious, containing as it did *fauteuils* for ten persons. It was richly furnished with mirrors and velvet hangings; but its chief peculiarity and its chief charm were in the circumstance that it was the pit or ground-tier box of one of eight, four of which are

on either side of the proscenium, and are literally apertures in the structure thereof, forming an inner frame to the curtain. These exceptional *loges* are painted a deep plain crimson to distinguish them from the richly carved and gilt fronts of the private boxes in the body of the house. When the curtain is down they are wholly invisible to the audience; and the occupants of the dark crimson niches enjoy the much-coveted privi-

lege of lounging behind the scenes, and even of penetrating into that Bower of Choregraphic Bliss, the *Foyer de la Danse*, so graphically described in those edifying novels of the Imperial epoch, *Un Début à l'Opéra* and *Monsieur de St. Bertrand*. What the technical designation of these boxes behind the curtain may be, I do not know. I have an idea that many years ago a noted operatic *prima donna*, Madame Dolores Nau, told me that they were called *les loges de l'Administration*; that one was occupied by the manager, another by the Minister of Fine Arts, another by the Prefect of Police, and so forth; and that in the old days, under the Restoration, one of the crimson boxes was always set apart for the use of the *gentilhommes de la chambre*, charged with the control of the Royal theatres, and

one of the last of whom, M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, found the ballet-dancers' skirts all too short. I do not know what M. Sosthène de la Rouchefoucauld would think of the skirts of the present day.

I sate through *Faust*, and endured the March, the Waltz, and

THE FOYER DE LA DANSE.

the Chorus of Old Men as patiently as I might. The only drawback to the advantage of being actually on the stage was the well-nigh blinding glare from the *rampe* or footlights; but this was obviated by means of large Japanese fans, thoughtfully placed by

our distinguished hostess at the disposal of her guests. The Mephistopheles was exceptionally an excellent artist and singer, with a first-rate voice; and Valentine, the soldier, was likewise in every way satisfactory. The chorus-singers—the ladies 'running' stout and with looks of immaculate virtue, as it is the characteristic of lady chorus-singers to look the whole world over—sang in admirable time and tune; and, as for the orchestra, all I can say of that multitude of musicians is that they seemed to play as with one fiddle, one violoncello, and one trombone. It was the perfection of musical mechanism. The front of the house, seen from our darkened nook, was astonishingly brilliant,

the gay toilettes of the ladies in the *avant-scènes* looking like one immense bank of rare flowers blooming above the ebony pedestal

of the pit, which, contrasted against the glare of the footlights, was simply one dark mass of human heads. Above, the several tiers of boxes were so radiant with brand-new gilding and so bespangled with lustres that, as a short-sighted spectator, I could only liken the vista to that of a huge screen of cloth of gold powdered with diamonds.

But it was when the curtain had descended, and we were shut out from this glittering expanse, that I could most intensely enjoy myself; first, by watching from the box the ordering of the stage and setting of the scenes; and next, by diving in and out of the *coulisses*, and peering into all kinds of curious corners. The much-talked-of *Foyer de la Danse* did not interest me much. It is a sumptuous apartment, overpowered by painting, carving, and gilding, but intensely garish and meretricious. About a score of remarkably plain-looking *coryphées*, in attitudes the reverse of restrained, were sprawling about the divans; and half a score of young *gommeux*, or dandies, and corpulent old men of wicked mien, in high white cravats, were chattering to or glozing over

THE DOCTOR OF THE OPERA TROUPE.

the *danseuses*. A throng of *comparses*, *rats d'opéra*, and 'extras,' as we term them, were clustered like so many painted peris outside the portals of the Paradisiacal *foyer*, into which, I presume, they are not privileged to enter unless their salary exceeds a certain number of francs a month. The shoes of many of these poor girls left much to be desired. The heel of one satin slipper had been darned, I am certain, at least seven times, and the hose of many of the poor things were full of 'Jacob's ladders.' Not to be too particular, the majority of the 'extras' looked as though they were half-starved. Red egg, *fromage de Brie*, threehalfpenny-worth of fried potatoes, and a bit of garlic sausage now and then—such, I apprehend, would be the ordinary *menu* of an operatic 'extra;' meagre, sickly, ill-favoured, often old, but dancing and posing with wonderfully mechanical skill and *aplomb*. Thus it is not all gold that glitters, even in M. Garnier's auriferous playhouse.

TIME AT WORK (BY BERTALL).

VIII.

MABILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY.

Aug. 23.

THE elements of Glory comprised in the festivities of the Bal Mabille do not perhaps amount to much; still, such as they are, it may not be out of place to enumerate them here for the benefit of the *post-nati*. For this is an age of Change. Time, the great auctioneer, is indefatigably busy in his rostrum; and, well nigh without surcease, his ivory hammer, symmetrically turned from a dead man's bone, comes in sharp contact with the ledge of his pulpit, as he cries, 'Going, going, gone!' I have seen the dissipation of my time, and its most typical emblems seem to me mainly to have disappeared without the world in general being one whit the less wicked. The phenomena of mutability impress me very forcibly in this city just now. Paris, assuredly, is regenerated; yet I fail to see that the New Birth is, ethically considered, in any way superior to the old one. All the booths in Vanity Fair —sadly knocked about by vicissitudes of siege and civil war—have

been re-plastered and re-painted, gilt, swept, and garnished; but it would be rash hastily to assume that the spirits that inhabit the restored edifice are in any way cleanlier than those which abode in it of old.

THE PION.

When I was young we used to sing a schoolboy jingle touching on the delights in which we hoped to participate when we were free from the loathed control of *répétiteurs* and the abhorred supervision of *pions*—the English public school knows nothing happily of the *pion:* the usher who teaches nothing, but who officiates

merely as a bully, a spy, and a delator over the boys in the playground and the promenade—and when we should emerge, laden with prize books and laurel crowns, from the classes of Rhetoric and Philosophy, to commence our studies for the *baccalauréat*, to take a 'logement indépendant' in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, or to go to the dogs, as our parents, our temperaments, or the Fates ordained. Thus ran the doggrel:

'Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la Chaumière,
Pour danser le Cancan
Et le Robert Macaire.'

We yearned for the Chaumière as Mr. Tennyson's consumptive patient yearned for 'the palms and temples of the South.' We had not the slightest idea of what might be the choregraphic character of the 'Cancan' or the 'Robert Macaire;' but we were filled with a hazy notion that these jigs must be of a wildly Eleusinian character, and that the Chaumière must be a place of delirious revelry. I have been given to understand that the most fondly cherished daydream of those of the young gentlemen of our Universities who do not devote themselves to the study of Greek accents or Patristic Theology is to enjoy the privilege of going behind the scenes at the Alhambra; and I do not remember a more passionately nurtured aspiration among my French schoolfellows than that of being free to screw an eyeglass into the angles of their optic muscles without the risk of being denounced to the authorities by a *pion*, and of being entitled to visit the Chaumière without let or hindrance. The Chaumière, I take it, has been

abolished many years since. There is no longer such a dance as the Robert Macaire—although the robber of 'l'Auberge des Adrets' and his craven accomplice Bertrand are still, thanks to the dramatic genius of Frédéric Lemaître and the artistic perception of the caricaturist Daumier, breathing and living personages in French literature; and the 'Cancan' as a characteristic *pas*, more or less of the 'Dusty Bob and Black Sal' order, flourishes to quite as great an extent on the English as on the French side of the Channel. What has become of the Closerie des Lilas, the Château des Fleurs, the Prado, the Salle Valentino, and other cognate haunts

THE 'GRAND ÉCART,' AT THE CLOSERIE DES LILAS.

of terpsichorean revelry, I shall perhaps make it my business on a subsequent occasion to inquire. I heard, however, recently that the Jardin Mabille was doing a tremendous business, and that the Cancan was flourishing every night in its rankest exuberance in the Armida's Garden of the Champs Élysées. Armida's Garden? No! I beg pardon of the Italian poet's graceful shade.

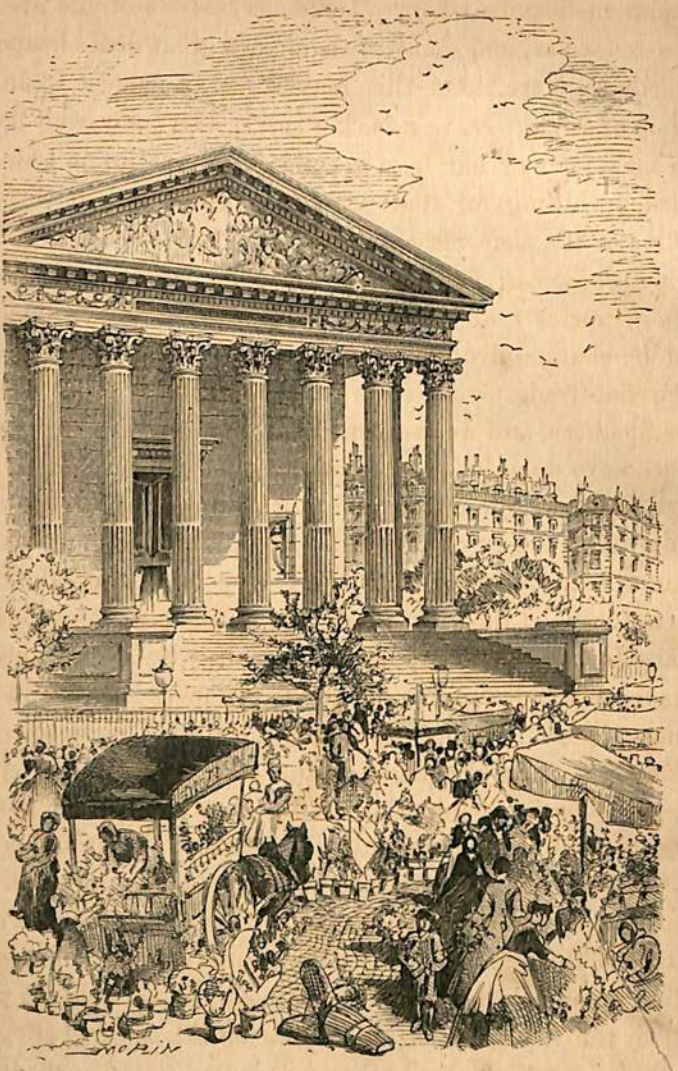
Say, rather, Proserpine's Garden, where nothing healthful grew; but only foul weeds, scentless flowers of gaudy hue, and poisonous plants. At all events we made up a party to visit Mabille. I put on a pair of square-toed shoes, and the most moral-looking hat I could find, so as to warn off any Fifines or Cascadettes who might seek to tempt me to join in the mazy dance—did not the Heathen Man of old stop his ears against the Wantons of the Sea?—and the lady of our party donned no less than three veils, one over the other: the uppermost a stout awning of blue silk, the effect of which was certainly to prevent any one at Mabille from seeing her countenance; while, on the other hand, the three veils so effectually excluded the external atmosphere as to impel her eventually to raise the triple barrier, gasping in the throes of semi-suffocation, and impetuously to demand iced lemonade or death. They charge you one franc twenty-five centimes—say a shilling—for a glass of lemonade at Mabille. The beverage, in London, would certainly be thought dear at sixpence.

The Thursday on which I visited Mabille was the Festival of the Assumption, a holiday which, next to the Toussaint, is, I will not say the most strictly, but, at all events, the most generally observed, of the few *jours fériés* which have survived the scepticism of repeated Revolution. The male portion of the French people have, as a rule, broken with Catholicism; but they have not wholly lost their sympathy with the picturesque; and one of the prettiest of the customs connected with the Festival of the Assumption remains in the practice of a universal exchange of flowers. Enormous bouquets of the costliest treasures of the garden are given and received by the wealthiest; while the poorest workwoman receives a little nosegay from the Gugusse or Dodolphe whom she favours, and in return pins a rose or geranium in his buttonhole. This love for flowers, combined with an unfailing tenderness for the smaller animals—horses they ill-treat abominably—are the pleasantest characteristics observable among the modern French. Otherwise they seem to be growing a very matter-of-fact people. Their

THE FLOWER-MARKET IN LA CITÉ. I. 114.

dreams of military glory have indeed received so complete and so crushing an awakening into humiliation at the hands of the Germans—they have been so unceremoniously made aware that there is a nation more militant and more powerful in European councils than they are—that they seem to have resolved to live, in the future, substantially for themselves, and to devote their entire energies to the acquisition of francs and centimes. M. Gambetta put the matter-of-fact and selfish view of the matter very aptly the other day when he told the commercial travellers that France wanted and was determined to maintain Republican institutions for herself; but that she had no ambition to proselytise, and did not care one doit what form of government other countries choose to adopt. Republicanism to France means material prosperity; it means *l'argent comptant*. The aspiration of the Jack Tar in the story was to have 'all the baccy in the world,' and then—'more baccy.' The ambition of the existing French *bourgeoisie* does not appear to go beyond the possession of the most attractive shops in the world, and then another shop—the Exposition Universelle.

The shopkeeping spirit did not fail to make itself evident even so early as the Eve of the Assumption, when the price of bouquets at the florists' on the boulevards rose full twenty per cent, and the smallest pots of flowers commanded famine prices in the Marché de la Madeleine. I do not unreservedly censure this incessant, carking, toilsome determination to make hay while the sun shines; but what should we say in England to our baker if he charged us sixpence for a penny bun on Good Friday; or to our dairyman if he insisted on having ninepence a quart for the best milk on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday? If Paris were a small town, imperfectly supplied with the necessaries of life, it would be easy to understand how an unusual influx of strangers, and the presence of so abnormal an attraction as an Exhibition, might lead temporarily to a very considerable aggravation of prices. One does not object to pay a guinea a night for a bed at a watering-place at regatta time, or to disburse ten pounds for a stuffy two-pair back at Doncaster during the race-week. One knows that the accommoda-



THE FLOWER-MARKET OF THE MADELEINE.

tion is limited, that the duration of regattas and race-meetings is short, and that the unprofitable dulness of country life is long; that, in a word, the occasion is fleeting, and that the natives are entitled to make the most of their opportunity; but I fail to perceive the force of a similar excuse for shameless extortion in an

enormous metropolis where all the necessaries of life are at first hand as cheap as, and many of them are a great deal cheaper than, ordinarily they are. On this instant day in August I can buy at the shop of a *fruitière*, in a back street, a big, juicy, well-flavoured peach for a penny; but in a second-class restaurant I should be charged a shilling for that self-same peach, and at the Maison Lucullus or the Café Sardanapale, were I to ask in French, with *an English accent*, for some dessert, the peach, with perhaps a couple of apricots and a dozen of sour little grapes superadded, would be charged five francs in the bill. The principle on which the Parisian tradespeople seem to be acting is this: 'We are doing better business, and we are getting more customers for our wares, than we have done for years; therefore let us overcharge our customers, and let large profits and quick returns be our motto.'

This may be very remunerative while the occasion lasts; but I cannot help fancying that it is very bad political economy. More than one of the great boulevard hotels have done themselves irreparable harm by demanding virtually prohibitory prices for rooms from old customers. The old customers have found cheaper lodgings elsewhere; and when the Exhibition is at an end, and Paris reverts to its normal condition of a struggling Republican city, with a native population of the most frugal and economical habits, the old customers will not return to the grand boulevard hotels from which they have been contumeliously repulsed. Every morning, and evening too, I fancy that there leave Paris per Calais and Boulogne, or by the Havre and Dieppe route, scores of English families who have been so closely skinned, so carefully shorn by the Paris hotel-landlords, restaurateurs, and shopkeepers that their sensations, could they be made comprehensively articulate, might be summed up in a paraphrase of Mr. Burnand's memorable exclamation when he had concluded his examination of the more recondite pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery: 'Joy, joy! Our task is over; *and never again with you, Robin!*' To wave one's hand in token of farewell is one thing; to shake one's fist is another; and I am afraid that there has been a good deal of fist-

shaking lately among *MM. les Anglais* ere the last *note* was satisfied and the ultimate *addition* settled.

These observations will apply with redoubled force to the Jardin Mabille. Upon my word, I never knew such a den of impudent extortion in my life, and that life has not been short nor devoid of experience. In the palmiest days of old Vauxhall the maximum price of admission was five shillings. In the Exhibition year, 1851, the *entrée* to the dear old pleasaunce—why did they disestablish it, and cover its site with ugly houses?—was half-a-crown. But what a mass of varied entertainment was presented to you for that sum! A really excellent vocal and instrumental concert—I will say nothing of the comic songs and the conundrums of the lamented Mr. Sharpe and the regretted Mr. Sam Cowell—a splendid panorama painted by Danson or by Telbin, a first-rate ballet, acrobatic performances, a capital circus, Mademoiselle Follejambe on the slack rope, Bounding Brothers, India-rubber Youths, the 'drawing-room entertainment' of Professor Kickhiskids, frequent balloon ascents from the Waterloo Ground, 'fifty thousand additional lamps,' a grand display of fireworks, and the unapproachable and unsurpassable Hermit. All these and many more delights—now, alas, for ever fled!—you enjoyed for your two-and-sixpence. The plaster statues in the Italian walk alone were worth the money. The illuminated transparency representing the late Mr. Simpson, M.C., with his perennial bow, his cocked hat, his opera tights and pumps, would have been cheap at a crown. The tariff of refreshments was, I will admit, stiff; yet it must be remembered that in the crypt behind the orchestra you could obtain a brown mug full of excellent stout for sixpence; that a dish of cold meat only cost a shilling; and that the shilling glass of brandy-and-water contained at least half a quartern of fortifying spirit. This tariff, be it borne in mind, prevailed in the Great Exhibition year 1851.

Now let us turn to the Champs Élysées. They have the impudence to charge you five francs for the privilege of passing the turnstiles of the Jardin Mabille; and what do you get in exchange

for your *cent sous?* Absolutely nothing save the license to walk round and round a pebbled expanse surrounding a dancing platform, certainly not so elegant as that of the defunct Cremorne. Or you may vary your promenade by strolling through two or three formal alleys, or peeping into a big ballroom used for dancing purposes in wet weather; or, being fatigued, you may sit down at one of the little conventional café tables, on one of the conventional iron chairs, and there you will be at once pounced upon, first by an unwholesome-looking waiter with a pallid face and scrubby black whiskers, as unlike one of the sleek and civil *garçons* of the Boulevards as a captain of a penny steamer is unlike a captain in the Royal Navy—a waiter who brings you chickory-loaded coffee, fiery brandy, eau-de-Seltz impregnated with particles of lead from its syphon tap, or beer which seems to have been brewed from Spanish liquorice, quassia, and wormwood, instead of malt and hops. These refreshments are dispensed at rates which would be thought inordinate at Bignon's or at the

Café Anglais; and the waiter's ideas as to the *pourboires* which he should receive are of the most grandiose order. You grow tired of sitting at the table, and of being re-pounced upon by the rapacious waiter so soon as he perceives that your glass is empty. A distant crackling sound invites you to a rifle-range; but you soon become weary of watching people firing at and continually missing a running deer of painted tin. Happy for you if you make one of a party. Under these circumstances you can laugh and talk, and wonder that people can be found night after night silly enough to pay four shillings for the privilege of inspecting this barren sham; but should you be alone your life will be made burdensome to you by the incessant importunities of the ten thousand Daughters of the Horseleech—all, so far as their plastered faces go, so many whited sepulchres. Poor creatures! They do not even go so far as to raddle themselves. Rouge is apparently too dear; but they lay on the white lead, the arsenic, the pulverised chalk—whatever the stuff may be—a quarter of an inch thick; and then with voices hoarse as those of night cabmen with exposure to the night air and continuous 'consommations,' they pester you to treat them. I shrink from believing that they drink a tithe of the beverages with which they are continually regaled by fresh relays of 'pignoufs'—the Parisian 'pignouf' is the London

'Arry'—but surmise that they receive a commission from the Administration on the refreshments which they are the cause of ordering.

It is quite idle to ignore the existence of the French Daughter of the Horseleech, or whatever her newest-fangled name may be; since her toilette, her antics, and her perpetual endeavours to extort money from strangers—preferentially from foreigners—furnish three-fourths of the graphic and literary contents of such periodicals as the *Journal Amusant*, the *Petit Journal pour Rire*, and the *Vie Parisienne*, and supply a never-failing stock of highly-spiced but fatiguingly reiterated anecdotes to the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Voltaire*, and the *Paris-Journal*. Those admired artists, MM. Grévin, Stop, and Jules Pelcoq, are never tired of depicting the *faits et gestes* of the 'Fille de Plâtre.' Their

AT THE BAL DE L'OPÉRA (BY CHAM).

'Does she talk well?'

'Not at all bad—about the rent she owes!'

witticisms all turn on the same pivot: the poor thing's chronic want of money. Treat her to a *cerise à l'eau de vie*, and she

begins to talk of the sum which she owes to her milkwoman. Offer her a 'grog au vin de Chypre'—Cyprus wine grog—and she becomes deeply confidential as to the three 'termes' in which she is in debt to her 'propriétaire.' Go to Mabille and you will see the impecunious being in the flesh, but ordinarily *minus* those charms which the imaginative artist has lent her, and *plus* that horribly asthmatic or bronchitic voice. She is Marguérite Gauthier if you will—M. Alexandre Dumas's Marguérite, whom he so coolly plagiarised from Honoré de Balzac's Coralie; but what a lack-lustre Dame aux Camélias! What a woebegone Traviata! I suppose that the Princesses of the Dubious World are away just at present at the watering-places—in Switzerland, in Italy, or preparing for their winter campaign at Nice. It is certain that they are patronising neither Mabille, nor the Bois, nor any other place of fashionable resort in Paris.

The last time I was at the Jardin Mabille was eleven years ago, in August 1867. The crowd on that occasion was as dense as that which thronged the gardens on this instant Thursday, but what a difference in the appearance of the company! The most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, *poult de soie*, cashmeres and diamonds—the grandest dandies from the clubs, millionaires from Brazil, from Mexico, from California; English Peers and Members of Parliament, Senators, Deputies, diplomatists, bankers, notaries, adventurers—all the Coras, the Théodoras, the Delphines, the Faustines, the Messalines, if you will, of this sparkling profligate city. For hundreds of yards outside the garden the roadway was choked by splendid private equipages. Grooms and commissionaires ran hither and thither; *sergents de ville* shouted in strident tones as M. le Marquis de Poule Mouillée drove off in his tilbury to play baccarat at the club; or as the sly little coupé of his Excellence Eugène Rougeon drew up to convey his Excellency and Sarah la Sournoise—she who extracted half a million from the Eujaxrian Envoy—to supper in a cabinet at the Maison Sardanapale. Inside the Jardin Mabille how many

At the Jardin Mabille under the Second Empire. I. 122.

IN A CABINET PARTICULIER AT THE MAISON SARDANAPALE.

brindisis, how much smoking of cigarettes, and flashing of gems, and changing of bright louis and crisp notes of the Bank of France! Swish! goes a bottle of champagne over Faustine's dress of *poult de soie*. So much the better for Worth. So much the worse for the banker's account of the Eujaxrian Envoy, who ultimately turned out to be a swindler from Tenedos, and got into trouble for cheating at Chemin-de-fer. Crac! The Valenciennes lace shawl of Diane la Drôlesse is torn all to pieces by the clumsy foot of a Brazilian diamond farmer. Gaily sings Maffio Orsini:

'Il segreto per esser felice
So, per prova l' insegno agl' amice.'

Everybody applauds, everybody drinks, everybody is happy. Maffio Orsini fills up his cup again, tossing the waiter a napoleon, and continues:

'Scherzo e bevo e derido gl' insani
Che si dan del futuro pensier'—

Stop! it is time to shut up the garden and bid the revellers go home. Else the festivities might come to an unpleasant *finale*, either by the appearance at the end of a gas-lit alley of Donna Lucrezia Borgia and her cowled monks, or worse—by that of

the Fürst Von Bismarck, smoking a Brobdingnagian cigar, and attended by a guard of broad-shouldered, straw-moustached men, with needleguns and *pickelhaube* helmets.

Where are you, the Princesses, now? Married and settled; emigrated; in the hospital; at St. Lazare, or dead? It is only the poor relations, the trade-fallen washerwomen, or the discharged

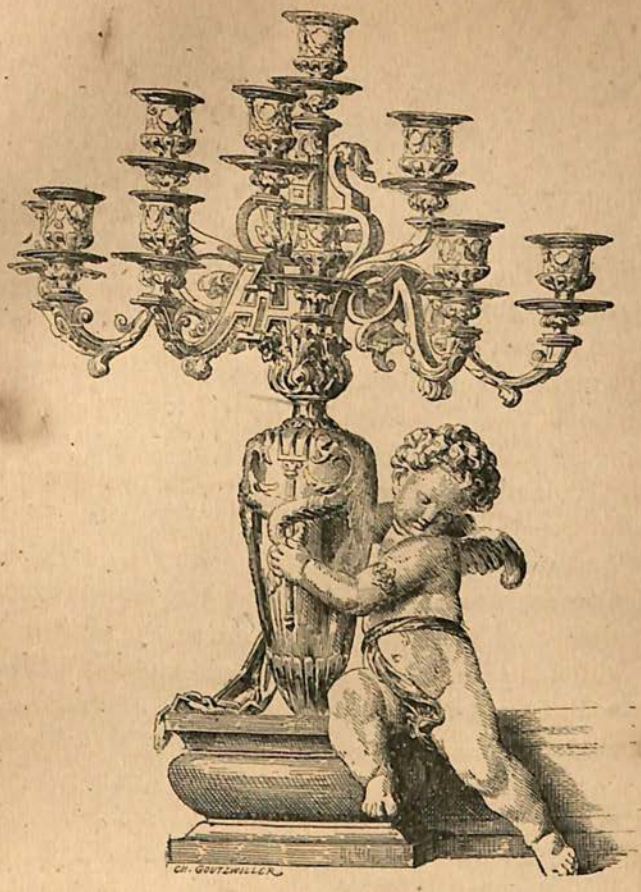
chambermaids of Cora, and Faustine, and Théodora—of Diane la Drôlesse and Sara la Sournoise, made up in pitiable imitation of their mistresses, that I seem to see at Mabille this Thursday night. Many of the toilettes are elegantly and tastefully cut and adjusted;

but where are the *moires*, the *gros de Naples*, the *poults de soie*, the velvets and satins, the cashmeres and lace shawls, the brocades and the jewels, the feathers and the flowers of price? A poor lot of painted women, ranging between sixteen and sixty years of age, paraded the circumference of the dancing platform with wondrously watchful eyes, despite their jaded and wearied mien.

The dancing is a mere hollow imposture. Nineteen-twentieths of the poor women who come to Mabille would as soon think of disporting themselves on the dancing platform as of earning an honest livelihood. But to keep up the delusion that Mabille is

the favourite home of Terpsichore, the Administration hire a few couples of semi-professional dancers, tenth-rate *coryphées* from the smaller theatres, habitués of the saloons, or hairdressers' apprentices of an acrobatic turn of mind. These posture masters and mistresses fling their limbs about to the music of a tolerable band at stated intervals during the evening. At no period did I notice more than five sets of posture-makers going through their uninteresting gambadoes. They danced in isolated groups, and each group was surrounded by a serried circle of *gobemouche* spectators, whose presence thus entirely destroyed the availability of the platform for general dancing purposes. The attitudes indulged in by the hired fandango-dancers were grotesque and uncouth enough; but they in no way sinned against decency:—unless studied vulgarity can be considered an indelicate exhibition. On the whole I am inclined to think that the entertainment for which we had paid five francs a head would have been dear at fifty centimes, or fourpence-halfpenny. There was plenty of gas, to be sure, but that and the Whited Sepulchres I can see on the boulevards any night for nothing. The most irritating thing connected with the entire Mockery, Delusion, and Snare is the moral certainty established in the paying but helpless spectator's mind that by far the greater portion of the patrons of the Jardin Mabille do not pay five francs—if they pay anything at all—for admission. The Whited Sepulchres are presumably on the free list, and the men-folk (apart from a multitude of middle-class Englishmen and Germans) are mostly composed of poor little pale-faced whipper-snappers in billycock hats, *cols cassés*, and slop-shop clothes, to any one of whom, to all seeming, it would

have been an act of charity to give a couple of francs to get some supper withal. If they paid five francs a head to enjoy the frantic delights of this Mabille grown mouldy, I am prepared to renounce my nationality, and to become a Dutchman to-morrow. It is 'Nunky,' the foreigner, who pays for all.



SILVER AND IVORY CANDELABRA, EXECUTED BY M. FROMENT-MEURICE FOR THE DUKE D'AUMALE.

IX.

TO AND FRO IN THE EXHIBITION.

Aug. 26.

THAT he had preserved 'order in disorder,' and, to a certain extent, by disorderly means, was the proudest boast of Citizen Caussidière, Prefect of Police under the Republic of 1848. I am endeavouring to be as paradoxical, although I may not hope to be so successful, as the energetic but eccentric functionary just mentioned, by periodically inspecting the contents of the Exposi-

tion Universelle in strict accordance with the system of having no system at all. As a means of ingress to the colossal parallelogram of the Champ de Mars, I certainly prefer the Porte Rapp to the Portes de la Seine, de Tourville, de Grenelle, Desaix, and Dupleix, for the reason that the first-named gate is the central one as you drive to the Exhibition from the Champs Elysées, and that, entering by the Porte Rapp, you fall at once *in medias res*, and you can branch off to the right or left among the products of France, or make straight for the two principal porticoes leading to the Galleries of the Fine Arts, or forge far ahead, crossing the intersecting Rue des Nations, towards the Sections Étrangères, the Park, Catelain's Restaurant Français—undeniably the best in the Exhibition—the Bridge of Jéna, and the Palace of the Trocadéro, without incurring the risk of losing yourself too early in the labyrinths of glass cases. I say too early; since it is a matter of necessity that you should utterly lose your way before your visit to the Exhibition is over. I am not prepared to say that the labyrinthine walk is not the best perambulation of the Wandering Wood, and the most agreeable navigation of the Unknown Sea, without a compass and without a chart, the most instructive, after all. Columbus lost his way, and saw Land at last. He thought it was part of the Indies; but it turned out to be the Antilles. The Spanish poet, the Marquís de Santillane, lost his way, 'por tierra fragosa,' between Santa Maria and Calataveño, and discovered the most fascinating little cowherd ever described in a poem as fascinating:

'En un verde prado de rosas y flores,
Guardando ganado con otros pastores,
La vì tan fermosa que a pena creera
Que fuese Vaquera de la Finijosa.'

Who knows but that, strolling aimlessly through the interminable avenues and cross avenues of this City of Shops, I may come, unexpectedly, on the Vaquera de la Finijosa? If I do, I will offer her the peacock dress with the train as long as Guicciardini's History; or the bonnet made of humming-birds' wings and butterflies

(the last artificial, the first only too real, I am sorry to say); or the *point d'Alençon* fan; or the rock-crystal smelling-bottle studded with grey pearls and pink diamonds; or some other nice little inexpensive trifle from the glass cases devoted to the display of Pomps from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin or Vanities from the Rue de la Paix.

Wandering to and fro in that section of the French Furniture Department which is devoted to 'Tapisserie et Décoration,'—and I will own growing somewhat dazed, even to the verge of satiety, by the exuberance of carving and gilding, inlaying, incrustation, and veneering, visible in the compartments full of state bedsteads, *consoles*, *canapés*, *causeuses*, and *guéridons*,—I came upon a very remarkable decorative performance occupying one of the angles of a transverse corridor of the Avenue Rapp, in the shape of the 'Installation de Fantaisie' exhibited by the firm of Henry Pénon, of the Rue Abbatucci, Paris. The imaginative upholsterer is a rarity; and the house of Pénon, emboldened, it would seem, by the medals for 'Good Taste' and 'Progress' which they received at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, have, in 1878, literally thrown the reins on the back of their Pegasus. The 'Installation de Fantaisie' is supposed to be that of the bedchamber of a 'grande dame de par le monde,' or of a 'belle petite:' whichever you choose. She may be Ninon de l'Enclos or Emma Lady Hamilton, the Empress Theodora or Montaigne's 'Signora Livia — the lady with the *calzoni* embroidered with pearls, whose identity so sorely puzzled the commentators until the appearance of the Earl of Orford's wonderful book on the 'Meretrici' of Venice—for the *ameublement* of the *grande dame* belongs to no particular period save one of the most sumptuous luxury and the most expensive taste. The lady's couch has a counterpane of sky-blue brocaded satin, turned up with pale pink. The pillows are of holland lawn, triply edged with richest lace. The bedstead itself is a mass of elaborate carving and gilding. The *ruelle* of the bed is screened by a magnificent piece of tapestry, designed and woven in the workshops of M. Pénon. A tripod-table of oxidised silver stands by the bedside. The carpet is of triple velvet-pile.

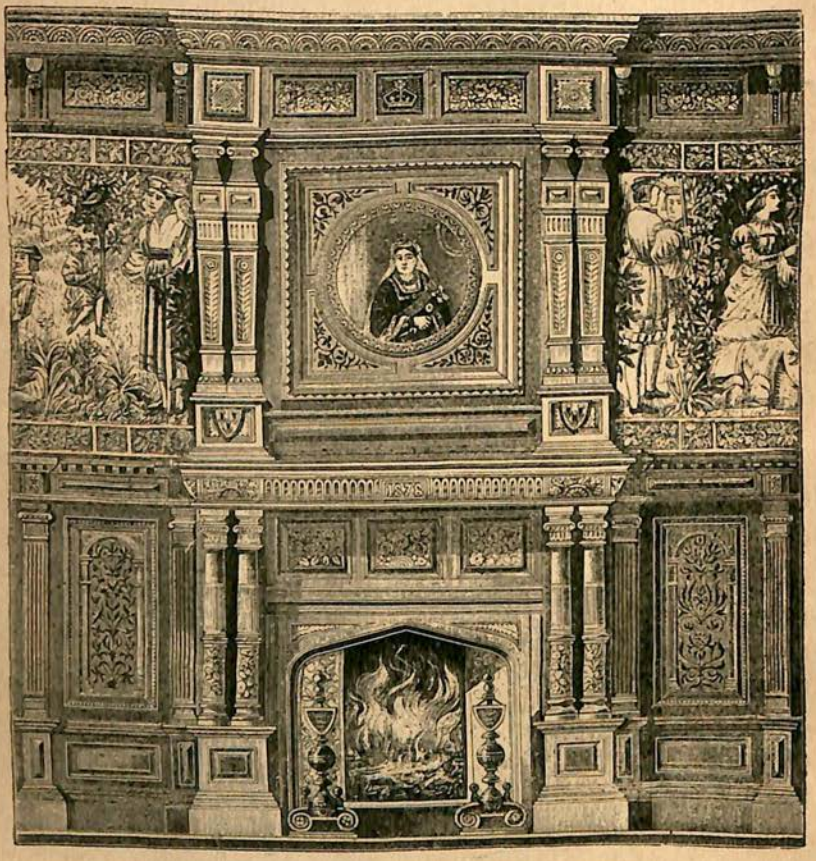
A portal veiled by hangings of damask leads to the adjoining breakfast-room. A Renaissance easel supports the richly-framed picture of a lovely child in pastel—such a pastel as Greuze might have executed in his best days. Cabinets, *fauteuils*, and foot-stools, of superb material and workmanship, and an infinity of costly nicknacks scattered about, fill up this enchanting 'installation,' to which, to my mind, there only lack two things—a copy of M. Octave Feuillet's *Journal d'une Femme*, bound in crimson morocco and gold, and on the tripod table of oxidised silver, a parcel-gilt *plateau* sustaining a *pâté de foie gras*, a pint bottle of Veuve Clicquot, and a *carafon* of curaçoa, *en cas de nuit*—in case the great lady should wake up in the middle of the night hungry, or disposed to read herself to sleep again. I should have mentioned that the ceiling is adorned by 'una copiosa quantità d'amoretti,' such as the old Italian Cardinal commissioned Albano to paint for him. But the chief charm of this Abode of the Graces consists in the Frame, the softly-surging mass of draperies which serve as a surrounding to the entire apartment—draperies composed of a deep sea-green plush velvet, giving very bright high lights, and with heavy bullion fringes and tassels, the last culminating in one large *gland* of *chenille*, which is pendent from the ceiling after the manner of a chandelier. The scheme of colour, it will be seen, is wonderfully subtle. The effect is as though, turning from the frame of dark green drapery, with its beamy lights and reflections, you were gazing at a warmly lit boudoir. It is a selenegraph combined with an *effet de lampe*.

Contrast with this surpassingly rich dream of Sybaritic splendour a curious quaint little 'installation,' got up far away in the English section by two meritorious English decorators, belonging to the gentler sex. The section of a poky little English room is shown, furnished in the angular and uncomfortable style pertaining to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century—a style of which I thought that we were well rid, but for the revival of which there seems to be at present a partial craze. These rickety, 'skimping,' spider-legged chairs, tables, corner

cupboards and 'whatnots;' these sofas, too narrow for purposes of flirtation, and too short to put your feet up,—are all very well in the delightful pictures of Mr. George Leslie, R.A., and Mr. G. H. Boughton. In actual oak, walnut, mahogany, or rosewood, I object very strongly to them; and if the lady-decorators will study even the rudiments of the History of Decoration, they will find that this kind of furniture belongs to a period when a succession of long and cruel wars had virtually shut us out from the Continent, and had left us a people almost entirely ignorant of the art of design, and wholly destitute of taste. The carpet in the lady-decorators' model room is a significant illustration of our deplorable condition at the period which the apartment is supposed to illustrate. It is a carpet substantially without a pattern, and there is a good reason for the absence of pattern. In the age in question we did not know how to draw carpet patterns, and we could import no pattern-draughtsmen from abroad. The two ladies may be complimented on the scrupulous fidelity with which they have reproduced a number of poverty-stricken and weak-kneed little models; but the value of their work is diminished by the extravagant prices which they have affixed to the examples of upholstery exhibited. Sedulous rummaging among the brokers' shops round Lincoln's Inn and behind the Waterloo Road would buy for so many shillings what these ladies have charged so many pounds for. On the whole, this little exhibition of a state of domesticity to which it is to be hoped we shall not return is interesting—in the sense that the novels of Anne of Swansea, and the fashion-plates of the *Belle Assemblée* for the year 1802, are interesting.

There could scarcely, I apprehend, be a more pregnant proof of that which I am endeavouring to advance—the inexpediency of reverting to ugly and tasteless forms, and of attempting to revive that which had much better be left slumbering in its obscure grave—than the actual and triumphant display made in ceramics by the firm of Minton of Stoke-upon-Trent, and in metallurgy by Elkington of Birmingham and London. It is necessary, now and again, to be a little 'Podsnappish' or 'Chauvinesque'—to assert one's nationality in despite of the disparaging taunts of foreigners.

In the way of artistic furniture and carpets we can hold our own without fear of rivalry; and that which Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, Mr. Henry (of the Royal Tapestry Manufactory, Windsor), Mr. T. W. Hay, and Messrs. Gillow—the last as general furnishers and decorators—have done in the Prince of Wales's pavilion may com-



CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION.

pete with any 'installation,' fantastical or otherwise, which the Fourdinois or the Pénons of Paris can design and manufacture. But what am I to do when the Frenchman throws, not only Sèvres, but a score of French porcelain and pottery manufacturers, in my teeth,

and not only Barbédienne, but a score more producers of artistic bronzes? Well, I can, I hope, victoriously point to the ceramic productions of Staffordshire, of Worcestershire, and of Lambeth, and to the artistic metal-working of the great Birmingham house,—not only as examples of what we can do in those departments of technical industry, but as illustrations of astonishing and continuous progress and improvement in that which, so far as we are nationally concerned, must be considered a new point of departure. Abstractedly, there is nothing new under the sun; but substantially, the designs and the processes of Minton in earthenware and of the Elkingtons in metals, are new and original. Every year our potters introduce fresh glazes, fresh tints, fresh schemes of design, fresh modes of working. Every year the Elkingtons come forward with some unfamiliar method of production and manipulation—now in *repoussé*, now in *cloisonné* or *champlevé* enamelling, now in damascening, now in the chasing and ornamentation of gold and silver ware, and now in the application of the inexhaustible secrets of the science of electro-metallurgy.

There is one object in the French section of the Palace of the Champ de Mars which certainly deserves inspection, since it is undeniably a rarity, literally unique; and when it reaches its destined home at Rome it will be invisible to the great body of European sightseers. This is the 'Œuvre Pie,' or Monumental Library of the Immaculate Conception, manufactured by Messrs. Christofle & Co. of the Rue de Bondy, and originally designed as an offering to the deceased Pope Pius IX. It has been more than three years in preparation, and will now, I suppose, be consigned to the pontifical keeping of Pope Leo XIII. The history of this Bibliothèque Monumentale is an edifying one. So long since as the year 1860 the Abbé Sué, director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, conceived the idea of forming a collection of translations in all known languages of the *Bulla Ineffabilis*, in which Pio Nono formulated and proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. By dint of pious zeal and indefatigable perseverance he succeeded in getting together no less than a hundred and ten volumes,

enriched with miniatures and illuminations on vellum of the rarest beauty. This phenomenal trophy was presented in 1867 to the late Pope, who, in graciously accepting it, informed the Abbé Sué that he considered the collection as too exceptionally interesting to be absorbed among the innumerable treasures of the Vatican Library, and that he intended to place the hundred and ten manuscript tomes in a magnificent bookcase in the centre of the Salle de l'Immaculée Conception in the Pontifical Palace—a grand hall adorned with paintings symbolical of the dogma, and the floor of which was a mosaic pavement of the time of Augustus, discovered at Ostia. But the Abbé Sué respectfully insisted that France should have the honour of supplying the bookcase as well as the books. Messrs. Christofle prepared the necessary designs and undertook to manufacture the work, which had so far advanced towards completion in February 1877, that it was taken to Rome to be exhibited to the late Pontiff, and was then brought back to France for completion.

Imagine an imposing structure of sideboard shape, supported on thirty-two carved legs, carrying an *avant-corps* forming a crystal shrine, in which the hundred and ten volumes, open at their most attractive pages, are displayed. Above this is a frieze richly painted with figures, and above this, again, a dome surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. The table-legs are of amaranth wood, richly incrusted with fillets of ebony, and with capitals and bases of bronze gilt. There is a lower frieze, forming, as it were, the middle of the work, and made up by a series of escutcheons in *cloisonné* enamel, commemorating the names of the pious individuals, families, painters, and Pilgrimage-Communities which have the most liberally subscribed towards the execution of the work. The escutcheons are connected by branches of eglantine, with enamelled flowers of pinky white, recalling the Eglantine of Lourdes, and interspersed among them are a number of superb mosaics, the gift of Pius IX., executed in the *ateliers* of the Vatican, and representing various scenes in the Holy Land, and the churches of Santa Maria in Trastevere and Santa Maria Mag-

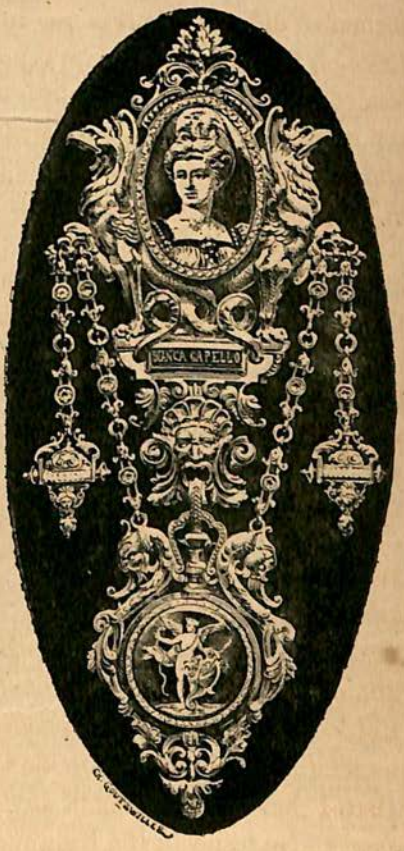
giore, the most ancient and the largest churches in Rome dedicated to the worship of the Madonna. The angles of the inferior frieze are embellished with panels in Sèvres porcelain of the hue termed 'Céladon,' with figures in relief, executed by that 'pâte-sur-pâte' process, of which Mr. Solon-Milès is making such notable use in England for the account of Messrs. Minton. These *plaques*, emblematising the four quarters of the globe, were given by Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon. The superior frieze contains twenty-two medallions, on a ground of precious woods in Limousin enamel. These represent divers sacred and historical subjects. There are likewise effigies of Bezaleel, mosaic goldsmith of the Tabernacle, and St. Eloi, patron of the *orfèvres* of France: while to the right and the left of these last-named medallions are profile portraits in camaïeu of the founders of and actual partners in the firm by which this remarkable *œuvre* has been produced—Messrs. Charles and Paul Christofle, Ernest de Ribes, and Henri Bouilhet.

Returning to the literary portion of this astonishing *macédoine* of decoration, I find that among the ancient languages into which the Bull has been translated are Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, Assyrian, Babylonian, Phœnician (!), Persepolitan (! !), Sanscrit, Chinese, Hieratic and Demotic Egyptian, Coptic, Berber, Etruscan (!), Celtic, Gothic, Runic, Mexican, Yucatanese, and Peruvian. Among modern European dialects I find Tyrolese, Bergamoso, and the 'Minga' of the Milanese; Calabrese, Græco-Albanian, and the *patois* of the Valle d'Aosta; Catalan, Balearic, and the 'Aldjama' or Spanish of Andalusia written in Arabic characters; Basque Gallego, Negroid-Portuguese, Breton, Walloon, Auvergnat, Ruthenian Tcheck, Croatian, Bosnian, the native local dialects of the Dutch provinces, Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish-Erse. I should like Professor Max Müller, assisted by the good fathers of the Armenian convent of San Lazzaro at Venice, who sell you for half a ducat their typographical masterpiece of the Prayers of St. Narses in thirty-six languages, to pass a few days in examining the contents of the wonderful library for which Messrs. Christofle, with the assistance of well-nigh a score of collaborateurs, have

provided so sumptuous a receptacle. As a monument of artistic ingenuity and technical skill the whole work calls for the highest praise. As an example of nobility, or grandeur, or taste, the performance did not impress me in the slightest degree. While the lines of the construction are poor, the entire structure is overloaded with florid ornamentation; and the eye seeks in vain for repose in the midst of all this carving and gilding, all these cameos and camaïeus and *pâte-sur-pâte* panels.

In decorative bronze sculpture, as I have already observed, the French are well-nigh unapproachable. In marble statuary they hold their own very nobly, although they are closely pressed by the Italians; but in ecclesiastical decoration, and even in decorative architecture, I can but think that France, through her addictedness to florid colour and excessive ornamentation, is very seriously retrograding. That the paintings executed by M. Paul Baudry at the New Grand Opéra are truly magnificent, and that the proportions of that edifice are very grandiose, must at once be obvious; but I was born either too early or too late to appreciate the beauty of the Opera House *façade*. It seems to me a meretricious mass, the whole effect of which, notwithstanding all the costliness of the materials of which it is composed, and all the consummate plastic skill which has been lavished on its adornment, is not (to my mind) more attractive than the display at M. Siraudin's sweetstuff shop on the Rue de la Paix. And I am positively sure that I have never beheld anything more architecturally hideous than the exterior of the Exhibition Palace in the Trocadéro, or the *façade* of the Champ de Mars Palace, with its row of gigantic and clumsy figures looking towards the terrace and the Bridge of Jena. The two towering portals which give entrance to the local exhibits of La Ville de Paris and the Gallerie des Beaux-Arts are equally disastrous examples of a deteriorated taste in the way of meagre and poverty-stricken design, bolstered up by excess of carving, gilding, and adornment of every degree of garishness. It is very irritating to observe this, and to contrast it with the exquisite refinement and taste which the French modeller and art-workman

bestows on the conception and execution of the most trifling *bibelot* —a mirror, a washstand, a lady's *châtelaine*, a pen-tray, or a paper-weight. Abating the displays of Sèvres, Beauvais, and the Gobelins, the carpets, the marble statuary, and Gustave Doré's vase, there is very little on a large scale in the French department of the Exhibition which can be called elegant. The little things are supremely tasteful and beautiful. They seem to have gone to work more earnestly and more thoughtfully in the illustration of the products of Lilliput than in those of Brobdingnag; and after all the author of the *Tableau de Paris* may have been hitting the right nail on the head in saying that 'Frenchmen are always serious in little things, and always frivolous in great ones.'



GOLD AND ENAMEL CHATELAINE EXHIBITED BY M. FOUQUET.

Messrs. Christofle's 'Bibliothèque Monumentale' extorts commendation for the sumptuousness of its materials and the marvellous excellence of the *main d'œuvre*. It is altogether an exceptional production; and, looking at it, we may, for the nonce, put the canons of fine taste in our pocket; but the examples of exclusively ecclesiastical decoration which I have seen in the French saloons of the Exhibition are to me absolutely hateful. There was an art-critic once who said that, although he considered Michael Angelo to be the greatest artist that ever lived, he hated his memory

because his example had been the means of producing the detestable Bernini. Unless I am much mistaken, the name of the art-critic in question was Adolphe Thiers. Bernini, nevertheless, had his admirers; among them Sir Christopher Wren, who went over to Paris—whither Bernini had been summoned by Louis XIV.—expressly to confer with him; but he complained that the 'crafty Italian' would not allow him to study the drawings which he had made for the works at Versailles and the Louvre. But imagine the disciples of the disciples of Bernini—not as an architect, but as a sculptor and decorator. Imagine the preposterous attitudes, the tempest-tormented draperies of Bernini's figures, imitated by tenth-rate modellers. Imagine altars and shrines and statues all smeared with gaudy colours, plastered with gold leaf, and set off with crimson velvet, wax candles, and Valenciennes lace, and you have the main features of modern French church-decoration. When they try to be Gothic—with the Renaissance in their hands and paganism in their hearts—the attempt is even more intolerable. It becomes like Inigo Jones's classic portico to old St. Paul's.

I shall not be, as a rule, accused of a disposition to over-compliment my own countrymen as practitioners in the plastic departments of art-industry; but I can sincerely say that my eye and my feelings in general experienced infinite solace and relief in turning from the gaudy ecclesiastical frippery of the French church-furniture to a quiet, simple, but dignified display of metal sent by the firm of J. W. Singer & Son of Frome, Somersetshire. They have produced a superb example of a church-lectern in ornamental brass-work, and exhibit besides some very admirable specimens of bronze and enamel, and of *repoussé* in raised metal. That an establishment capable of turning out work of this high character should flourish in a comparatively secluded provincial town says much in favour of the founder of the firm, who, I am told, educates every workman he employs in his craft. Among the examples in *repoussé* is a rosewater-dish of skilfully combined brass and copper, with compartments in silver, containing groups symbolical of the elements, and a bold central silver medallion. In the

ROSEWATER-DISH, 'THE ELEMENTS' (BY SINGER AND SON).

ornamental border the elements are typified anew by heads of Pluto, Mercury, Vulcan, and Neptune. The firm also exhibit a pair of dishes with centres, representing Music and the Plastic Arts, in which the figures are not only most skilfully modelled, but grouped with infinite grace. The gem, however, of the Singer *atelier* is a large, elaborate, and admirably executed rosewater-dish, with a finely-designed central group, composed of guardian spirits hovering around a graceful kneeling nymph, apparently designed to represent Innocence. The six compartments of the interlacing arabesque border are occupied by *bassi rilievi*, which are of silver like the centre, and typify youthful and maternal love, and various Christian virtues. Taken as a whole, the work is of the highest

excellence. In most of the Singer productions gravity and repose are the leading characteristics; and I am glad to notice these features strongly manifested, together with beauty in design and excellence of workmanship, in at least a dozen more British displays of metal-work, chiefly for church uses. If I do not give the manufacturers' names it is for the reason that I do not carry a Grey's *Memoria Technica* in my head; and that part of my system of viewing the Exhibition in a non-sytematic manner is to be totally unprovided with either catalogue, notebook, or pencil. Those *impedimenta* prejudice one so; which was the reviewer's plea for never reading the books which he criticised.

I may mention that, besides their monumental Bibliothèque of the Immaculate Conception, the Messrs. Christofle exhibit a superb assemblage of *orfèvrerie* and *bronzes d'art*. To this well-known house the introduction into France of the art of electro-plating is due. At first it was thought that the discovery would deal a crushing blow to the goldsmiths' craft, and that laboured excellence would be sacrificed to cheap and swift production. But when the elder Christofle had vulgarised, so to say, the use of plated articles, and had secured a permanent income from the sale of such every-day matters as spoons and forks, soup-ladles and dish-covers, he seriously turned his attention to the *orfèvrerie d'art*. His first production of this kind was the table-service commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon III., and at which in 1855 various sculptors of repute worked with feverish emulation under the direction of Gilbert. *Eheu! fugaces*. Nothing remains of the deftly chiselled masses of glittering metal which used to grace the Imperial banquets, nor of the elaborate *surtout de table* executed for the City of Paris by MM. Christofle jun. & Bouilhet, and displayed at the Exhibition of 1867. The one disappeared in the ruins of the Tuileries, the other amidst the flames which consumed the Hôtel de Ville. Thus passeth away the glory of the goldsmith. How much of the gold and silver work of the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages underwent a similar smelting? What became of the plate that furnished Nero's Golden House and the dish Domitian

had made for the monster turbot? Where are the throne of Alexis Comnenus and the shrine of St. Sophia? What remains of the magnificent carvings and castings of the Mexicans and Peruvians? It is only once in a thousand years that a Schliemann disinters such treasures.

The two services mentioned, though of high artistic value, were only electro-plated; but in the present Exhibition Messrs. Christofle display a *surtout de table* in solid silver, enriched by parcel gilding, executed for the Duke of Santonia, one of the wealthiest grandees of Spain. Several 'eminent hands' have combined to produce the various pieces composing it. In the centre-piece Mercié's Amphitrite towers in a triumphant attitude above two seated figures typifying the *pêche fluviale*—so dear to the Parisian gudgeon-catcher—and the *pêche maritime*. The *bouts de table* are Hiolle's Triton and Nereid, seated on pedestals enriched with dolphins, shells, and seaweed, and balancing vases which, it must be confessed, look disproportionately heavy for the arms of their supporters. The Seasons, modelled by Gautherin, form the candelabra; and the two jardinières support reclining figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America by Lafrance, figures marked by a certain *grâce voluptueuse* extremely French, and slightly suggestive of being somewhat overcome by their festive surroundings, and therefore perhaps not altogether out of place at a banquet. Despite this the general aspect of the *surtout* is solemnly decorous, and contrasts forcibly with another in the Louis Seize style by Carrier Belleuse, enriched with sprightly and animated groups of children, bacchantes, and fauns.

To Messrs. Christofle also belongs the credit of having first sought to reproduce in France that Japanese style of ornament which has exercised so marked an influence in all branches of decorative art during the last ten years. It has not only made itself evident in ceramic ware, glass, furniture, textile fabrics, and wall-papers, but even in sculpture, as witness the pair of graceful *torchères* of oxydised bronze, modelled by Guillemin, and representing female figures in the quaintly flowered flowing garments of the ladies of Yeddo and Yokohama. But the high-priest of this new *cultus* in the

NEREID, WITH VASE, BELONGING TO THE SURTOUT DE TABLE MANUFACTURED FOR THE DUKE OF SANTONIA.

ateliers of Messrs. Christofle is Reiber, the designer of the monumental Bibliothèque, whose adaptations of the art of the far East

A Corner of the Christofle Exhibition in the Champ de Mars. I. 145.

TORCHÈRE, IN THE JAPANESE STYLE.

are imbued with the spirit of the last century *chinoiseries* of Boucher, yet who, while seeking to give alike to enamels and metals tones which harmonise, has aimed at embodying in the colours of the former, and in the different shades of bronze enriched with gold and silver, the quintessence of that intense and varied decoration which pervades most forms of Japanese art. Among the miscellaneous objects in bronze, enamel, and niello exhibited by the firm, are vases enamelled by Tard, after his own designs,—the curious and patiently executed *cloisonné* equalling the best Chinese work,—bronze cups, lamps, fantastically enriched jardinières, salvers, coffrets, clocks, and two marvellously decorated upright corner cabinets, executed by Guignard.

A FOREIGN VISITOR IN A DIFFICULTY (BY CHAM).

The Manchoo-Tartar's orders for dinner being interpreted to the waiter at the Collège de France.

X.

FOREIGN VISITORS.

Aug. 28.

MEMORABLE from a thousand points of view, the Paris Exhibition of 1878 may perhaps have a claim to special remembrance on the score of the tremendous amount of patronage bestowed upon it by the democracy of the world at large. Crowned heads, it must be admitted, have been few and far between in the metropolis of France since last May. The Prince of Wales, by his early attendance, by the cordial sympathy which he showed in the well-being of the enterprise in general, and the sedulous interest which he took in the efficiency of the British department of the Exhibition in particular, set a splendid example, which has gained for him golden opinions among the French people, and which might have been worthily followed by other Royal personages. Still Royalty—to say nothing of Imperialism—has in a great

measure kept aloof from the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro; or, if it have slipped in and out of the Exhibition at all, has inspected the wonders thereof *incognito* and *en cachette*. It was not thus in '67, when stories were told of the Five Kings who supped together in a *cabinet particulier* at Durand's, and, at the conclusion of the banquet, discovered that not one of their majesties had money enough about him to pay for his supper. History has a tendency to repeat itself; and a similar deficiency of ready cash prevailed, you will remember, according to the author of *Candide*, at a certain supper which took place during the Carnival of Venice. Things were not thus when, on a sultry July night, eleven years ago, I joined the special Imperial train which went down to Toulon to fetch the Sultan Abdul Aziz. Things were not thus when I saw King William of Prussia, now Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, received at the foot of the grand staircase of the Tuileries by the Emperor Napoleon III. There ran a rumour through the spectators of the august ceremony that the Prussian King, turning to an aide-de-camp, had whispered to him that he remembered having come to the Tuileries as a stripling Hohenzollern Prince in the year 1814, and as a guest of the Most Christian King Louis XVIII. Nor were things thus when (always in '67) in the dingy Assize Court at the Palace of Justice, I beheld a sallow, hawk-faced, ferret-eyed tatterdemalion named Berezowski arraigned for the attempted assassination of Alexander II., Czar of All the Russias, in the Bois de Boulogne.

What grand folks we had to deal with in the Exhibition year 1867, to be sure! And that never-to-be-forgotten pageant of the distribution of prizes in the Champs Elysées. Paraphrasing Heine, it might be said that Hereditary Princes and Grand Dukes well-nigh stuck to the soles of your shoes as you walked. The air was ambrosial with Cæsarism. The great diamond aigrette in the fez of the Padishah of Roum shone like a sun in the midst of a glittering firmament of stars and crosses and embroidered uniforms. Ringing and strident was the voice of Cæsar as, in measured sentences, he dwelt on the success of the Exhibition, and on the

grandeur and prosperity of France. Then, descending from his throne, with Caliph and King and Princes around him, he made the tour of the enormous hall. It was as well that he was on foot. Had he ridden, like the Roman, in the chariot, triumphant usage would have required the presence of a slave behind him, to remind the Conqueror that he was Mortal. The slave was there, all ready. He was a Cabinet courier from Brest. In hottest haste he had sped to Paris, bearing despatches which had come from Vera Cruz to Havana, from Cuba to St. Thomas, and thence to France. They brought the news that the hapless Maximilian, the phantom Mexican Emperor, had been shot to death at Queretaro. They travelled, although men saw not the portent then, on the wings of Nemesis—the Nemesis which is defeat, the Nemesis which is disgrace, the Nemesis which is the hacking off the spurs from the heels, and the kicking of the banner down the steps of St. George's Chapel; the Nemesis that rips away the velvet and gold embroidery of the throne, and shows us a crazy skeleton of bare deal boards and a few tenpenny nails; the Nemesis which is To-morrow.*

These eyes will not see such sights again. There is an hotel in the pleasant city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which used to be renowned for having always at least one Crowned Head staying under its hospitable roof. Arriving there once, I laughingly asked the landlord what he could give me in the way of Royalties. He replied as jocosely that he was very sorry, but that he was then out of Crowned Heads, and that the utmost he could offer me in the way of exalted rank was the Prince of Tour and Taxis. Similarly, I don't think they could give you so much as the smallest of small Kings just now at the Hôtel Bristol. As for Don Francisco, late of Spain, his ex-Majesty is completely 'played out;' and the poor 'bogus' King of Araucania and Patagonia died lately in the

* 'Ah, Demain c'est la grande chose :
De quoi Demain sera-t-il fait ?
L'homme aujourd'hui sème la cause,
Demain fait mûrir l'effet.' VICTOR HUGO.

most embarrassed circumstances, I am sorry to hear. Whether the King of Bonny has been among us, I have not yet learnt; but his Majesty of the Low Countries has, I hear, taken his departure. I am bound to add that, out of political circles, in which the presence in Paris during the continuance of the Exhibition of a goodly contingent of Princes seems to be thought desirable as a kind of recognition and acceptation of the Republic, the Parisians do not seem to care ten centimes about the absence of Imperial and Royal grandees from the capital. The other afternoon, when strolling in the Champs Elysées, I became aware of a most dashing equipage tearing along the road from the Place de la Concorde towards the Rond Point. It was an open *calèche*, hung very low. Substitute runners for the wheels, and it would have been a sledge. But I knew the superb turn-out well—the three priceless horses abreast, two of them steppers of the Ukraine, the last a magnificent *alézan;* the coachman a full-bearded Slav, in a black-velvet caftan, with sleeves of sky-blue silk. He drove without a whip, and with the reins held square in his wide outstretched hands. Very 'down the road,' very 'fit' and complete this model *troika*. A Frenchman standing by asked me if I knew who was the middle-aged gentleman with blonde whiskers just tinged with gray, in civilian garb, and with a hat as shiny as Lord Hardwicke's, sitting behind the driver in the caftan with the sky-blue sleeves. Yes; I knew that whiskered gentleman by sight, I replied. It was the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. 'Connais pas,' quoth the Frenchman standing by; 'I thought it was one of the advertisements of the Hippodrome. *Une fameuse réclame, allez, ces trois chevaux de front.*' The spirited proprietors of the Hippodrome are in the habit of sending all kinds of cavalcades—Postillons de Longjumeau, Mexican *guerrilleros*, Moorish cavaliers, Spanish *picadores*, and what not—about the streets of Paris in the daytime, in order to proclaim the attractions of their establishment. But only fancy his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia being mistaken for a puff of a circus!

His Imperial Highness is about the most distinguished foreigner that we can boast of in Paris just now. There are, it is true, the Arab chiefs—tremendous sheikhs and emirs in their own country, no doubt—who continue to stalk about the boulevards, with crosses of the Legion of Honour attached to the breasts of their snowy burnouses; but they attract but little attention, and are of small account with the people—first, because their expenses are paid by the Government, and they do not spend any money of their own; and next, because the Parisian has grown to be somewhat sceptical with regard to the picturesque Child of the Desert. 'On peut voir ce Bédouins-là tous les jours dans les boutiques de la Rue de Rivoli,' says the Parisian, who is apt to confuse the lordly sheikh or the gallant emir, with a pedigree as long as Abd-el-Kader's, with the astute Levantine of mixed nationality who assumes an Oriental garb and sets up a shop for the sale of Oriental *bric-à-brac*. The number of sham Turks roving about Paris at the present moment is prodigious. You can tell the real Turk at a glance. His fez is never of a bright hue—the glaring scarlet fezzes used to be made at Strasbourg, and, since the war, have been manufactured at Mulhouse—and there is a semi-clerical look about his angle-breasted, low-collared black surtout.

The sham Turk is a much more pretentious individual. One corpulent old personage, with a stubbly gray beard, a white-muslin turban like an exaggerated turnip, a dingy cashmere-shawl sash, baggy blue galligaskins, white stockings, Blucher boots, and a battered umbrella of a dull red hue, I seem to have been aware of for years. I do not know whether he keeps a shop anywhere, or, indeed, whether he sells or does anything; but I meet him continually, prowling about with a stale and absent air, as though he were looking for somebody or something, but had forgotten what it was. I have made inquiries about him. He was not always a Turk, they tell me. Many years ago he was a distressed Pole. Then he became a Hungarian refugee, in a threadbare *Honved* uniform. Again a change came o'er the spirit of his costume, and he appeared as a Moldavo-Wallachian in a sheepskin pelisse

and a fur porringer on his head, like the Lord Mayor of London's sword-bearer. Once more this Protean being was metamorphosed into a Suliote, with 'a snowy camise and a shaggy capote;' and in 1871-2 he underwent another brief incarnation as the counterpart of the 'Ami Fritz' of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. In this guise he was supposed to be a native of Alsace-Lorraine, who had 'opted' to become a French subject. From the condition of an 'optician' he reverted to his *premières amours*, and turned Turk again. A mysterious old gentleman; but nobody minds him. It is one of the chief charms of this city that so long as you pay your way and refrain from meddling with politics, nobody does mind you. You may do whatever you please and wear whatever tomfool costume you like to assume. Do you remember the fantastically-attired 'Carnevale'? Do you remember M. le Marquis de Bobino, with his tail-coat of light-pink silk? Did you ever hear of M. Edmé Champion, 'le Petit Manteau Bleu,' the man with the little blue cape? I would undertake to walk from the Bastille to the Madeleine to-morrow with a cocked-hat and a pig-tail or a Roman helmet on my head, in a *toga*, a Spanish mantle, or the full-dress of an Albanian *palikar* or an Italian brigand; and, albeit a few people might stare at me, I should neither be mobbed, molested, nor insulted.

It is not so in London. The eccentric gentleman from Wales who occasionally pays a visit to our metropolis, and walks about the principal thoroughfares in a tightly-fitting suit of grass-green cloth, adorned with the tails of foxes and squirrels, has occasionally, I am given to understand, a hard time of it with the boys. In Paris a few *gamins* might cry out, 'Qu'il est drôle!' while the ladies, always ready to recognise the picturesque, might exclaim, 'Il est vraiment pas mal comme cela.' But nobody would venture to hurt his feelings by ribald comments, much less to jostle or cast mud or stones at him. We should be the most cosmopolitan, but we are in reality the most intolerant and narrowly-prejudiced people in the world. I will ask any middle-aged gentleman whether he has the moral and physical courage to walk any fine summer's morning from Charing Cross to the Temple in a

THE CHINESE COMMISSIONERS SO ARRANGE THEMSELVES AS NOT TO LOSE ONE ANOTHER IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

A CHINAMAN IN PARIS LEADING HOME HIS DINNER.

pair of white trousers; and I pity that farmer or grazier who was bold enough to appear in St. Paul's Churchyard in top-boots and leathers and a red waistcoat. The boys would be 'down' upon him at once.

Meanwhile, Paris presents at the present time the most astounding *mélange* of varied costumes and nationalities that it is possible to conceive. John Chinaman, in the brightest of embroidered caftans and petticoats, and with the longest of pigtails, which Parisian caricaturists are always turning

'BY JOVE, THE CHINAMAN HAS LET ONE OF HIS HAIRS FALL INTO HIS SOUP!'

'WHAT A LOVELY SOUVENIR, IF ONE ONLY HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS!'

'I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THIS LITTLE VASE?'

'WILL IT RING, MAMMA, IF I PULL?'

to profitable account, pervades the Exhibition, with his up-turned black-currant eyes and his eternal simper. As you see him on the tea-tray and the willow-pattern plate, you see him in the flesh. Men may come and men may go, but he smirks on for ever. In the Exhibition and on the boulevards the foreigners in Paris are

mingled in inextricable tumult, and to listen to the confusion of tongues Babel seems to have come again; still, in the way of residence and habitual resort, each people appears to have its favourite quarter. The Spaniards and Italians—the former in high combs and mantillas, and frequently in the Andalusian pork-pie hat and the Asturian *capa*, the latter distinguishable only from their kindred of the Latin races by their dark flashing eyes and their superabundant gesticulation—are especially fond of thronging the *cafés* between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne. The Belgians haunt the Boulevard Montmartre. They are a frugal race, and the restaurants stretching towards the Porte St. Denis are comparatively cheap. The Germans take up an immense amount of room, make a most tremendous noise, and seem to be spending a vast amount of money on both sides of the boulevard from the Rue le Pelletier to the Avenue de l'Opéra.

UNE FAMILLE ANGLAISE (BY BERTALL).

As for the English, they are *un peu partout*. A few mornings since I paid a visit to Mr. Thomas Cook, in his very pleasant quarters in the Rue de la Faisanderie—one of the fourteen houses which he has fitted up in Paris for boarding and lodging the shoals of tourists who travel under his wing. There is no need to specify the remarkably cheap scale of charges made for bed and board. I merely went to look at the accommodation, and I found it capital. Scrupulous cleanliness, solid and sober comfort, a substantial English breakfast, and a plentiful meat and tea and coffee supper, or 'high tea,' as the Americans call that substantial meal. I saw the kitchens and the bedrooms, the parlours and the refectories; and, to my mind, everything was excellently provided and admir-

A Party of Cook's Tourists. I. 157.

ably arranged. The fourteen boarding-houses, it is almost needless to say, are constantly thronged.

Mr. Cook senior is an old friend of mine. I think that I first met him in Venice in 1866, and since then I have been 'personally' aware of him and his tourists all over the Continent. It used to be the fashion to sneer at and disparage 'Cook's Tourists,' and the late Charles Lever (as Cornelius O'Dowd, in *Blackwood*) once went out of his way to libel, in a very cruel and uncalled-for way, the harmless travellers who were trotted over Europe under the auspices of the 'personal conductor.' Mr. Cook has got over all that long ago, and can afford to smile at his detractors, and to forgive the shade of Charles Lever, who, abating a few old-fashioned prejudices, was one of the kindest-hearted creatures that ever breathed.

I went over two or three of the handsome suburban villas temporarily tenanted by the 'Cookists;' and the name of the proprietor of one of these mansions struck me with a pleasant surprise. It was Madame St. Leon, who, as Mademoiselle CERITO, was one of the most fascinating dancers that ever adorned the grand era of the Terpsichorean stage. Nearly forty years ago Thomas Ingoldsby, describing the memorable Tamburini and Coletti *émeute* at Her Majesty's Theatre, wrote (I am quoting from memory, mind)—

> 'Mademoiselle Cherrytoes
> Shook to her very toes:
> She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.'

The delightful 'Cherrytoes'—the only *ballerina* whom the austere consort of the Czar Nicholas of Russia could tolerate—is still extant, hale, prosperous, and vivacious. Very blithely did she come to terms with Mr. Cook. 'You are an Englishman,' she said, 'and I love England and the English.' It is good to think of these former *Reines de la Danse* enjoying a green old age. The exquisitely graceful Duvernay, world-famous as the dancer of the 'Cachuca,' lives still in England, the land of her adoption, a wealthy and most charitable Lady Bountiful, beloved by all her

neighbours; and only a few days before I left London I met at a garden-party a very sprightly lady, Madame la Comtesse Gilbert des Voisins, whom more than forty years before I had known as Marie Taglioni.

To the affluent classes among my own countrymen, the Rue de Rivoli seems almost entirely to belong—say from the Hôtel du Louvre as far as the Rue Castiglione; but at the new and astonishingly magnificent Hôtel Continental they have to battle for supremacy with the Americans, who have likewise somewhat the best of the international fray at the Hôtel Splendide, and at the surpassingly-grandiose Café Restaurant de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. At the last-named and overwhelmingly-sumptuous place of entertainment I candidly confess that I have not yet had courage to dine. I have peeped in once or twice; but the sheen of the plate glass, the radiance of the gilding, the crimson velvet and the rosewood, the glitter of the plate, and the snowy whiteness of the damask have terrified me; and I have had, as yet, but a Pisgah view of that Palestine soup for which they charge, I suppose, five francs a portion. I will go there on the day when I purchase Messrs. Webb's engraved glass claret-jug, price four hundred and fifty pounds, or M. Fourdinois' inlaid Florentine cabinet; and I am awaiting, ere I bring these transactions to a close, the arrival of the necessary cheques.

'Faites flamber Finances.' The colossal Continental Hotel occupies part of the site of the Ministry of Finances petroleumised by the Commune; but there are other brand-new edifices rising in the immediate vicinity of the burnt-out Government offices, which structures puzzle me more and more as to what has become of the western side of the Rue Castiglione. On the opposite side the offices of Messrs. John Arthur & Co., English bankers, stand safe and sound enough; but over the way I miss at least half a dozen once favourite hotels and restaurants. The huge Continental Hotel has swallowed them all up. Thus, too, the enormous dry-goods store, the Magasins du Louvre, has encroached on the hotel of that name until scarcely anything of the original

THE LOUVRE, FROM THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

caravanserai has been left. There is a maximum of *magasins*, and a minimum of inns; and eventually, the hotel, I hear, will be wholly disestablished, and linendrapery, hosiery, and haberdashery will reign supreme in the vast saloons where they used to charge

such very high prices for such very indifferent luncheons and dinners. I shall scarcely regret the passing away of the Hôtel du Louvre, of which I remember well the erection, to say nothing of the notorious orgie of champagne and equivocal company by which its 'inauguration' was celebrated. Those were the early days of the Empire; and people then were not over-particular concerning *les bienséances*. The vast dimensions of its principal apartments, the splendour of the decorations and furniture of the entire establishment, and in particular the covered courtyard, then entirely a novelty in France, made the Hôtel du Louvre in its youth a rarity and a phenomenon. It was twice as dear, moreover, as any other existing hotel, except the Bristol and the Hôtel des Princes; and that circumstance likewise conduced to its popularity. But it was never a pleasant hotel. From the rooms in the front one had only a view of the guard and barrack rooms of the Louvre, with some grim and stony effigies of marshals and generals of the first Empire; and the rooms in the rear were, notwithstanding their handsome fittings, so gloomy as to be so many Caves of Despair. Still the passing away of an hotel once so famous may justly claim the few words which I have bestowed on it. Its erection marked the dawn of the Imperial epoch, as the Grand Hôtel marked its culmination, and the Hôtel Splendide the beginning of its decline. And now, Cæsarism having definitely and irretrievably collapsed—so they tell me, at least—this bewilderingly vast and gorgeous Hôtel Continental has risen, with magical rapidity, from the red-hot ashes of the Commune. Is Paris destined to be the witness of yet more phenomenal revolutions and still more marvellous hotels?

THE SALLE DES DÉPÊCHES OF THE FIGARO OFFICE.

XI.

'FIGARO HERE, FIGARO THERE!'

Aug. 31.

THE Rue Drouot, like the Rue Lafitte and the Rue Lepelletier, continues, in despite of the Haussmanisation of the Second Empire and the Duvalisation of the Third Republic, to maintain its character as an essentially French and eminently Parisian street. Strange tricks have been played with most of the thoroughfares in its neighbourhood; still the Rue Drouot has hitherto triumphantly defied all the attempts of an iconoclastic municipality to cut it to pieces. The unfortunate Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin no longer knows itself, so mercilessly has it been new boulevarded in its northern portion: and there is something—I have not yet been able to discover with precision what it is—the matter with the present topography of the Rue Taitbout, as compared with its former lines; but it is as easy as ever to travel in the Rue Drouot, and to my thinking this thoroughfare is, with the exception of the new 'installation' of the *Figaro* newspaper, delightfully unchanged. May its immutability be perpetual!

After breakfast—I mean the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, not the British tea, eggs, bacon, and toast hour—say about two in the afternoon, is the time to travel in the Rue Drouot. It is not a very quiet place, being normally, perhaps, as bustling as Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, which in its artistic aspect it very much resembles; still it is free from the incessant and deafening roar of the main boulevards. One likes to hear the 'city's busy hum;' and towns as tranquil, say, as Cordova or Toledo in Spain, or Ghent or Bruges in Belgium, are apt, after a time, to induce a fit of the meagrims. When people are really alive it is incumbent upon them now and again to exhibit signs of their vitality;—but the Boulevards which stretch from the Madeleine to the Bastille are more than alive: they seem to be hysterical, delirious, or in a permanent crisis of some great agony which constrains them to make a terrific disturbance. The exceeding fierceness of those who were wont to come out of the Tombs of Old has been accounted for by the supposition that when they emerged from their caverns in the morning they were likewise exceeding hungry; and uncertainty as to where they were to get any breakfast may have had much to do with their habit of shrieking and running amuck. A like fierceness characterises the dogs of Eyoub in the Golden Horn, Constantinople, at early morn. The homeless curs of the other districts of Stamboul and of Pera know very well when the butchers' and bakers' shops will open, and when the time for flinging them stale crusts or scraps of offal will arrive; but at Eyoub there is nothing but a mosque, a quantity of tombstones, and a few mud hovels inhabited by people who habitually have not enough bread for themselves; and this gives the dogs of the district an exceptionally wolfish aspect, and hyena-like temper. I cannot help fancying that garrotters—remember, that the vast majority of those criminals are hulking young fellows, between nineteen and twenty-three, endowed with a powerful *physique*, rude health, and tremendous appetites—are not in the habit of obtaining their breakfasts regularly. Consequently they come out of the slums of Seven Dials and Whitechapel, 'exceeding fierce.' Consider how

lamb-like is their demeanour in chapel at Pentonville or Millbank. They have a pleasant prescience that when the worthy chaplain has done his office the panikin full of nice hot gruel and the welcome hunk of break will be waiting for them.

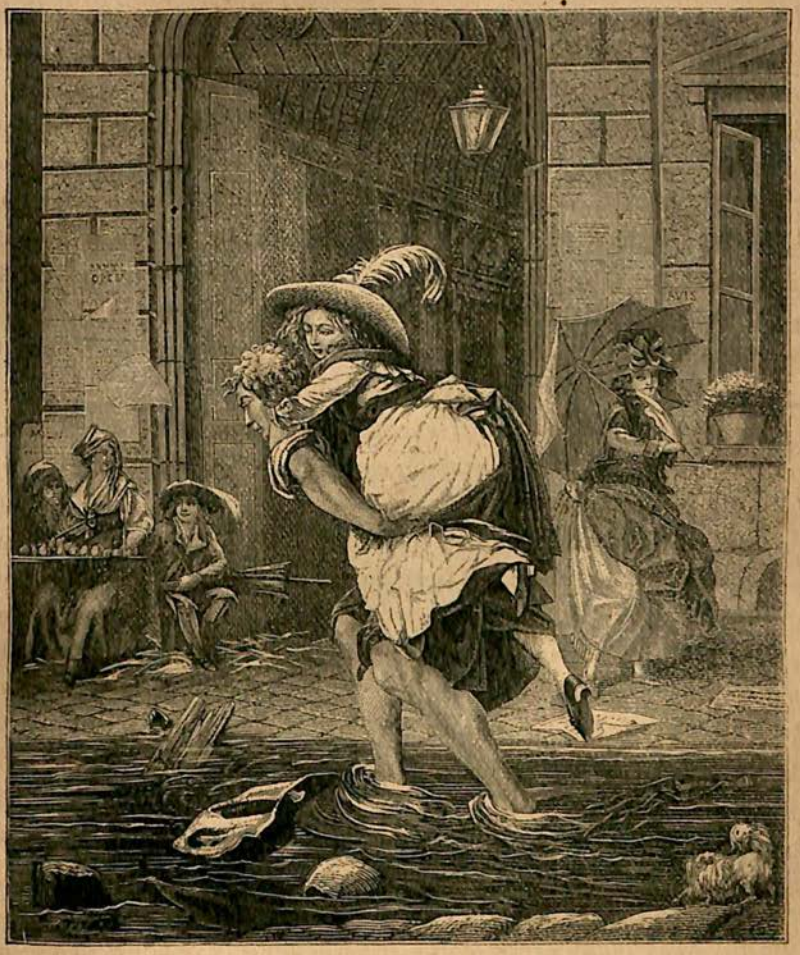
Meanwhile the Boulevards bawl and bellow, not only at early morn—the disturbance, as from sad matutinal experience I know full well, begins at five A.M.—but until high noon, and throughout the afternoon, and deep into the night. 'A cette heure,' writes to me a wise French friend, 'les femelles commencent à hurler.' Those mad shrieks borne on the night-wind are inexpressibly suggestive to the mind. *Fini de rire.* The time for hilarity is over, that for ululation has begun. Who can be screaming, what about, and where, are matters that do not concern you. You happen to live in a Haymarket—an old-fashioned Haymarket, not the present regenerated thoroughfare—some six miles long. The yell may mean murder. It may be a sudden spasm of remorse, or the despairing cry of the intended suicide; or it may merely be Lalie and Phrosyne exchanging a piercingly boisterous good-night with Gugusse and Polyte. But you hear the shriek all the same, even as in London the deep stillness of the night-season in the very quietest of neighbourhoods is broken by the piercing treble of the locomotive whistle at the distant terminus.

From sunrise to midnight you hear also, on the Boulevards, the well-nigh incessant cracking of whips—a sound extremely distressing to nervous ears, taking your mind back, as it does, to the dark days of negro slavery, and inducing the suspicion that the ferocious Legree, indefinitely multiplied, is operating upon Uncle Tom at the corner of every street. Fortunately the whips are only those of the omnibus- and cab-drivers. I wish that they would not agitate their thongs quite so frequently or so violently. I do not think that the French are designedly cruel to their horses, save in so far as they drive the poor half-starved 'screws,' in an inconceivably blundering and careless manner; but they seek to stimulate the sorry jades by a startling reverberation, which they produce by throwing out the lashes of their whips laterally: somewhat as a

Mexican 'greaser' throws out his lasso. Now when a whip is thus cracked by a Jehu as skilful as the Postillon de Longjumeau the horse is duly incited to action, and no harm is done to anybody; but when a horde of untutored and undisciplined charioteers come lumbering, clattering, plunging, or crawling six abreast on the Boulevard Poissonnière, flourishing their whips and flinging out the thongs thereof in all directions, and you happen to be riding in a victoria in the midst of the ruck, the chances are about equal as to your own driver hitting some passing passenger over the bridge of the nose, or of a playful cabby, either to the right or the left of you, cutting out your eye as he lurches past.

To such perils you are scarcely exposed in the sober Rue Drouot. The traffic is never long congested; and, indeed, at some periods so trifling is the press of locomotion that the pedestrian can enjoy one of the most dearly-prized privileges of a Frenchman —that of walking on a hot afternoon in the centre of the roadway, and with his hat off. The practice dates from the time when side-walks were unknown in the small streets of Paris, and peaceable people walked at large (just keeping clear of the great black gutter) to avoid disputes about the wall. There may be those who regret the *ruisseau*. There were, forty years ago, bare-legged industrials who earned a livelihood by carrying ladies safely across the swollen kennel after a shower of rain. For a lady the fee was ten centimes, for a child or a pet poodle five: but the open kennel did not disappear without many sighs on the part of conservatism. Were there not those who wept for Nero, and for Old Smithfield?

The existing drainage of the City of Paris is, I am given to understand, a colossal monument of sanitary engineering, and in a scientific sense perfect. I know that MM. Victor Hugo and Maxime du Camp have written eloquently and exhaustively enough about the sewers; still I cannot help fancying that the practice of deodorisation continues to leave something to be desired. The odour of the back streets of Paris in warm weather is, even in the most fashionable districts, the reverse of agreeable. No charge, however, of this nature need be adduced against the Rue Drouot,



CROSSING A PARIS KENNEL, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

which is, comparatively speaking, a very ancient thoroughfare, and in which, when you are travelling in it, you find so many interesting sights to engage your attention that you are indifferent to the odours of the place. Unless I am grievously mistaken, the Kitai-gorod at Moscow is not a very sweet-smelling locality; certain quarters of Constantinople are redolent of a decidedly villanous perfume; the Calle de los Sierpes at Seville has a rather 'loud' aroma; and the back streets of Venice would

be all the better for a little diluted carbolic acid. But such trifles are scarcely worth noticing. M. Louis Veuillot found nothing but ambrosial gales in the reeking lanes of Papal Rome; and how should we stand as archæologists, antiquaries, art-critics, and 'curio'-collectors, if we were all so many Mr. Edwin Chadwicks, C.B.?

The curiosities of the Rue Drouot are, first the Hôtel Drouot itself; next the 'Installation,' or offices of the *Figaro* newspaper; and finally the *bric-à-brac* shops. Let us take the *Figaro*. Respecting the politics of this remarkable daily journal—certainly the most conspicuous specimen of the daily press published on the Continent, but, on the whole, about as unlike an English newspaper as a Parisian restaurant is unlike the Freemason's Tavern—I am not called upon to say anything. The *Figaro* may be, for aught I know, Legitimist, Clerical, Bonapartist, Orleanist, Conservative, or Ultra-Radical, Republican and Socialist; its politics may be, as Mr. Bob Sawyer confessed on that memorable wet evening at Birmingham, 'a kind of plaid;' or, as the Americans say, 'a little mixed;' or, finally, the *Figaro* may have no politics at all. It did not occur to me to ask the courteous Secrétaire de la Rédaction, who received me under the peristyle of the Hôtel du Figaro, what his convictions as to public affairs might be; nor did he make any inquiries as to my personal opinions on the Eastern Question. We met on common and remarkably pleasant ground, when an equally courteous gentleman to whom he introduced me conveyed to me an invitation to breakfast and the offer of a box at the Grand Opera. I had, however, a great deal to see at the *Figaro* before I could devote myself to pleasure. I have seen many curious newspaper-offices before now; but a more peculiarly characteristic 'installation' than that of the *Figaro* I have never beheld. All comparisons with establishments of the same kind in my own country I banish, of course, at once from my mind. The secrets of my own prison-house in Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, I would not dare to reveal—the 'Society' journals, it would seem, know more about them than I

do; but I have been permitted to peep behind the scenes of the *New York Herald*, of the *Levant Herald* in the Grande Rue de Pera, of the *Neue Freie Presse* at Vienna, of the *Epoca* at Madrid, and of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. Each and every one of these offices presented a distinct and typical *cachet*, yet all possessed certain features in common; but the *Figaro* is confessedly wholly and entirely *sui generis* as a newspaper-office. It is all very handsome, but it is remarkably business-like. The barber's razor is beautifully polished and sumptuously mounted; but the tonsor himself is as sharp as that celebrated manufacturer mentioned in *David Copperfield*—Mr. Brooks of Sheffield. Everything that can possibly please the eye and tickle the fancy of the *abonné* is liberally provided at the *bureaux* of this essentially 'smart' publication; but there is another Eye, invisible to some, but firmly fixed in the very centre of the *façade* of the building—an Eye beneath which might be inscribed our own highly-esteemed *Bell's Life* motto, 'Nunquam dormio'—an Eye which, with the constancy of the needle to the pole, is directed to the Main Chance. Long ago it was said of the Frenchman that 'né malin il inventa le vaudeville:' the proprietary body of the *Figaro* born wide awake has invented the art of holding an unprecedented number of thousands of *abonnés* with that glittering Eye.

I visited the offices of the *Figaro* in the first instance as a bold stranger. I had heard that its Salle des Dépêches was open to the public day and night; so, as one of the public, I proceeded to the Rue Drouot to participate in a wholly gratuitous entertainment. There are so very few places in Paris, apart from the public museums and picture-galleries, which can be seen for nothing; and with regard to the establishments above the portals of which 'entrée libre' is written, I might counsel you to bear in mind the wise maxim which bids us to beware of the Greeks, and of the gifts which they give. To be admitted ostensibly free, gratis, and for nothing to a Champs Elysées concert, to be generously allowed to listen to bad instrumental music and worse singing, and to be called upon to pay three francs fifty centimes for a

glass of sour beer, a cup of chicoried coffee, or some brandy which makes you sick, may be humorous from the proprietor's point of view, but is scarcely a comic transaction so far as you are concerned. I rejoice, however, to remark that 'la consommation' was not obligatory in the Salle des Dépêches in the Rue Drouot. No waiter importuned me to give my orders, nor did anybody ask me to buy anything; although there were a good many articles on the walls which I might have made an offer for, such as pictures and water-colour drawings sent here for sale. Telegraphic despatches from all parts of the world are here duly displayed; and you may learn the latest news from Bosnia and Herzegovina, from China and Peru, from Capel Court and from Crim Tartary. The fluctuations of native and foreign bonds and shares can be studied, and the latest state of the odds on horseraces ascertained; but the Salle des Dépêches—through which, it is calculated, some twenty-five thousand persons pass in the course of every twenty-four hours—serves other purposes than the foregoing. The room is a kind of bazaar for works of art, and a great advertising-hall, in which highly remunerative prices are obtained for wall-space.

To the Parisian, born a *flâneur* and a 'mooner,' this eleemosynary lounging-place must be a source of constantly-renewed delight. So much to stare at, and nothing to pay! Telegrams and despatches from Bosnia and Herzegovina, Capel Court and Crim Tartary, are mingled with glowing polychromatic advertisements of the renowned Chocolat Patapouff, the Racahout des Kabyles, the Petits Saucissons des Abrutis, the Eau de Vie des Cuistres, the Magazins du Mauvais Marché, the Maison de Blanc de la Grande Croquemitaine, Ninon de l'Enclos Tooth-Powder, Robert Macaire's Moral Cough-Lozenges, Joan of Arc's Aromatic Sticking-Plaster, and Curius Dentatus's Rhinoceros Horn False Teeth. If there be anything odd or out of the way floating about Paris it is picked up by the *Figaro*, and exhibited in the Salle des Dépêches. Recently there was shown a specimen of the wretched ration of forage allowed by the Compagnie Générale des Voitures to their overworked cattle. I should not be surprised to

see Peter the Great's will; or the sabre which was 'the happiest day' in the life of M. Joseph Prudhomme; or Robespierre's skull when he was a young man; or the skin of the young woman dissected by Thomas Diafoirus, all displayed in the Salle des Dépêches of the *Figaro*. The astute proprietary of that journal are no losers by their liberality. The Salle was formerly a wine-shop. The *Figaro* bought out the *marchand de vins* at a very heavy figure; but the revenue accruing from the advertisements is already beginning to yield a very large profit; the institution itself—feebly imitated by another journal or two—enhances the *prestige* and the popularity of the *Figaro;* and who shall say but that, in many instances, the apparently unprofitable *flâneur* comes from the Salle des Dépêches metamorphosed into that being so dear to the proprietorial heart, a full-fledged *abonné*—a yearly subscriber to the astute journal with the glittering Eye.

I had never, so far as I know, seen the *abonné* in the flesh, and under gregarious conditions; so having posted some letters—a post-office letter-box and a telegraph-office are among the facilities offered to the public in the Salle des Dépêches of the *Figaro*—I entered the offices of the journal itself, and asked to be allowed to have a peep at some *abonnés*, if there happened to be any on the premises. There were plenty. A kind of gentleman-usher of mature age, who looked so grave and reverend that he might have been Gil Blas' father—who, you will remember, became an *escudero* in his declining years, his wife adopting the vocation of a *dueña*—conducted me up a large and softly-carpeted staircase, and thence into a spacious antechamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry, Venetian mirrors, and trophies of antique weapons, and plentifully furnished with fauteuils and divans. The prevailing style of the decorations was Hispano-Moresque; and this indeed is the key-note of the scheme in architecture and embellishment of the *Figaro* offices, the façade of which, looking on the Rue Drouot, is adorned by a bronze statue of the immortal barber himself, looking as elegantly impudent and as amusingly knavish as he does in the finest French comedy and the finest Italian opera

BRONZE STATUE OF FIGARO.

that the declining years of the wicked worn-out eighteenth century can boast of. The sculptor of this bronze effigy of the tonsor of the Plaza San Tomas at Seville* gained the prize in an animated competition among some of the first plastic artists in France; and terra-cotta models of the Figaros which did not win the prize, albeit some of the figures are of rare merit, are displayed on brackets in the antechamber.

The polite gentleman who was my cicerone next led me to a gallery, or *loggia*, running round a quadrangular covered courtyard, answering precisely to the *patio* of a house at Seville: only in the centre, instead of a fountain, there was a monumental bust in marble of Beaumarchais, and round three of the sides there were handsomely carved oaken screens, pierced with pigeon-holes, through which money and papers were being continually passed. I could look down on three ranges of spruce clerks sitting behind the usual big ledgers, while on the other side of the screens there was a throng of all sorts and

* There is still a barber's shop on the Plaza San Tomas, which you are gravely assured by the Sevillaños is the identical shaving establishment erst patronised by Beaumarchais, and where the idea of writing his comedies first occurred to him. It is quite the 'thing' for a tourist to get shaved in this shop. A young gentleman strums softly on the guitar while the customer is being lathered and scraped; and you pay about four times more for the operation than you would do at an ordinary barber's. But 'the Priest lives by the Altar,' and you must need make your oblation when you are a pilgrim at a shrine.

conditions of people busily engaged in paying cash and receiving documents. 'Ah!' I thought, 'these are the advertisers. An estimable race. Blessed be the advertisers!' Not at all. I was quite in error. The Hispano-Moresque *patio* was the 'Bureau des Abonnements' of the *Figaro;* and the multitude on whom I was looking down were the *abonnés* 'in the flesh' whom I had been seeking for—the quarterly, half-yearly, or annual subscribers to the most popular journal in France. The majority of English journals publish the terms on which they can be subscribed for; and an Englishman resident, say, in Italy or the interior of France, usually subscribes for some London paper or another. Of course we have all heard in England of the 'Subscriber from the First'—and pretty airs he gives himself sometimes in his correspondence on the strength of his seniority in subscription. He is the twin-brother of the 'Constant Reader,' and I am even inclined to think that he is at least the cousin-german of 'Paterfamilias,' that he knows the real name of 'Vindex,' and that he most probably has a bowing acquaintance with the 'Oldest Inhabitant.'

BUST OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

But there is no mystery about the French *abonné*. He is a palpable entity, frequently wearing spectacles and carrying an umbrella. Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme, for example, must have been born an *abonné*. Journals of different shades of opinion present equally, of course, varied aspects of the *abonné*, from the clean-shaven, sleek-faced, sable-clad gentleman who subscribes to the *Univers*, to the stout *bourgeois* in the light overcoat who has

taken in the *Constitutionnel* ever since the days of Louis Philippe, and the elderly and austere personage, with the ribbon of the Legion and a tortoiseshell snuffbox, who pins his faith to the *Journal des Débats*, and thinks M. John Lemoinne the greatest publicist in France. Then there is the Republican advocate with the closely-trimmed black whiskers, who swears by the *République*

Française; the retired major of dragoons, with his fierce moustache and bushy beard; or the ex-Prefect, under the Second Empire, of the Department of the Haute Gruyère or the Brie

Inférieure—rather a shabby and trade-fallen ex-official just now—who would sooner give up his *demi-tasse* and *petit verre* after dinner than abandon his *abonnement* to the *Pays*. Of a subscriber to the *Marseillaise* I cannot form any very definite idea; but I vaguely imagine him to be a mild personage, with dove-coloured hair and whiskers, who wears mittens when it is cold and goloshes when it rains. It is usually your mild and meek people who are most pleased with the ferocious in journalism. I did happen to have an interview with both the chief editor and the manager of

this same formidable *Marseillaise* some nine years ago. It was at the trial before the High Court of Justice at Tours of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noir. The *rédacteur en chef* and the *gérant* of the *Marseillaise* had been summoned as witnesses for the prosecution; and as they both happened to be undergoing sentences of imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie for press offences, they had been brought from Paris in custody, and were conducted into court under escort of a couple of gendarmes apiece. The editor was Henri Rochefort, Vicomte de Luçay—a tall, pale, nervous gentleman in full evening dress, and not looking the least like a fire-eater. The name of the manager I forget; but a more affable and polite personage I never gazed upon. He was continually smiling and bowing all round; and his eyes quite beamed through his spectacles at the president, the jury, the procurator-general, the counsel for the defence, the journalists, the public, and especially the august prisoner. He, the affable manager, subsequently got shot when the troops from Versailles entered Paris after the Commune; and he died, I was told, heroically.

It is necessary to remark that, although the French newspaper subscriber may differ in particulars from his congener, he is identical with him in generals. He is an *abonné* first and a citizen afterwards. He has a fearful temper. There is no end to his complaints. He will not be trifled with: mind that. He knows his rights, and insists on having them. Let there not be the slightest mistake about *that*. He may be arrogant, exigent, and captious; but it is worth while, on the proprietor's part, to conciliate and to defer to him, since the *abonné* is the very backbone and mainstay of the circulation of a French newspaper. Sometimes, when he takes offence, he is implacable. Then he becomes a *désabonné;* and there is wailing for him as for a lamb that has strayed from the fold.

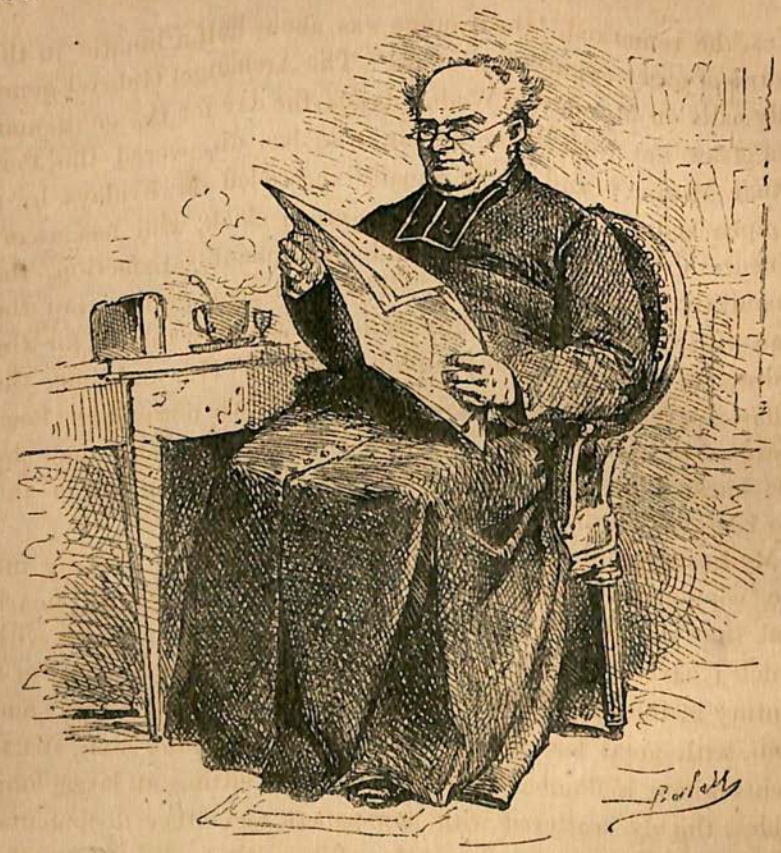
The *Figaro* contains on most days of the week a number of advertisements printed in very small type, and in the most abbreviated form that is practicable. Some of these are trade

announcements; others are of the nature of those classed as 'personal' in the *New York Herald*. Thus I read in the *Figaro* of Monday: 'Prince Authentique.—Epous. dem. ou veuve.' This means that a gentleman bearing the title of Prince, and as to the authenticity of whose rank there cannot be the slightest doubt, is willing to enter into a matrimonial alliance with a spinster or a widow-lady who would like to be a Princess. Sometimes to these curiously-candid offers is appended the reminder 'Sérieux,' which reminds me of an addendum I once read in the *Herald* from a lady who wished to marry 'an elderly and affluent widower, slightly afflicted with the gout.' 'Gentlemen who wish to make fun need not apply,' concluded the fair incognita. The advertisements to which I have referred in the *Figaro* are styled 'petites annonces,' and are received and paid for 'over the counter' in the Rue Drouot; but the great mass of trade notices come through the Compagnie Générale des Annonces, a body who are farmers-general of advertisements in all the great newspapers of Paris. The advertiser consequently rarely makes his presence felt at the *Figaro* offices: his place is supplied by the loud-voiced and determined-visaged *abonné*.

Ere I quit the antechamber leading to the *loggia* overlooking the covered courtyard, I must bestow a glance on the numbers of curious people waiting patiently in hopes (I presume) of seeing the editor or the manager of the journal. There is a Zouave. What on earth can he want? There is a widow in deep mourning, with three little children. There are a brace of jovial priests in black soutanes and shovel hats, who, as they lounge on one of the divans, whisper to each other so confidentially and exchange such hilarious chuckles that I fancy one priest must be relating to the other such a 'Bonne Histoire' as that suggested in the well-known picture. Or, it may be, these estimable ecclesiastics are conversing about the Orphelinat at Auteuil, in which M. Saint-Genest, the military *rédacteur* of the *Figaro*, has taken so laudable an interest, and in aid of the funds of which excellent institution the readers of the *Figaro* subscribed in the course of a few

days a sum of something like 300,000f. The fact is all the more worth mentioning, when it is remembered that the French, although bountiful in private almsgiving, have hitherto been slow in responding to appeals for public subscriptions. That wonderful system of ours of 'voluntary contributions' is virtually in its infancy among our neighbours, simply for the reason that they have hitherto been accustomed to look, in times of pressure, to the State, and to the State alone. The development which M. Saint-Genest has been the means of giving to private munificence among his countrymen will mark, it is to be hoped, a new point of departure in the history of charity in France. The results of this subscription to the *Figaro* have been a large increase in its circulation, and in its *prestige* among a class who formerly were not accustomed to hold a very light-mannered and loose-tongued newspaper in much esteem. Scarcely a day passes without some anecdote being published in the *Figaro*, which, were it printed in an English journal, would probably attract the earnest attention of Mr. Collette of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; yet I am given to understand that M. de Villemessant's vivacious print finds at present extensive favour among the provincial clergy.

I could very well understand why a chasseur in a plumed cocked hat, and holding a note in pink envelope in one of his buckskin-gloved hands, should have been cooling his heels in the antechamber. Madame la Marquise de Grande-Gomme had some request, no doubt, to make to the Rédaction. There was an old gentleman, again, in a black skull-cap, very comfortably bestowed in a corner, where he was sleeping the sleep of the just. Sleep on, harmless chucklehead; I have met you before, the whole world over. In theatres, in omnibuses, on board steamboats, at church, there is always the Man who Goes to Sleep. He is the lineal descendant of Eutychus. He is the living and snoring type of the obese Roman senator who indulged in forty winks while Messrs. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, & Co. were stabbing Cæsar to death at the base of Pompey's statue. While I glanced (not unsympathisingly) on the slumbering veteran—it is so nice to be



A CLERICAL ABONNÉ.

asleep and to forget the world and other worries !—a Turk came in—the regular modern Turk, the 'bottle of Bordeaux' Ottoman—his closely-buttoned black surtout representing the body of the bottle, and his fez the red-sealed cork thereof. His appearance there puzzled me but little. A miscellaneous gathering of humanity is scarcely complete without a Turk. There is always a Turk. There was one, Mr. Carlyle tells us, at the storming of the Bastille, and I should not be astonished to meet one at a Quakers' meeting.

I could not refrain from asking my courteous guide whether the Rédaction were troubled by any mad folks who came that way.

'Yes,' he remarked, 'the average was about half a lunatic in the course of every twenty-four hours.' The Archangel Gabriel generally calls on Mondays; Wednesday is the day for the gentleman in a straw hat with a blue ribbon, who has discovered the Perpetual Motion; and he is usually succeeded on Fridays by a humpbacked individual in an olive-green cloak, who has ascertained, to his own complete and triumphant satisfaction, the feasibility of aërial navigation. The great-great-grandson of the Man with the Iron Mask only calls occasionally to ask for the address of the son of the Dauphin, Louis XVII.; and since the collapse of the Comte de Chambord's candidature nothing has been heard of the lady who declares she is Joan of Arc, and that she was burned, but got over it by means of electro-galvanism and the Eau de Lourdes.

My hosts would not suffer me to go away without showing me the 'composing-rooms' of the *Figaro*, of which I need only remark that they closely resembled some other composing-rooms with which I have been acquainted in the course of the last quarter of a century in the neighbourhood of the Strand and Fleet Street; and then, with great fear and trembling, I peeped into some apartments where a number of gentlemen were sitting at large long tables, thickly scattered with newspapers and other documents. The gentlemen were busily employed in writing. They were the Cyclops forging the bolts of Jove. These were the *chambres ardentes de la Rédaction*. For aught I could tell, I had been gazing momentarily on the profound 'J. Mystère,' the inscrutable 'Ignotus,' the enigmatical 'Deux Aveugles,' the recondite 'Masque de Fer,' the ineffable 'Diplomate,' and the unapproachable 'Monsieur de l'Orchestre,' of this cunningly contrived and extremely clever paper.

I was requested, in departing, to look on a portrait of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; an excellent likeness, superbly framed, in the Hispano-Moresque *patio*. In the tapestry-hung chamber took place the famous nocturnal concert and banquet concerning which so many absurd stories have been told. The

Prince simply wished to see the steam-printing machinery of the *Figaro*, and that machinery was not to be seen in full action until long past midnight. Similarly, in our own metropolis, princes and potentates occasionally turn up, in the small hours of the night, at the great newspaper offices, to watch the 'Hoe' and the 'Walter' presses in 'full blast.' The Rédaction of the *Figaro*, like true Frenchmen as they are, thought that they would combine a little festivity with the technical processes which the Prince was to inspect; so they got up a compact concert, in which some of the first artistes of the Parisian theatres were only too glad to coöperate, although they had been hard at work until midnight. The musical entertainment was followed by a supper, and his Royal Highness went away thoroughly delighted with the graceful hospitality which had been offered him. A precisely similar festival was got up, and with parallel success, a few nights since in honour of the two Russian Grand Dukes now in Paris.

I went away from this very convivial newspaper-office most pleasantly impressed with all that I had seen; but when I had crossed to the other side of the Rue Drouot to take a final survey of the Hispano-Moresque *façade* and the bronze statue of Figaro, there flashed more wakefully than ever from above the figure of the Barber that Eye at the existence of which, as an integral part of the *Figaro* 'installation,' I have more than once hinted. The Eye had a surprising amount of Speculation in it; and ever and anon its lids seemed to be contracted to the narrowest dimensions, and to assume the semblance of a Wink. Its glances were articulate, and seemed to murmur confidentially, 'We are perfectly well aware of what we are about in this establishment, and in your next visit to our Salle des Dépêches you should ask to see our celebrated weasel. If he happens to be asleep, you may shave his eyebrows *avec plaisir*.'

PREPARATIONS FOR LUNCHEON AT AN EXHIBITION RESTAURANT.

XII.

LUNCHEON IN THE CHAMP DE MARS AND THE TROCADERO.

Sept. 5.

THE plan of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867 did not ill resemble that of a system of concentric oval dishes. The plan of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 is, so far as the Champ de Mars is concerned, simply an immense parallelogram, intersected at right angles by innumerable avenues between blocks of glass cases full of the most ingenious and the most highly-finished specimens imaginable of everything that can contribute to the convenience, the comfort, and the luxurious enjoyment of life. There is obviously no limit to the productive powers of humanity, if there be an adequate supply of raw material, of capital, and of mechanical or of manual labour; but there does, so it appears to me, occur from time to time a visible halt and surcease in human inventiveness. Such temporary stoppage of the inventive faculty seems to be the most prominent characteristic of the enormous Bazaar at the foot

of the Bridge of Jena. The 'roaring looms of Time' make as thunderous a clatter as ever; but it is the old, old tissue that is being woven. There is a maximum of gregariousness and a minimum of isolation among the exhibitors. You look in vain in these interminable corridors of shop-windows for such naïve specimens of individual ingenuity and labour as were delightfully manifest in our World's Fair in Hyde Park seven-and-twenty years ago—models of Tintern Abbey or Rochester Castle in cork; Pharaoh and all his Host Engulfed in the Red Sea, burnt with a red-hot poker on a deal board, by a clergyman in the vale of Taunton; Comical Creatures from Würtemberg; Gulliver and the Lilliputians, in wax; Susanna and the Elders, in Berlin wool, by a Lady Twenty-five Years Bedridden; or a Model in Ivory of the Old Téméraire, by Two Congenital Idiots. These were unpretending 'Exhibits' enough; but they spoke of the craft and patience of individual Man. In more recent Expositions, and notably in the gigantic Bazaar which I am at present painfully exploring, individual man, save in a very few instances, disappears, and is replaced by great Companies and great Firms solicitous of orders, and eager to sell their wares.

The principal impression conveyed to my mind by what I have hitherto seen is that there is too much of everything in the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, and that the illustration of every department of cosmopolitan industry has been distended to wearisome proportions. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that I have descried on some thousands of faces, not only French but foreign, among the visitors to the Exhibition, a listless, fagged and bewildered expression; and, so far as I am personally concerned, I know very well that I am not mistaken in the diagnosis of my own sensations after say a three hours' wandering to and fro among the glass cases, namely, that if a little lunch were not speedily administered to repair the exhausted human tissues there would be some danger of somebody going melancholy mad. My brothers and sisters, I entreat you to refrain from cant in this matter. Let us, for once in our lives, abstain from being humbugs. Yes;

we are very fond of picture-galleries and vestibules full of beautiful marble statues. The late M. Fortuny was a truly great painter. So was poor Henri Regnault. So are the still happily extant MM. Gérôme and Meissonier. Gustave Doré's Bacchanalian Vase deserves to be reëxamined and readmired again and again. The ceramics, the bronzes, the crystal chandeliers, the tapestry, the clocks and watches, are all monstrous fine. But three hours' contemplation of such objects, to say nothing of the flying glances which we have cast while hurrying through the cases full of boots and shoes, riding-habits, combs and brushes, and ladies and gentlemen's underclothing, are apt to induce a state of mind far exceeding dejection, and trenching indeed on downright exasperation. I will put the case plainly. Are you prepared, on a very warm day, to walk, with a lady on your arm, from the Oxford Circus, down Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, Cornhill, Fenchurch Street, Whitechapel High Street, and so on to Mile End and Bow, looking in at every shop-window on each side of the way as you go? If you are not equal to such a pilgrimage on foot, you should engage a *fauteuil roulant* or Bath-chair so soon as ever you have passed the Porte Rapp and find yourself within the precincts of the Paris Exhibition. In London you will find on your way, for luncheon purposes, such restaurants as the Burlington, the Café Royal, the St. James's, the Criterion, the Pall Mall, Verrey's, Simpson's, the Gaiety, the London, the Ludgate, Purcell's, Birch's, and, taking a slight *détour*, the Ship and Turtle. Let us see what M. Krantz, the Commissary-General of the Exhibition, has done to further the bodily refreshment of his sorely fatigued pilgrims.

In the Champ de Mars, at the left angle of the Palace, by the side of the statue of Charlemagne, there is the 'Buffet Français,' a very indifferent refreshment place, where cold viands are served at from one to two francs the plate, and a 'bock,' or glass of light and frothy beer, is charged thirty-five centimes, or nearly double the price that a glass of Allsopp or of Burton ale costs

with us. The 'bock' is certainly unintoxicating, but it is inordinately dear. At the opposite angle is an Anglo-American bar, where the beer is even dearer. For fifty centimes a hunk of bread,

AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BAR.

with a very little morsel of meat lying perdue in it, can here be procured; but a slice of tough, badly-cured, and worse-cooked ham costs one franc fifty. At the Hungarian 'Csarda,' in the 'Allée du Parc,' on the right lateral of the Palace, if you come early enough, you may get some 'National Hungarian dishes' in the shape of 'Zutyas,' Pôrkôll, and smoked beef—all very dear and very bad. Here *vin doré*, or wine with bits of gold leaf floating about in it, and sold at the rate of a franc the half bottle, and Tokay—the inevitable Tokay, of course, from the cellars of the late Prince Esterhazy—is charged two francs a glass. In the evening the Magyar Pavilion offers the attraction of an orchestral performance, from some minstrels who call themselves 'Tsiganes,' but who look far less like Hungarian gipsies than disguised members of one of our old familiar 'green-baize bands' from

Margate or Brighton. At the neighbouring Russian Pavilion they sell Muscovite cigarettes, 'Koumys,' and a horrible beverage called 'Kluttwa,' which pretends to be lemonade, but more nearly

resembles Friedrichshalle water flavoured with carbolic acid. Higher up is the 'Pavillon Hollandais,' where a number of dumpy young women with faces like kidney-potatoes, and who are dressed in 'Frisian costume,' including a liberal display of bright-coloured stockings, dispense the 'schubac,' the curaçao, and the bitters, and other Batavian liqueurs of Mynheer Lucas Bols of Amsterdam. This is merely a place for dram-drinking, but there is another

Dutch buffet at which the appetite can be appeased in the angle of the Palace near to the Porte Dupleix.

Opposite the École Militaire is the Restaurant Gangloff, which prides itself on selling only Alsatian beer. The bill of fare and the prices of the dishes are about the same as those of the Bouillon Duval; and ordinary wine, just drinkable, can be had for one franc fifty a bottle. Then comes the monster establishment of the Bouillon Duval itself—always crowded, always stifling hot, always steaming with miscellaneous odours, and where the closely-packed guests lunch and dine amphitheatrically to an infernal *tintamarre* of knives and forks, plates and dishes. The attendants are cleanly-looking females of all ages, in white caps, bibs, and aprons, and blue serge dresses, putting you in mind of Sisters of Charity who have cut off the *volants* of their snowy headdresses. You may get a plate of meat at from twenty-five to seventy-five centimes, one of vegetables at from twenty to forty; wine—such 'petit bleu'!—is merely one franc ten centimes the bottle, while beer is thirty centimes the 'bock.' Everything is very cheap, but not necessarily nasty, and on the whole it is somewhat rough. The company is mixed, and occasionally villanous; and although I should advise all young gentlemen anxious to 'see life' to explore the interior of the Bouillon Duval, I should certainly not counsel them to take ladies with them. Near the Porte de Tourville is another buffet, a so-called 'International' one, but really French, where the 'bock' attains the abnormal rate of forty-five centimes. Opposite this establishment is the 'Restaurant Universel,' charging a fixed price—breakfast four francs, dinner six francs. The repast is mediocre, but, when compared with the refection furnished at other restaurants, not altogether to be disdained.

A more aristocratic restaurant, with 'service à la carte,' dishes at from two to four francs each, ordinary wine at two francs fifty a bottle, and Allsopp at fifty centimes the 'bock'—Allsopp is the prevailing beer at all the better-class establishments—will be found, under the name of 'Catelain,' in the park, close to the Bridge of Jena; and to the left of this is the Belgian restaurant, rather an indifferent

establishment on the whole. Castel's restaurant *à la carte* is near the Porte de Grenelle, facing the railway station; and in an entirely opposite direction, on the Quai d'Orsay, and in the heart of the French Agricultural Section, is Fanta's Café, where you can lunch or dine, at the regulation fixed price, to the entertaining strains of the Rakocsy march from another band of gypsy musicians. In the Trocadéro section of the park, Catelain has a second restaurant, at which boulevard prices are charged; and facing the grand cascade is a somewhat pretentious Spanish restaurant, which announces its readiness to dispense such Iberian beverages as 'Pigna,' 'Monticarlo,' 'Fresa,' 'Cidrado,' and 'Ponche à la Romana.' I do not remember to have quaffed such liquors in the Peninsula. Here, too, you may obtain *cocido à la Española* 'Huevos fritos con jamon'—*anglicè*, ham and eggs; 'Bacalao à la Vizcaina;' 'Chuletas à la Parillas;' 'Ensalada de pimientas;' 'Salpicon de Vich'—Don Quixote's favourite supper; 'Aceitunas Sevillanas'—which are simply pickled olives; and 'Arroz à la Valenciana'—which is rice with grease, and is sold for three francs a plate full. Spain is already remarkable for the very worst cookery to be found in all Europe. She possesses only three tolerable dishes—'gallo con arroz,' which is virtually the Moorish fowl and *pilaf*, the 'puchero,' and the 'olla;'

IN THE SPANISH RESTAURANT (BY LAFOSSE).
'What dish have you got there?'
'I really can't say—castanets with tomato sauce, I fancy.'

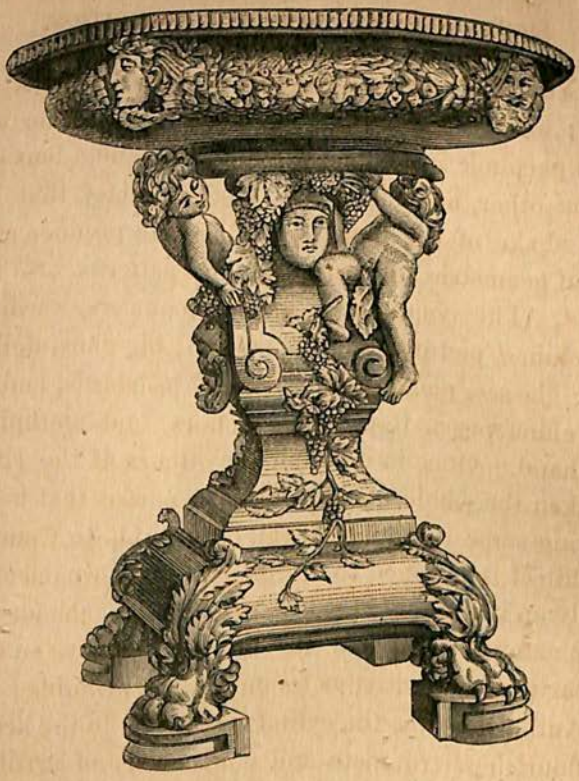
but these really national *plats* are not to be found at the Restaurant Espagnol. Finally, there is a pseudo-Tunisian café in the Trocadéro, at which, until lately, a poor little girl in a fez cap and baggy trousers sang songs and danced sarabands at night for the

amusement of the guests, until M. Krantz suppressed her performances as inimical to morality, and banished the disconsolate Bayadère to her native Belleville.

Underneath the Spanish restaurant, and facing the grand cascade of the Trocadéro, is the handsome installation of the 'Bodega,' where, ever since last May, the 'dégustation'—the classical French equivalent for the Yankee 'liquoring up'—of the finest French and Spanish vintages has been going on almost incessantly. It is a favourable feature with regard to the Bodega that it dispenses its wines at prices which contrast advantageously with the prices charged at all the Exhibition restaurants. The great success achieved by the parent Bodega establishment at Manchester has led, from time to time, to the formation of branches in London, Liverpool, Brighton, Glasgow, Birmingham,

and Portsmouth, and has induced Messrs. Lavery & Co. to open a Paris branch on a grand scale under the arcades at the corner of the Rue Castiglione and the Rue de Rivoli, which has been doing a famous business throughout the summer.

On the whole, a lady and gentleman may lunch with tolerable comfort within the precincts of the Exhibition for about six francs a head. When I have dined there I will recount my further experiences; but I shrink somehow from the ordeal. Perhaps after another week I may make the momentous plunge. But, alas, what a deplorable difference there is between the Republican commissariat of M. Krantz in '78 and the Imperialist commissariat of M. Le Play in '67! Ah, days when we used to christen the exterior zone of the old Exhibition 'Grub-street'! Ah, ah, days of Spiers & Pond, and Bertram & Roberts, ye will return no more! Paris is regenerated; and one of the greatest difficulties to be encountered in Paris just now, both in and out of the Exhibition, is to get a decent dinner.



MAJOLICA JARDINIÈRE IN THE MINTON COURT.

XIII.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE EXHIBITION.

Sept. 13.

After all, there is thus much to admire, to wonder at, and to philosophise over in a Universal Exhibition, in the fact that each of these shows is, after its kind, unique; and that the thing in its complete entirety can never be seen again. Its component parts may be, and, in all probability, will be, brought together again, since one half the world is never tired of shopkeeping, the other half of shopping, or, at least, of staring into shop-windows and thinking what it would buy if it only had the money. And, in truth, a modern Exposition is abstractedly only a manner of kalei-

doscope. You have seen all the bits of coloured glass over and over again; but you know that, by means of a cylinder with a tin disc with a peephole in its centre at one end, and a lens of ground glass at the other, and an oblong piece of glass that has been smoked, a shake of the hand is sufficient to produce an infinite repetition of geometric and polychromatic patterns. So is it with Exhibitions. The components—steam-hammers, carding-mills, sewing-machines, pictures, marble statues, big guns, dolls, colossal looking-glasses, pickle-bottles, carved bedsteads, embroidered petticoats, china vases, iron safes, anchors, and toothpicks—are always at hand. Once in a decade, or oftener if the Exhibition craze be taken the whole world round, the powers that be issue an edict ordering some Imperial, Royal, or Republican Commission; and an architect is retained to design some new ornamental cylinder—usually an extremely hideous one—for the kaleidoscopic display. The manufacturers and the shopkeepers have an enhanced supply of particoloured vitreous fragments forthcoming; and on a given day Authority gives the cylinder a shake, to the accompaniment of a flourish of trumpets and a discharge of artillery, and millions press to the peephole, and, surveying the new geometrical pattern, ejaculate O—O—O—Oh! just as they do at a public garden when the final pyrotechnic bouquet begins to unfold its glories. But there will be more Exhibitions and more fireworks in days to come.

It is inexpedient, perhaps, to be enthusiastic about anything; but in no direction is enthusiasm of the gushing kind so much to be deprecated as in the case of International Exhibitions as 'Congresses of Industry' and 'Festivals of Peace.' The World's Fair in Hyde Park in 1851 was immediately followed by a Revolution in France; the Paris Exhibition of 1855 was held in the very midst of a devastating war between three of the Great European Powers; two years and a half after the Exposition Universelle of 1867—disturbed as it was in its actual course by the Mexican catastrophe and the Luxembourg squabble—came Wörth and Sedan; and, as for 1878, all that we can say as yet is that we

should be very thankful that Western Europe has escaped the horrors of war by which the East has been devastated, and that we have not the slightest idea of what is to come next. Since the commencement of the era of Peace, twenty-seven years ago, the world has witnessed—International Exhibitions notwithstanding—no less than ten horrible wars in Turkey, the Crimea, India, China, Italy, America, Germany, and France, to say nothing of internecine wars in Spain and Mexico, and hostilities with savage tribes all over the earth. So pay your franc at a *débit de tabac;* surrender your ticket at the Porte Rapp; take your fill of the sights and scenes of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars; but forbear to yield to the pleasing hallucination that International Exhibitions have anything to do with politics. If people want to go to war they will set to cutting one another's throats at apparently the most inappropriate seasons—at dinner time, or during the Long Vacation, during church-time, or on Sunday, or on the Derby-day. Cain, when his blood is up, will not stay his hand because Abel is just finishing a beautiful model of Mesopotamia in carved cork.

In that section of the Exposition Universelle where British pottery makes so opulent and interesting a display, wheresoever one turns there is reason for congratulation. We may not be, it is true, originating anything of so marked a nature as the famous last-century jasper ware of Josiah Wedgwood, for which Flaxman furnished the designs. It is not, perhaps, often in many centuries that such a step in ceramic art is accomplished as that which made the fame of Flaxman and the fortune of the Wedgwoods. Still, it must be remembered that the potter's art in the first four decades of this century exhibited much more of the symptoms of decline than of advance; that the Worcester manufactory in particular faded into almost nothingness, and that, but for the continued excellence of the Spode ware—the basis of the existing ware of the Copelands, and the white statuary figures of the same house—not only France, but Bavaria, Austria, and Italy, which have never lost the way of making majolica, surpassed us as art-

potters. The first step towards the recovery of our old position as potters was undoubtedly the production by Minton of encaustic tiles; but this resuscitation of a very ancient art was, without doubt, indirectly due to the influence of the late Sir Charles Barry and of the elder Pugin. Coloured *tesseræ* arranged in a classically geometrical pattern were used by the first-named architect more than forty years ago for the pavement of the *atrium* of that Reform Club which is now in the course of decorative restoration by his son, Mr. Edward Barry, R.A. Then came the building of the new Houses of Parliament, and the erection, all over the country, of a vast number of churches and more or less ecclesiastical structures of mediæval design. These necessitated the employment, on the most extensive scale, of painted tiles—'Dutch' tiles, as from old associations it was customary contemptuously to call them, and which had long been relegated to the meanest uses. Enamelled tiles opened the door for encaustic, and in these the Mintons attained a deserved preëminence as designers and executants. Tiles, both enamelled and encaustic, are so beautiful to look upon, so durable, and so cleanly, that it is not to be wondered at that their use should have been adapted to almost every scheme of domestic decoration. They will harmonise with any style; they are susceptible of the most varied embellishment by means of relievo; they form the leading feature in decorative chimney-pieces, and can be combined as dados with mural painting of the highest order. Painted tiles too can be used for the adornment of ceilings with curved surfaces—witness the remarkable *plafond* of the Bibliothèque Nationale in the Rue Richelieu, executed about a dozen years since by Messrs. Copeland; and an immense development may be expected in this department of the potter's industry when English house-builders have the common sense to substitute, as the people of Lisbon do, ornamental tile-work for the present dingy brick-fronts of their dwellings. From how many visitations of dust and soot—to say nothing of eye-weariness and mind-weariness—should not we be relieved by the introduction of so beneficent an innovation, which could not fail to make the out-

sides of our habitations bright and tasteful, and which every shower of rain would effectually cleanse!

Here, then, to my thinking, do we stand, substantially, in the matter of pottery. Nothing of any great importance has been actually invented by us during the last hundred years, with the exception of Wedgwood's jasper, and the late Alderman Copeland's white statuary; but we have revived many ancient and well-nigh extinct wares, and we have borrowed from our neighbours numerous beautiful processes, and adapted them so skilfully as to make them virtually our own. The incised and *appliqué* ware of the Messrs. Doulton rivals the best old *grès Flamand;* we have completely mastered the most exquisite form of cameo working in china, in the *pâte-sur-pâte* process; we are successfully imitating the very finest majolica and Della Robbia, and we could as successfully imitate Palissy ware, but for the ingrained prejudice which exists among the English public against plates and dishes decorated in high relief with the effigies of toads and lizards, whelks, rock limpets, and snails. When we do get hold of a piece of real Palissy we hang it on a wall, as high up as we can, in order that our fastidious eyes may not be offended by the sight of a number of creeping and slimy creatures wriggling over the surface of things from which people are supposed to have eaten and drunk. For the rest, so spirited have been our manufacturers and so skilful our chemists that we possess every kind of paste known in pottery, from 'egg-shell' to stone ware, and in the way of colour we have acquired nearly all the tints in the world-famed 'Palette de Sèvres.' We lack only one or two *nuances* of the tint known as 'Celadon.' The great State porcelain manufactory of France has two or three blues which are not in our palette, but we do not want them. Their own 'bleu du Roi' is not perfect; and we have British blues which they cannot surpass.

In monumental porcelain, Sèvres, it should be as frankly as cheerfully admitted, beats us hollow. We could produce, it may be, vases fifteen feet high, decorated with elaborately painted pictures of the Apotheosis of Psyche or the Battle of Arbela; but

SÈVRES PORCELAIN VASE.

who would purchase those elaborate works of art when they were completed? The *fabrique de Sèvres* is supported by the French

Government, and is one of the national glories of France. The prodigious pieces produced at Sèvres are designed for the embellishment of the national Palaces, or to serve as presents to foreign Sovereigns. Our potteries are private undertakings, of which the proprietors are bound to satisfy the inclinations of individual customers. The manufacturers have been doing their best these five-and-twenty years past to elevate the taste of their customers by providing them with better models and patterns; still, they cannot be expected to sacrifice themselves unreservedly, on the altar of public spirit, by fabricating *grosses pièces* which the general public would decline to purchase. When an English gentleman furnishes his house, and thinks that a pair or so of very large vases would look well in his drawing-room, his mind's eye instinctively turns towards China or Japan. Setting aside Satsuma or 'Grand Mandarin,' a big Oriental vase of tolerable handsomeness will not cost him a tithe of what he would have to pay for a trophy of similar dimensions from Sèvres. If English potters threw themselves into the rash speculation of producing huge vases elaborately embellished with paintings the expense would be absolutely ruinous. We have as yet no national school of china-painting, and if a first-rate English artist in oil or water colours—say, Mr. Poynter or Sir John Gilbert—could be persuaded to master the mysteries of painting pictures which have to be 'fired,' he would probably expect a thousand guineas for the Apotheosis of Psyche or the Battle of Arbela. Now at Sèvres the outlay on the artistic *main-d'œuvre* is by no means the costliest part of the process of producing a vase of gigantic size. There are very few porcelain painters, including even those of *la première force* at Tours, who receive more than ten guineas a week; and Psyche's Apotheosis or Alexander's victory would not occupy a skilful French practitioner more than a month or six weeks. The English customer, meanwhile having satisfied his ambition by the purchase of some very big Oriental vases, does not, as a rule, wish to buy anything larger from the English potter than a trio of Minton's macaws, to hang in his windows, or some *jardinières* for flowers, or the celebrated bull-

dog, or the admired Dutch pug, or, at the most, the graceful life-size faun in coloured earthenware. His taste after that sets unmistakably in the direction of small pottery—'pilgrim-bottles,' bowls, standishes, and similar *bibelots*, and especially of teacups and saucers. The display of these last-named wares in the English Pottery Department is literally amazing, both in abundance and variety. This multitudinous 'tea-tackle,' as old Cobbett used irreverently to term the appurtenances of that table which, next to the Hymeneal altar, is the most fondly cherished of all articles of furniture in the female British heart, points unmistakably to that which is really our forte in these periodical displays of skill and industry.

Although I have several times alluded to the Minton ceramic display in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, the mention I have made of it has only been vaguely incidental. So much praise, however, has been bestowed, not merely by native, but by continental judges, on the ware of the world-famous firm of Stoke-upon-Trent, that a slightly more detailed notice of some of the principal features of this magnificent assemblage of art-pottery may be acceptable. The court devoted to it was designed by the distinguished architect, Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A. Between two of the porches of entrance stands a large majolica *jardinière*, and within another entrance a smaller *jardinière* of Henri Deux ware. One side of the interior of the court is devoted to a rich display of Minton's tiles for wall and hearth decoration. The most conspicuous exhibits in the interior are undeniably the superbly beautiful specimens of the curious and delicate ceramic process known as *pâte sur pâte*, executed by the gifted French artist M. Solon-Milès, who was formerly engaged at the State porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, but is now permanently domiciled on English soil. The specialty of M. Solon-Milès' work consists in the decoration being painted, or rather modelled, in relief, with clay in a liquid state, on the object to be embellished, which is also in the unbaked stage. Thus the name given to the process is technically correct. It is really 'paste upon paste.' The very greatest care is necessary

in manipulation; and, the colours being opaque, the hand of a true artist is needed to fix the various gradations of light and shade. Among the principal examples of *pâte sur pâte* are an

ETRUSCAN VASE, CUPID THE ORATOR.

Etruscan vase, modelled from the original in the Museum at Naples—the subject, 'Cupid the Orator'—on an olive-green ground, understood to be the grandest work which M. Solon-Milès has yet produced; two vases with bas reliefs of *amorini* on a *celadon* ground, the style Louis Quatorze; some vases in the form of pilgrim's bottles, the groups on which represent Cupid being instructed by a nymph, and Venus in the guise of a *chiffonière* picking up young loves with her *crochet*; also a couple of arabesque

vases decorated with graceful bas-reliefs, and exhibiting a clever combination of various coloured clays, and a bas-relief ornamented pink vase of a hue which the Sèvres manufactory has not yet sought to introduce. There are, moreover, a pair of vases, of large dimensions, with cupids clustered around their stems, and encircled above by a ring of cupidons in *pâte sur pâte* engaged in demolishing chains of iron, and replacing them by chains of roses, also several delicate dessert plates, and a charming *presse-papier*, with a young maiden consigning her *billets doux* to the winds, and having this sage inscription on its reverse:

VASE WITH RING OF CUPIDS.

'Crains les curieux,
Ne jette rien.
Garder est bien;
Brûler est mieux.'

Passing to other exhibits in porcelain, much and admiring interest has been taken in the 'Prometheus Vases' in turquoise; the handsome vases with cupids by Boullemier, after Angelica Kauffmann;* the dessert plates of *bleu du roi*,

PRESSE-PAPIER IN PÂTE SUR PÂTE.

* This charming pair of vases has since been purchased by her Majesty, and other notable specimens from the Minton exhibit have been sold by

FLOWER AND INCENSE VASE IN HENRI DEUX WARE.

painted with subjects from Molière's plays; a *Rose Dubarri* vase, and plates of *gros bleu*, in the old Sèvres style, painted with subjects after Boucher. There are, moreover, perforated trays, with paintings after Teniers, some exquisitely enamelled vases in the Japanese *cloisonné* manner, and several fine reproductions in under-glaze majolica of celebrated portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The skilful reproductions of the Piron or Henri Deux ware are well worthy of notice, as are also the *faiences* in the Indian and Persian style, and a colossal vase, upheld by cupids, graduating apparently for athletes, in turquoise and gold Persian ware, of rare refinement and finish.

Messrs. Thomas Goode & Sons to the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, Prince Demidoff, the Duke of Aosta, the Duke of Westminster, Baron Rothschild, Lord Northbrook, and other distinguished collectors. The objects of every-day utility comprised in the Minton display, but exhibited apart in a supplementary case, were of the same excellence as the purely ornamental productions. Conspicuous among them was the Edinburgh dessert-service in turquoise and gold, with paintings of cupids and emblematical devices by Boullemier; one of the most beautiful and highly finished services of modern times, designed by Mr. Goode, principally from the famous old Sèvres *gros bleu* service at Windsor Castle. Also porcelain tea and dessert services, with raised gold and silver fruits and leaves in the old Vienna style, similar to the service selected by the Cesarewitch during Mr. Goode's recent visit to St. Petersburg; and a remarkably cheap dinner-service termed the 'Gustave Doré,' in which chickens principally are represented in a rich blue colour.

COLOSSAL VASE IN TURQUOISE AND GOLD PERSIAN WARE.

One of the brightest gems in the Minton display, however, is the grand vase, upwards of five feet high, painted by Mr. Mussil, with orchids and tropical plants, exhibiting great breadth of handling

PAIR OF PILGRIM-BOTTLE-SHAPED VASES.

and a fine eye for colour, and presenting a rich luminous effect. Other vases of even larger dimensions, with subjects by the same artist on an Indian red ground, equally claim our admiration.

Before closing this necessarily imperfect notice I must be allowed a few last words—were there not published the 'more last words' of Mr. Baxter?—touching a process in ceramics in the Minton exhibit which appears to me as novel as it is interesting. I mean the process of etching upon china, which has been most successfully carried out by Mr. William Goode, a member of the firm in South Audley Street, to whom the whole sumptuous exhibit of Minton in the Champ de Mars belongs. Mr. Goode, whose cultivated taste in all that pertains to ceramics is well known, is likewise an accomplished artist, and after having executed a number of exquisitely elaborate pen drawings after Jean Baptiste Le Prince, the favourite pupil of Boucher, he bethought himself that these pen drawings on porcelain looked so remarkably like etchings, that he might as well try whether china might not be substantially as well as imitatively etched. So he took an earthenware *plaque*, covered it with a coating of black varnish, just

as a copper plate is coated with etching ground, and with a sharp steel point drew his design through the varnish, laying bare in the parts touched the surface of the *plaque*. Then he poured fluoric acid over the plate, just as though he were etching on a sheet of glass. The acid ate into the parts left bare; and when a sufficient depth of 'bite' had been obtained, the varnish was washed off, a little pigment or gold was rubbed in with the hand, and the *plaque* was sent to the kiln to be re-fired. Understand that the etching is executed over the glaze, a circumstance which considerably increases the difficulty of the process; but the etching once made is, with the gold or colouring matter rubbed into its lines, imperishable. One of the most delicately artistic of Mr. William Goode's etchings on china is a cattle subject after Karl du Jardin.

Messrs. Copeland & Sons of Stoke-upon-Trent, and New Bond Street, London, exhibit a small, but choice and compact, ceramic collection. I should be blind, indeed, were I insensible to the merit of this charming gathering of porcelain, comprising as it does a series of beautiful *plaques* in blue monochrome of well-known gems of English landscape scenery; a number of vases of Japanese character, most elegant in form, and enriched by dragon handles solidly gilt; four tasteful paintings of the Seasons, on an earthenware ground; a delicious *plaque* of a Spanish boy, after Murillo; and a number of graceful and refined statuettes, including the famous 'Sleep of Sorrow and Dream of Joy,' in the snowy-white ware for the production of which Messrs. Copeland have been so long and so deservedly celebrated. These, with a number of delicate *tazze*, *jardinières*, and vases, and a charming *déjeuner* set in 'jewelled' porcelain—the ground being enriched by minute gems representing rubies, pearls, emeralds, and turquoises, set in subtly-fanciful patterns—make up a cabinet of ceramic specimens unpretendingly but most adequately chronicling the development of the art-potter's skill during more than a century in England. In the variety, delicacy, and quaintness of teapots, cups and saucers, milk-jugs and sugar-basins, Messrs. Copeland offer to the reflective mind a whole history in miniature of tea-drinking in

England. We pass from Queen Anne, 'who sometimes counsel took, and sometimes tea'—pronounce 'tay'—and Lady Masham, to Hervey the Handsome, and the beautiful Molly Lepell. Mrs. Delany might have filled that cup for Swift. Dr. Johnson might —Johnson-like—have quaffed his souchong from that saucer, part of the most dearly-prized tea-sets possessed by Mrs. Thrale, at Streatham. Surely that teapot must have belonged to Hannah More. No; it was Madame d'Arblay's, a birthday gift from her genial papa, the Harmonious Doctor, in the happy days when she was Fanny Burney, ere she accepted the dignified office of lacing the grim Queen Charlotte's stays and being bullied by Madam Schwellenburg. I am sure that milk-jug was a special pet with Lady Blessington. Or perhaps that sugar-basin found favour in the eyes of the divine Sarah, Countess of Jersey. Ah me, perhaps! The original models of those quaint tea and coffee services have been perchance long since shattered and ground into dust, even as the wise and good and beautiful to whom they once belonged. The poor potsherds are hidden under some obscure Monte Testaccio, not to be disentombed, not to be re-integrated, on this side the Gulf; but the magic wand, the swift wheel, the cunning hand, the deft pencil, the quickening furnace of the potter, make all these quaint and pretty forms live again.

Past and Present are also nobly illustrated in the wares of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons of Etruria, Staffordshire. The *clarum et venerabile nomen* of the founder of the great house has lost nothing of its strength; but the firm wisely moves with the times, and every grade of taste in art-pottery can be gratified by an inspection of the Wedgwood ware. There are great vases and *pièces montées* of glowing hues, *plateaux* superbly painted with fruit and flowers and figure subjects; there are sumptuous panels in relief, illustrating the Seven Ages and the Canterbury Pilgrimage; there is, at least, one *plaque* painted by the lamented and inimitable Lessore; but the chief charm of the Wedgwood collection still lies in the wondrously graceful and purely classical *bassi-rélievi* on blue, chocolate, and white grounds, on which the

influence of the graphic puissance and unerring taste of John Flaxman are still triumphantly manifest.

The Worcester Porcelain Works continue in the progressive path on which they entered some years ago, under the able guidance of their accomplished director Mr. R. W. Binns. Great taste is especially apparent in the numerous adaptations from the Japanese noticeable in their collection, the moderately quaint and the beautiful being often combined with rare judgment and success, and the distinctive warm ivory tone imparting to many of their productions a refined and charming effect. The enamels which the house display are of the highest order; and their table services in the old Worcester style prove that while the manufacture has in nowise deteriorated, the forms adopted have become far more artistic and graceful.

Another firm of British potters, whose manufacture shows a very decided advance and calls for praise, both for artistic beauty of design and excellence of workmanship, are Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore, & Co., of Cauldon Place, Staffordshire. They are producers at first hand of some remarkably well-executed vases and *plaques*, displaying rare beauty of form and brilliance of colour, and of a variety of quaintly-designed flower-holders, in which birds and animals are felicitously introduced, as well as of dinner, dessert, and toilet services, graceful in form and exhibiting much refinement in their ornamentation.

'THE FAT ELDERLY FRENCHMAN HAS A WICKED EYE.'

XIV.

THE NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Sept. 7.

Not more persistently did the distracted Demeter seek for her daughter, borne off to a grisly Gretna Green in Pluto's mail-phaeton with the coal-black steeds; not more patiently did the meek Monsieur Jacques await the return of his Sicilian bride—ever murmuring to himself, in poverty and starvation, 'She vill come, she vill come'—than have I, these five weeks past, in Paris, awaited the advent of the Nice Old Gentleman. I am very fond of him, whether as a tall, stately, somewhat solemn patriarch,

with a black-silk skull-cap to veil his baldness, and a statuesque countenance reminding you of Chateaubriand; or as a sprightly, thousand-wrinkled, but always vivacious little ancient, in a frock-coat tightly buttoned over his chest, and altogether, physically, not at all unlike the late Monsieur Thiers. I have a feeling for the Nice Old Gentleman beyond that of mere liking. I respect him. Of his political opinions I am happily ignorant. He may be, for aught I can tell, an ardent Royalist, who in his youth was one of the *Gardes du Corps* of Charles X.; who yet reveres the

memory of Polignac and Peyronnet; who never misses that annual expiatory mass in the Church of the Rue St. Honoré for the repose of the souls of the Royal Martyrs of '93; who has but one flag—the white banner with the golden lilies—and whose heart is at Frohsdorf with Henri Cinq. Perhaps he is a Bonapartist—not necessarily a military one—in his boyhood one of Queen Hortense's pages, perchance, who has not ceased to cherish, and through

good and evil report to declare, his belief in the Napoleonic legend; who gives a rare price to a florist for a violet to be worn in his buttonhole on the 5th of May, and in default of a real one would wear an artificial violet on the 15th of August; who carries a little medallion of the Prince Imperial at his watch-chain; and who, when he hears dead Cæsar despitefully spoken of, murmurs between his teeth, 'Myrmidons! When the Emperor had crosses and prefectures to give away *vous avez léché ses bottes!*' Or perhaps he is one of the *grands bourgeois* of the days of Orleanist ascendancy —one who has known Jacques Laffitte, Casimir, Périer, Armand Bertin; upright, austere, conscientious—the stuff of which French free-traders, political economists, constitutional lawyers, are made in France. And who shall say that the Nice Old Gentleman may not be a sincere Republican of the old school—not a Gavroche Republican, not a self-seeking one, alternately a Terrorist and a Trimmer as the wind of interest veers round—not a Destructive Idéologue who has done everything for the Communards save fight for and go to New Caledonia for them—but a steady single-minded Democrat after the manner of Foy and Manuel—after the manner of Jacques Arago and Odilon Barrot, of Armand Carrel and Dupont de l'Eure. Or he may have nothing to do with politics at all, like a certain Nice Old Gentleman whom I knew in my youth, and who had lived in Paris through all the sanguinary frenzy of the Convention and the Reign of Terror. I used to implore him to tell me stories about Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois—about the Jacobins and the Furies of the Guillotine; but he would make answer, '*Mon enfant*, I troubled myself very little about such matters. *Pendant ce temps là je m'occupais de la conchologie.*' Human heads were falling all around him; blood was flowing like water; but that Nice Old Gentleman in the midst of these horrors ceased not from the placid study of molluscs and crustacea.

I repeat that I sought for and waited for him right through the month of August and a part of September. He will come, I thought, hoping almost against hope. I was certain that I should

'A STEADY SINGLE-MINDED DEMOCRAT.'

recognise him directly he crossed my path. There are not many physical types of him, and they are all indelibly photographed in my mind. He is never a stout old gentleman. The fat elderly Frenchman has a Wicked Eye, and when he passes the portals of Brébant's or the Maison Dorée, the waiter, lounging outside, smiles knowingly, and with a wink whispers behind his hand to the buxom young *écaillère*, sempiternally opening her Ostendes and her Marennes. The *ouvreuses* at the Gaîté and the Bouffes are aware of

the Stout Old Gentleman, and would not be surprised to hear that he was naughty. I saw him myself the other night, in the ballet-girls' greenroom at the Opera, leering at the 'pornographic' paintings—as M. Taine calls them—with which that apartment is embellished, and whispering *lazzi* of, I am afraid, anything but an edifying nature to the ruddled and plastered divinities of the dance. *My* Nice Old Gentleman would not be seen at such a place. While the painted bayadères of the ballet are capering, he would be reading the *Union* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the Cabinet de

Lecture to which he is *abonné*. He rarely goes to the play unless, indeed, it be to the pit of the Théâtre Français on a Molière night.

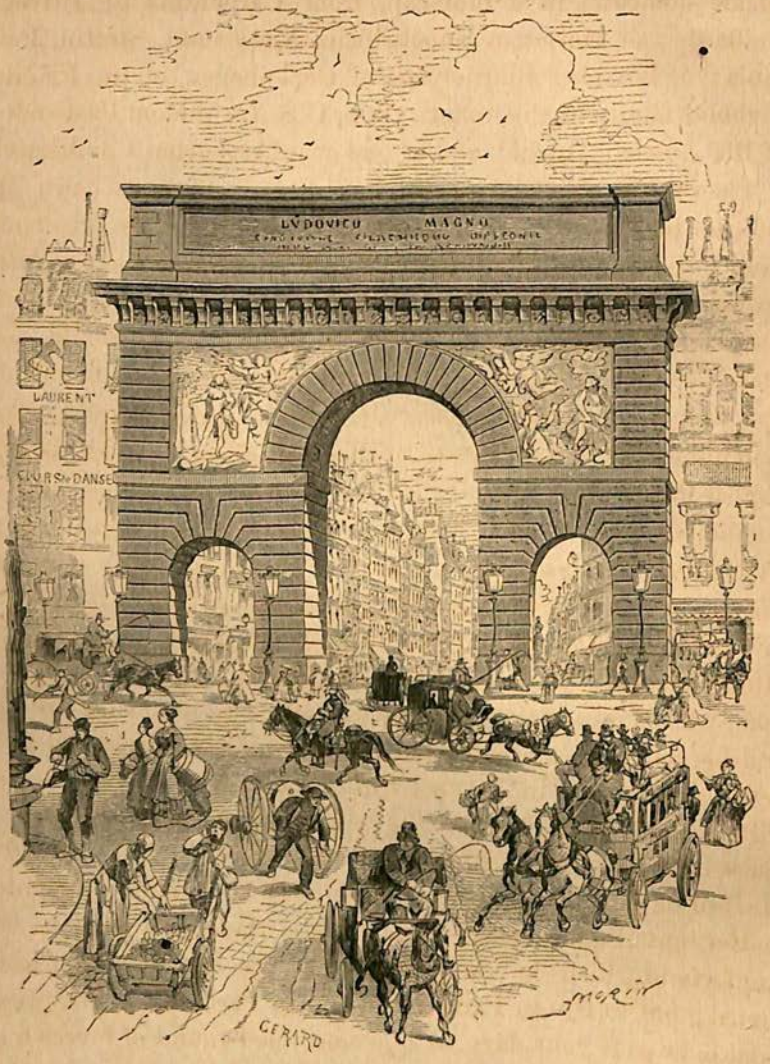
THE PARTERRE, A SKETCH BY DAUMIER.

He has never been to a masked ball at the Opera—never, at least, since the Académie de Musique was in the Rue de Richelieu, on the now open area of the Place Louvois. It was there that the Duke of Berry was assassinated. Probably the Nice Old Gentleman does not even know where Mabille is; and were you to talk to him of Frascati's, part of the premises of which once famous *tripot* is now occupied by a dancing casino, he might exclaim, 'What! Is that notorious gaming-house still in existence?'

The Nice Old Gentleman still plays his game of *tric-trac* and piquet; but for some years past it has been in the strictest privacy that he has taken his hand at cards. The old Palais Royal cafés,

THE PLACE LOUVOIS.

which he was wont to frequent—the cafés in which no smoking was allowed, and where the waiters were Old Gentlemen nearly as nice as their customers—have been pulled down or converted to baser uses; and as regards the boulevards, it has been utterly in vain that I have wandered from staring café to staring café, from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine, perpetually spying for the Nice Old Gentleman, but, alas, always failing to find him. I waited for him day after day at the Exhibition; but he did not come. Surely, I thought, the Nice Old Gentleman will turn up in that Wonderful Retrospective Museum in the Palace of the Trocadéro. But he was not there, any more than he was at the



THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.

Palais des Thermes, at the Gallery of the Luxembourg, or at the Musée Campana at the Louvre. Instead of meeting the Nice Old Gentleman, I found the galleries of antiquities, the cabinets of art treasures, in the possession of Monsieur and Madame Pochet and family, including a great-grandmother, a baby, and an attached

female domestic in a mob-cap, from Carpentras or Brives-la-Gaillarde; of Hermann Knockelbein, *Kauffmann*, Stettin, Pomerania; of Berseker Bjornotyaga of Copenhagen, of the Flamingo Fribbles family of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.; of Dom Pasteo de Sà of Rio Janeiro, Brazil; and of our own 'Arry from Camberwell.

Then it was that the painful persuasion began to dawn upon me that the Nice Old Gentleman had been altogether driven away from Paris by the Exhibition, and the hordes of foreigners and provincials attracted to the metropolis of France by a Fair, to which that of Nijni Novgorod is but as a baby. What should he do, that Nice Old Gentleman of mine, in these overcrowded cafés and restaurants, in these endless Champ de Mars corridors overbrimming with innumerable vanities, on these boulevards made almost impassable, both by night and by day, by surging masses of humanity? The Reign of Terror has been succeeded by a Reign of Triviality. *La Commune est morte: Vive le Carnaval!* But these carnavalesque proceedings, with the necessaries of life at famine prices, and comfort and tranquillity absolutely impossible of attainment, are certainly not calculated to suit a Nice Old Gentleman, whose means are probably as limited as his tastes are quiet and his appetites are moderate; who may be a retired *employé*, a *petit rentier*, or an officer *en retraite*. To the elderly Frenchman with a small fixed income the accidental fracture of a pane of glass, or the equally accidental selection of an expensive dish from the bill of fare at an eating-house, may be a most momentous matter, entailing a curtailment during a whole month of the little comforts to which the owner of a light purse may have been accustomed; but to live in Paris as visitors to Paris live at the present time is to pass your days in one continued round of feverish and costly excitement. You are always, involuntarily and unconsciously, breaking the largest squares of plate-glass, and ordering dishes beyond your means. You order a couple of kidneys *à la Parisienne*. Surely, you think, they cannot charge much for so simple a dish. But the waiter at the boulevard restaurant serves you up, with a grin, two little shrivelled scraps of the renal

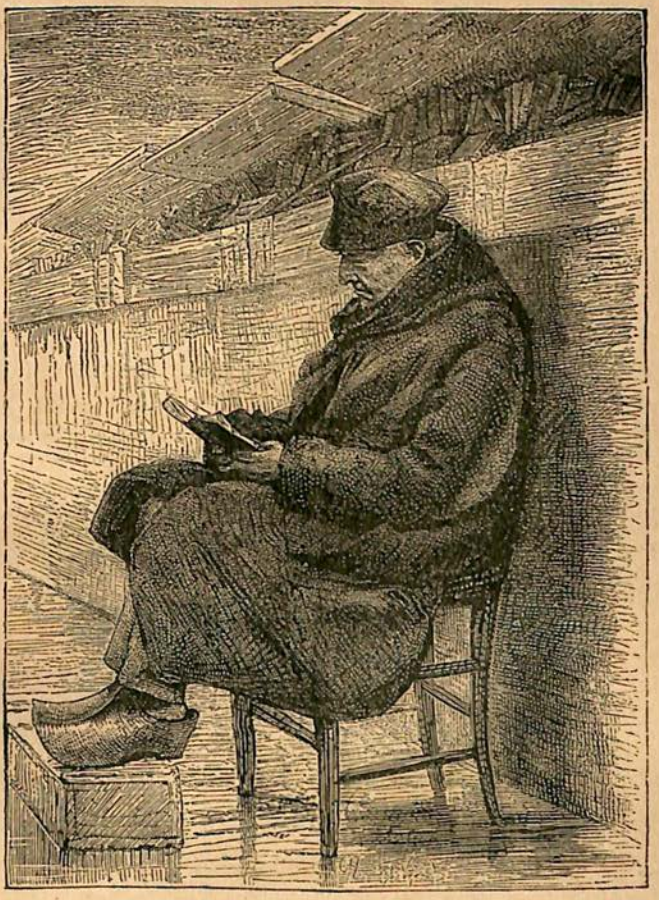
anatomy of some animal, swimming in grease, and decorated with two little dabs of warm and soppy greenstuff, which you are given to understand are *pointes d'asperges*—asparagus tips. For this you may have to pay six or eight francs. Would such *menu* suit the Nice Old Gentleman? 'Depend upon it,' I have said to myself time and again, 'he is dining, modestly and quietly, far away, at some out-of-the-way restaurant, at a fixed price, or where the normally modest bill of fare has not been augmented in consequence of the Exposition,' or at some transpontine *table d'hôte* to which you can *abonner* yourself by the week, month, or quarter.

I used to know many such *tables d'hôte* when I was young; and very good some of them were. The published advertisement of one of these establishments I remember well, as being peculiarly attractive to a youth in good health and with a hearty appetite. 'Une nourriture simple mais fortifiante.' I fortified myself for a whole month running. You paid in advance for your *cachets*, and I kept the sealed cards in a drawer; and I used to take them out and turn them over sometimes, murmuring, 'Still eleven, still seven, still five dinners to the good.' Courage! The publisher will accept the three-volume novel. The manager will take the high-flown drama or the screaming farce. Courage! Yonder, on the staircase, is the footfall of the postman, bringing the registered letter. One had need of a good many mental clappings on the back and admonitions to be courageous when the number of *cachets* had diminished to two. Did you ever try starvation in Paris? I have suffered a good many twinges of that malady in a good many places in my time; but for an experience of the pangs of hunger in its acutest and most agonising form let me commend you to a morning walk, when you are young and strong, hungry and penniless, on the Boulevard des Italiens in the middle of February. You have Argus eyes—what say I? a thousand eyes all round you—watching for the friend who will lend you five francs; but often that friend does not turn up, any more than my Nice Old Gentleman turned up for many weeks.

I thought one afternoon, about a fortnight since, that I had

discovered him. I had crossed the Pont des Tuileries for a ramble among the book and print stalls and curiosity shops of the Quai Malaguais and the Quai Voltaire, and I had besides on my mind a commission from a friend in England, who is new-furnishing a house, and had asked me to look out for an eighteenth-century eight-day clock for him. How is it that the handsomest and oldest eight-day clocks of English make are to be found in Russian churches and in the front-parlour-like tomb houses of the Turkish Sultans in Stamboul? What have the Selims and Mahmouds got to do with Pinchbeck or Barwise? I strolled along, skimming all

the bookstalls, turning over all the portfolios of prints, and peeping into all the old *bric-à-brac* shops on my way, until I reached the Palace of the Institute. Everything, after the turmoil of the Exhibition and the roar of the Boulevards, seemed delightfully quiet. Here Art was in repose, yonder it was at fever-heat. I found the cupola of the College of the Four Nations standing where it did, the cast-iron lions from the Creuzot factory—they were cast just seventy years ago—still placidly spirting the jets of



water from their jaws, and all things looking as they were wont to look in this amiably archæological part of Paris, save that the poorer class of printsellers who were wont to display their merchandise in umbrellas, or on rude wooden screens placed against the walls under the gray portico of the Institute, had been banished from those learned precincts. I was sorry for this, for I hold open-air print-stalls in much love; and under this same portico of the Institute I have bought, in days gone by, and for a mere song, many a chalcographic rarity—a Robert Strange, ragged, but genuine; a William Blake, yellow, but veritable.

Suddenly a door was opened in the *corps de logis* of the Mazarin Library, and there came forth on to the quay a tall old gentleman, meagre, *seco de carnes y enjuto de rostro*, like Don Quixote, clean-shaven, gray-haired, blue-spectacled. He wore a long surtout of olive-green, a white neckcloth with a very large bow, a broad-brimmed hat, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. 'Eureka!' I cried mentally, 'here is the Nice Old Gentleman at last. A philosopher, a *savant*, evidently. Perhaps one of the Mazarin librarians. Perhaps a conchologist. Perhaps, even, an Academician.' I looked upon the Old Gentleman with loving eyes. He was so very Nice. I hoped that he would at once cross the road, and in a moment be deep among the bookstalls and the old coins. I half made up my mind to salute him—to introduce myself to him, and to propound questions to him touching on the Transit of Venus—he did not look unastronomical—the Romance of the Rose, the *langue d'oil* and the *langue d'oc*, the Farmers-General edition of the Contes de la Fontaine, and the Fossil Man of Abbeville. But the Old Gentleman in the white cravat and the broad-brimmed hat hailed a passing victoria, and as he stepped into the vehicle I heard him say to the driver this, 'Cocher, vite, à la Bourse.' What! the Bourse, the brawling, jangling mart of money-mongering, the uproarious hysterical Temple of Mammon! And I had mentally bowed down before this worldling, this potential *agent de change*, this possible stockjobber! He was old, and comely to look upon; but he was assuredly not *my* Nice Old Gentleman.

'La Grand'mère.'

I. 223.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE PROVINCES.

XV.

ON SUNDRY OLD WOMEN.

Sept. 10.

I HOLD the Parisian Old Woman to be the most remarkable individual of her sex and age to be found in the whole world. I have read of some savage tribe who, when the weather is unfavourable to hunting or fishing, and food is consequently scarce, suddenly bethink themselves that the time is propitious for a sacrifice to their favourite fetish; while concurrently, by an inscrutable but unerring law of selection, it is always the oldest and feeblest woman of the tribe who is made a subject for the promotion of the euthanasia, by being hung up by the heels, killed, cooked, and, if

she be sufficiently tender, eaten. There could, again, be no more convincing proof of the high rank attained by the French in the scale of civilisation than the important part played by the Old Woman in the scheme of society. We are too much in the habit, in England, of disparaging our grandmother while she is alive; nor in any case, perhaps, is the English Old Woman of much social account, unless she have plenty of money. Then we toady her, and the secretaries of charitable institutions inundate her with printed forms of testamentary bequest. Otherwise the Anglo-Saxon Old Woman has few chances of gaining consideration unless, in a London back garret, she starts, with the stock-in-trade of a greasy pack of cards and a black cat, as a fortune-teller, in which case she runs the risk of being 'rounded on' by a female detective in the shape of a policeman's wife, and arraigned before the nearest magistrate; or, when, being resident in a very remote and very ignorant village, it is assumed, because she is old, ugly, rheumatic, and has a habit of muttering to herself, that she is a witch—under which circumstances she is certainly looked upon as a personage of much importance, but, at the same time, incurs the constant peril of being hooted and pelted by the children or ducked in the horsepond.

I am afraid, on the whole, that the usual goal of the British Old Woman is the workhouse, where, if she be promoted to fill the office of nurse to paupers as old and more infirm than herself, she occasionally distinguishes herself by administering to a patient a dose of carbolic acid in mistake for a cough-mixture. The Italians, for their part, take but little interest in '*una vechiarella*;' while in Spain '*la vieja*' either takes, as a matter of course, to the trade of mendicancy—did you ever see Goya's terrible etching of the old hag asking alms from her own richly-clad daughter, who passes her by disdainfully, unrecognising her? 'Dios la perdona. Y era su madre,' says the legend to the picture—or, if '*la vieja*' have any pecuniary means, she is only spoken of as 'buena para vestir imagenes'—fit only to dress dolls of madonnas and saints.

Not thus do the French treat their old women. 'La grand'mère'

A Clever Matchmaker.

is an object of sympathy, of respect, and often of veneration. She is the head of that occult but supremely powerful organisation, *la famille*. A Frenchman, even if he be forty years of age, may not marry until after he has addressed to his parents three 'sommations respectueuses,' citing them to show cause, if any, against the match; but no French girl would dare to contract a matrimonial alliance without the approbation, not only of her immediate parents, but also of her grandmother or grandmothers, supposing those ancestors to be alive; and 'la grand'mère' seems to live to a prodigious age. She is in general much more of a matchmaker than the parents of the young couple, and she is generally very popular with them after marriage, seeing that she possesses the inestimable advantage of being too old to be anybody's mother-in-law. I freely grant that the enviable position which I have sketched is the lot only of a limited number of French old women. They outlive frequently kith and kin, friends, hope, pleasure, utterly, and sink into a condition of the wretchedest poverty; yet still does the French Old Woman continue the struggle; still does she decline to throw up the sponge; and still, even in her most debilitated condition, has she definite place, ascertained influence, and some power, and constitutes a cogwheel in the complicated machine of French society. Were there a Poor Law in France, she would think a great many times before retiring to the seclusion of 'the 'Ouse.'

In the provinces the Old Woman is frequently charming—her sixty, seventy, or eighty years to the contrary notwithstanding. Her cap and apron are so white and so trim, her complexion is so freshly fair and pink, her garrulity is so gracefully genial, that you forget all her wrinkles and grizzled locks; and you need do no great violence to your imagination in assuming her to be pretty. But in Paris, it must be candidly admitted, the Old Woman is, as a rule, frightfully ugly, and her manners are the reverse of agreeable. There is a malady which has been left untouched by the poet Gray, in that cheerful description of 'the painful Family of Death more hideous than their Queen,' which makes most middle-aged people shudder while they read the penultimate stanza of the

'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' There is a disease more awful in its symptoms than any that racks the joints, that fires the veins, or that in the deep vitals rages. The ailment in question is a chronic attack of francs and centimes on the brain, and it is one to which the French Old Woman seems to be peculiarly liable.

The other day, curiosity-hunting among the shops on the 'Surrey side of the Seine,' through which the broad artery of the new Boulevard St. Germain has been pierced, I entered, feeling fatigued, a little *cabaret borgne*, at the extremity of a *cul de sac*—one of the few blind alleys left in Paris by that continuous and beneficent process of Haussmannisation which has not been in the least affected by the collapse of the Empire. *Faute d'un moine l'abbaye ne chôme pas;* and M. Alphand is continuing as vigorously that which M. Hausmann commenced. But it was a very darksome, greasy, malodorous wineshop indeed, in which, for want of a better in the neighbourhood, I found myself. A gentleman who dealt apparently in charcoal, and carried a considerable quantity of his commodity about with him on his face and hands; another gentleman in a jacket and a black-silk cap—the distinguishing and most sinister headgear of the grown-up *gavroche*—who had seemingly enjoyed but a bad night's rest, if he had been to bed at all on the preceding evening; a lady and gentleman from Auvergne getting uncommonly jovial over their litre of *petit bleu;* and two honest working men breakfasting on bread and grapes and a chopine of thin wine apiece—made up the company before the zinc-covered bar, behind which sat enthroned a stout lady with a kerchief of crimson cotton twisted round her head, and tied in a sharp-pointed bow in front. Her husband, who was waiter, barman, cellarman, cook, and what not, was an individual of dejected mien. The only paper taken in, so far as I could see, was a ragged copy of the *Pays*. Stay, there was the 'Almanach du Petit Caporal' on a shelf among the bottles, and on one of the walls a faded engraving of the Empress Marie Louise nursing the baby King of Rome. A Bonapartist *cabaret*, I am afraid.

'A GENTLEMAN IN A JACKET AND BLACK-SILK CAP.'

The dejected husband was a civil-spoken fellow enough, but incurably despondent. Everything he said was very quiet, *terriblement tranquille*. It was quiet enough certainly at the bottom of the blind alley; but, as I had been residing for more than two

'A LADY AND GENTLEMAN FROM AUVERGNE.'

months in the courtyard of the Tower of Babel, I failed, in this respect, to recognise the cogency of his statement. The times, too, he continued, were very hard—*diablement durs*. Now, I was quite prepared to agree with him on the score of the times being hard ones, so far as a foreigner was concerned who paid four guineas a week for the privilege of sleeping in a rabbit-hutch, and who was proportionately fleeced—always in consequence of the

Exhibition—for every article of meat and drink which he consumed; but I could not help hinting to him that the Parisian shopkeepers on the other side of the water must have found the times since May last to have been very fine times indeed. The dejected man sighed and shrugged his shoulders. 'Ah! si monsieur savait!' he murmured resignedly. 'And the eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-eight francs still submerged and lost,' croaked a voice behind me. I turned and found that there had been adjoined to our party an old woman, originally tall, but bent nearly

double by infirmity, who was clad in a bedgown of some dark printed stuff. She had something else with her; to wit, the half of an enormous pumpkin—the ruddiest of pumpkins, and which in its cavernous depths, full of pulp and seeds, would have furnished a capital study for a painter of still life, but the propriety of the appearance of which at that particular conjuncture, and in association with the old lady in the bedgown, I failed to perceive. 'Et les Chemins de Fer Pontificaux baissent toujours,' croaked the old woman. 'Onze mille neuf cents quarante-huit francs. C'est une abomination.' What had I to do with the fall in the price of shares in the Roman railways? The dejected individual strove to pacify her; but she was not to be comforted, and continued croaking and crooning now to me, and now more confidentially, so it seemed, to the pumpkin. 'Onze mille francs—onze mille francs; et le gros lot du tirage est de deux cent mille'. She went on mumbling about the Roman railways, the Mexican Loan, and the next Lottery of the Obligations de la Ville de Paris, until the stout lady came from behind the bar, and saying, 'Tiens, maman; en voilà assez. Veux-tu bien aller te coucher?' pushed her amicably away, pumpkin and all, up a dark staircase.

As the ruddy esculent and her poor old slippered legs disappeared in the darkness, I glanced at the husband and wife and tapped my forehead. Yes, they replied, she was *un peu toquée*—just a little cracked! 'Une fameuse ménagère, allez'—perhaps she was about to cut up the pumpkin for soup—'mais elle avait la manie des tirages.' She had gone partially distraught upon lotteries; and these lotteries I cannot help regarding as one of the chief social curses of France. The facilities offered to the poor for gambling in the public funds and on the Stock Exchange are nearly as great a nuisance and as great an evil. Although the Legislature has ceased to sanction periodical State lotteries, almost every loan which is issued has a lottery connected with it, and prizes of 100,000, 50,000 francs, and smaller sums are drawn at each successive redemption of a batch of shares. Certainly the most persistent supporter of these raffles is the Parisian Old Woman.

MADAME LA CONCIERGE. I. 229.

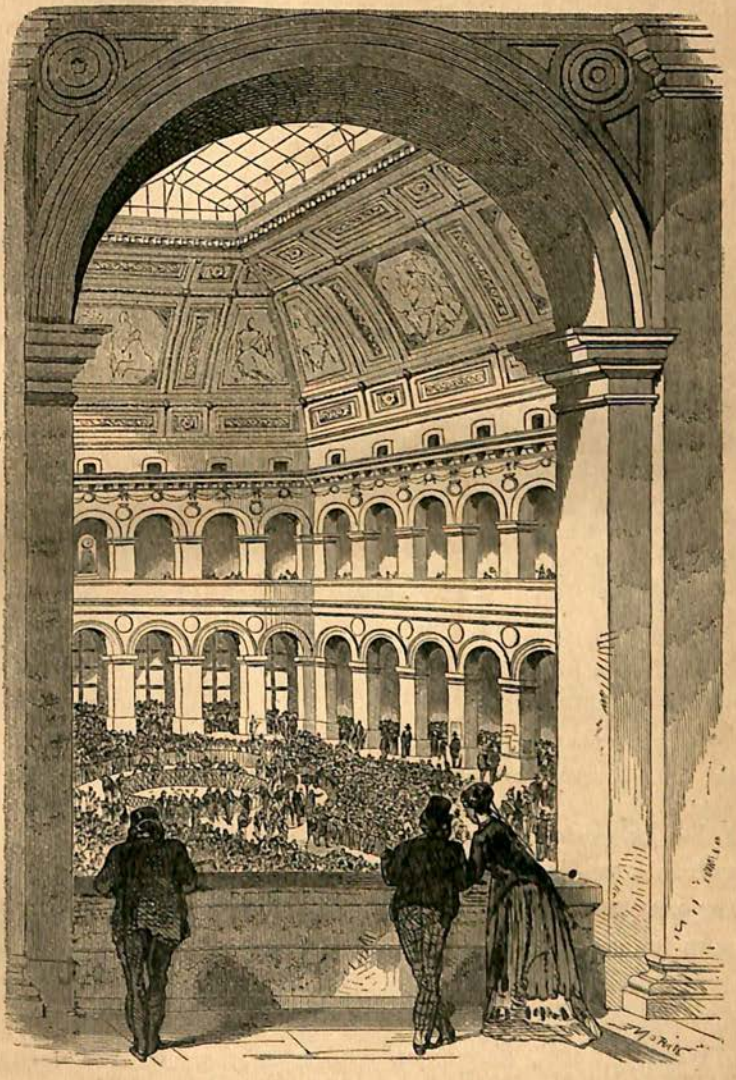
On the ensuing 5th of November, while surreptitious squibs and crackers are exploding in innumerable back gardens in England, the vivacious Gaul will be drawing, at the Palais de l'Industrie, one of the periodical lotteries of the Obligations de la Ville de Paris. A certain series of bonds in the last Municipal Loan will be redeemed, and a certain number of prizes will be drawn, the *gros lot* being one hundred thousand francs. There are two second prizes of fifty thousand francs each, and an abundance of twenty and ten franc prizes. Thus on the morrow any thrifty old *concierge, cocotte, chiffonnière,* or *loueuse de chaises,* who has scraped up enough to buy a twenty-five franc *obligation de la Ville de Paris,* may find herself the winner of four thousand pounds sterling in hard cash, or of four hundred pounds—or, in far greater probability, of just nothing at all. Fortune, to my mind, is not half so blind as she is maliciously capricious and unjustly perverse. She appears to delight in giving more than they previously possessed to people who have already got a great deal, and in leaving her poorer votaries poorer, by the price of their gambling stakes, than she found them. I was acquainted many years ago with a Spaniard who was twice within a single figure of winning the hundred thousand dollar prize in the Royal Havana Lottery. On the first occasion his next-door and fortunate neighbour was a Philadelphian millionnaire. On the next the grand-prize winner was Queen Isabella of Spain. The notorious injustice of Fortune will not hinder at all the thrifty old women in France who hold chances in the Municipal lottery from dreaming that their own particular ticket has come out of the prize-wheel; and in the long-run perhaps there is as much happiness in dreaming that you are wealthy as in being actually rich.

In Paris there is positively a *Journal des Tirages*—a weekly periodical devoted exclusively to lottery news, to the advertisement of new projects, and to the publication of the prize-lists. That all these ventures are conducted on principles of the strictest integrity there is not the slightest reason to doubt, and indeed the police keep a very sharp look-out for schemes which bear a suspicious

resemblance to swindles; still the frequent recurrence of lotteries keeps alive a constant and uneasy feeling of cupidity and avidity. The wheel of fortune is for ever in the minds of the poor. Avarice is the vice of age, and the Old Woman is incessantly dreaming of lucky numbers. Who knows? She may be *portière*, a *chiffonnière*,

a sweeper of the streets to-day; but to-morrow she may win the *gros lot*. Her day's earnings may not exceed a franc; to-morrow she may be the possessor of a hundred thousand. So she hoards and hoards and hoards, always hoping to win the big prize, and

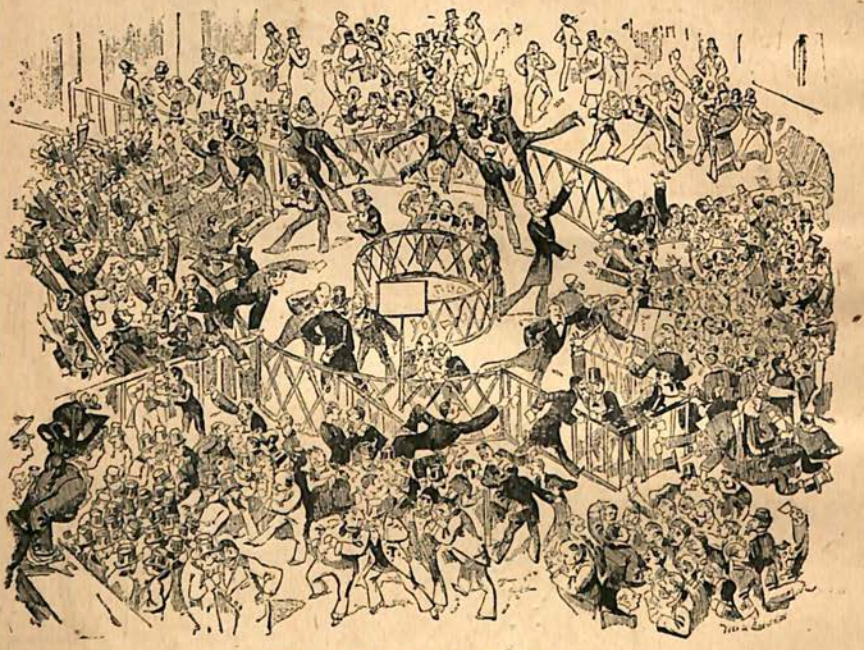
sometimes going crazy because she fails to get it. To this add the easiness with which anybody in Paris, Jack or Jill, as well as



INTERIOR OF THE PARIS BOURSE.

the millionnaire, may trot up the steps of the Bourse, mingle in the serried crowd which struggles and howls in that Temple of

Mammon, and with a few francs' capital gamble in stocks and shares to his or her heart's content. Into the charmed circle protected by iron railings—the arena in which the bankers and the *agents de change* throw up their arms, and fling about scraps of paper, and shriek from ten to five like folks dis-



CARICATURE OF THE BOURSE, BY ROBIDA.

tracted—the poorer classes are not privileged to enter; but, through intermediaries ready to hand, they can gamble with far greater ease on the steps and in the aisles of the Bourse than they can bet on a racecourse. The closing prices of stocks and shares are chalked up, at sunset, outside a hundred money-changers' shops round about the Bourse, on the Boulevards, and in the Palais Royal; and the Old Woman may often be recognised as the most attentive student of a schedule which to the vast majority of Englishwomen would be as so many cabalistic characters scrawled on a blackboard, and as inscrutable as an algebraical equation or a problem from Euclid. The English Old Woman does not

LA BOURSE DES DAMES.

speculate on the Stock Exchange, and, unless she happens to reside at Doncaster or at Newmarket, she does not bet on horse-races. She is rarely even a subscriber to the Art Union, although the rector of her parish is possibly a patron of that excellent institution. The French Old Woman is a confirmed and desperate gamester; but, on the other hand, she is phenomenally frugal, and she does not drink gin.

I have read in my time some scores of pamphlets and speeches written or delivered by noble statesmen and political economists on that virtue of thrift in which the working classes in England are so notoriously and so deplorably deficient. Thrift is indeed one of the very brightest of the flowers which adorn the politico-economical *parterre*. Were we thrifty as a nation there would be no indigence, no pauperism, no deaths from destitution. The public-houses and the pawnbrokers might both shut up shop. There would be no crime. 'Ah! le grand peut-être.' Unfortunately, metaphorically although not botanically, there is no rose without a thorn. Cupidity, rapacity, and francs and centimes on the brain are the thorns which cluster most thickly about the stalk of the shining French virtue of thrift, and which make the French Old Woman an extremely unlovely and repulsive personage. Thrift is almost to as great an extent the leading characteristic of the shopkeeping classes; but with them it is not associated with parsimony. The Parisian *boutiquier* is no niggard, no miserly curmudgeon, like the *cultivateur* of the provinces. The shopkeeper and his wife are, on the contrary, genial, free-handed, self-indulgent people, within certain recognised limits. They are fond of cheap amusements. They prefer the feasts which do not cost much: and it is a principle never departed from that the expenses of their *menus plaisirs* must not in any way interfere with the sum of the profits which they think they ought to derive from their trade.

Strict adherence to this principle makes Paris shopkeepers about the most grasping and overreaching tradespeople that I have ever met with in the course of a tolerably extensive perambulation of the civilised world. The principle of realising so much *bénéfice*, by whatever means the profit is to be effected, has another and very unpleasant result. It leads to very inferior articles being sold for very extortionate prices, and to no department of trade will this remark apply more closely than to the article of gloves. You may give five and six francs a pair in Paris, and in the most fashionable shops in Paris, for gloves with two buttons, and from eight to

twelve francs for ladies' gloves with from three to six buttons. In Piccadilly or in Regent Street about the same prices might be charged; but the difference is simply this, that in London at a well-known shop you always obtain for a first-rate price a first-rate article. In Paris you pay the high price, and you very often get in return nothing but a rubbishing article which splits up the back so soon as you draw it on. As for the three-franc-fifty gloves which are sold in the Passages, which are wretchedly cut, which are of miserably unsound skins, which are made without gussets, and which are often soiled, I should advise you to have nothing to do with them. You may buy better in Tottenham Court Road for eighteenpence. From the last three-franc-fifty gloves I ventured upon—a pair at five francs seventy-five having turned out a lamentable failure—the left thumb came off bodily ere I had got the digits well 'home.' This is rendered all the more exasperating by the remembrance that about the best gloves in Europe are made at Grenoble, and that the very best of the Grenoble gloves are sent to England simply because the English customer will not pay a large price for an inferior article. But the foreign visitor to Paris is completely at the mercy of the shopkeeper, and is fain to take upon trust any article which the shopkeeper desires to sell him, and at whatever rate he chooses to ask for it. The *boutiquier* on his side is so remarkably frugal, so exemplarily thrifty, that he forgets to be honest.

XVI.

GRAPHICS AND PLASTICS IN THE EXHIBITION.

Sept. 12.

HAD I devoted every one of the letters written from this city to an examination of the works of art in painting and statuary in the Galerie des Beaux Arts in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, and had I given to each work of real excellence its due meed of criticism and approbation, it is very probable that by this time I should barely have exhausted a survey of the schools of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, and that I should have been constrained to leave the artists of Austria, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and the United States without any notice at all. The Meissoniers—of the works of which admirable master there is an astonishingly varied and brilliant display, from his grandest to his tiniest productions—would have demanded at least a couple of letters; and since the dead as well as the living among French painters are abundantly represented at the Exhibition, I should have found myself filling page after page with enthusiastic comments on the genius and capacity of Ingres and Eugène Delacroix, of Décamps and Diaz, of Cabanel and Bouguereau, Bonnat and Gérôme, De Neuville and Frère. I should have required more and more space for Herr Makart's magnificent picture, in the Austro-Hungarian section, of the 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp;' certainly the finest work in the historico-romantic style ever

AN EXECUTION AT THE ALHAMBRA. I. 236.

From the Picture by Henri Regnault.

painted since Tony Robert-Fleury's 'Siege of Corinth,' and a replica of which should, to my thinking, be forthwith secured by the British Government, in order that copies in monochrome might be made of the painting and distributed among the Schools of Art throughout the United Kingdom, were it only to teach the students the principles of drawing and draping the human figure, and of arranging vast masses in well-balanced and harmonious composition. Photography could not do justice to this superb painting. The groups would be blurred, and the nicely graduated tones of light and shade would be killed in the camera; but a monochrome might be advantageously photographed, or still more efficiently lithographed, say on four large sheets, which could be imperceptibly joined together.*

The famous Spanish painter Fortuny, prematurely snatched away just as he was beginning to realise the fruits of his bright genius, would also have claimed extended notice. A few years ago, when I was at Seville, I could have purchased a very spirited sketch in oil by Fortuny—it represented some muleteers drinking in a *posada*, I think—for twenty *duros*, or four pounds sterling; but there is a microscopic sketch by the master at the Exhibition, a sketch enshrined in an immense frame of ebony and gold *repoussé*, for which the owner has disdainfully refused 25,000 francs. 'Il y aura encore du Meissonier,' remarks the owner not illogically, 'puisqu'il vit encore; mais du Fortuny il n'y en aura plus, puisqu'il est mort.' The renowned French master yet lives, a prosperous gentleman, and fresh things of beauty and grace may be expected from his easel; but the poor young Sevillano was killed by the cruel Roman fever, and the hand which worked so cunningly moulders in the tomb. Thus holders of Fortunys are firm; and they can afford to defy even the forgers. The Spanish master's gems are, like Meissonier's paintings, so exquisitely delicate in finish that the copyist who could imitate a Fortuny or

* Since I wrote the above, a splendid etching by Adrien Lalouze has been published of Makart's great work. It may be seen at 134, New Bond-street, close to the Grosvenor Gallery.

a Meissonier so as to dece
executant well-nigh the compe

The 'Spanish Marriage' is ge
masterpiece; yet I look upon the p
of St. Luke' in the Champ de Mars as
the 'Mariage Espagnol.' When I first saw
no catalogue with me; and although I could
the skilfulness of the workmanship and the brilliant
of the colour, I confess that of the story told I coul
little, if anything at all. The scene depicted is a super
in some continental palace, embellished with the most pomp
redundancy of eighteenth-century *rococo*. In the centre of the
smooth *gesso* floor stand a group of old gentlemen, wigged, powdered, brocaded-coated, silk-stockinged, who, in admirably imagined attitudes, and with varied expressions of countenance, are criticising—what? Upon my word, for full two minutes I could not make out what the old gentlemen were inspecting so critically. At length, littered about the floor, or hanging over the back of a magnificent *fauteuil*, I descried a pair of high-heeled slippers, an embroidered *sacque*, and divers other articles of a lady's wearing-apparel. From these my eyes travelled upwards until they met the lady herself, who, utterly guileless of garments, was posing on the marble slab of a sumptuously carved and gilt table. The lady's attitude closely resembled that of the Venere Callipygia in the Museum at Naples. Of course I was very much shocked; but it behoved me to do something else besides being shocked. The old gentlemen were evidently *not* shocked. Who were they? I took them at first for a group of impudent lacqueys, and the unrobed lady for some saucy Abigail who was winning a wager of the Godiva kind; but, just as I was drifting into a condition of hopeless perplexity, a friend came up and unravelled the mystery. M. Fortuny's picture, according to his showing, represented a group of members of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome; and they were 'posing' the female model for the benefit of the students of the Life School. I was quite content with this

explanation, and never cared to seek for any other. There may be half a dozen more interpretations of Fortuny's meaning, but this was enough for me.

In fact, in the case of Fortuny you care very little for the matter of the picture. It is the manner which interests, astonishes, and delights you. This manner, all surprisingly dexterous and pleasing as it is, cannot, however, be pronounced perfect. Fortuny, wondrously brilliant as he is as a colourist, is curiously monotonous in his texture. Wood, marble, plants and flowers, silk, satin, wool, velvet, and tapestry work, and, finally, human flesh, all seem to have the same 'grain,' so to speak, the same hard glossy metallic lustre. The audacious facility of his composition and the positivism of his colouring frequently lead also to the production of confusion in the spectator's mind. You fail to seize at once on the main features in the drama going on before you. The figures do not detach themselves with sufficient sharpness from the accessories. In the 'St. Luke' picture I had some ocular difficulty in isolating the undraped damsel from an amber-satin curtain and a *rosso antico* column. You look upon what you think to be an admirably painted cactus-leaf. It turns out to be the sea-green silk train of a lady's dress. You admire an ostensible claret-bottle. It is in reality a human leg clothed in a black-silk stocking. Surely that must be a bouquet of rare flowers. No; it is a cardinal's hat, thrown carelessly on a silver salver close to a plate full of fruit. Herein I am speaking of course of Fortuny's work generally, and not of this particular Academical performance. Surpassingly glowing and harmonious too as is the colour, the scheme of its arrangement is somewhat and too palpably an artificial one; and in the hands of Fortuny's disciples the artifice becomes a transparent trick. One might almost adapt the diction of the cookery-book to the formula of a recipe for serving up a *plat à la Fortuny*. Take a *plaque* of mother-o'-pearl; scatter about it indiscriminately a few strawberries, some black Hambro' grapes, a bit of malachite, a morsel of lapis-lazuli, a few leaves of beaten gold, a sprig of coral, a stick of black sealing-wax, a lobster's claw (well boiled *bien entendu*), some

skeins of particoloured floss silk, and a pocket mirror broken up small. A few crystal drops from the drawing-room lustres, and some prismatic glass beads from Murano, will do the mixture no harm. Garnish with ferns and serve hot. *Voilà votre Fortuny* —at the first blush, at least; but were this all that you could enjoy from the contemplation of his work, the feast would be, at the best, but a Barmecide one. As you study him more and more intently, his marvellous subtlety and delicacy, his well-nigh unapproached deftness as an executant, and his deeply poetic feeling come gloriously to the front. I look upon him as a kind of Gerard Douw turned Andaluz—a Wilkie who has set up his easel in the Alhambra. The 'Village Festival' is, to me, the 'Spanish Marriage' writ sumptuous and picturesque.

One could not help being struck, in the French Fine Art Department of the Exhibition, by the paucity of any reference, plastic or graphic, to Napoleon I. The entire Napoleonic Legend is, in truth, at a very sad discount just now in France; and I am afraid that even in the homes of the peasantry there is but little left of the feelings once entertained for the Emperor and King so exquisitely touched upon in Béranger's 'Souvenirs du Peuple:'

'On parlera de sa gloire,
Sous le chaume, bien long-temps;
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois,
Dire alors à quelque vieille:
Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre veille."
"Bien dit-on qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encore le revère,
Oui! le revère.
Parlez nous de lui, grand'mère,
Parlez nous de lui."'

I am afraid that Béranger, all staunch Republican as he had always been, was about the last of the Bonapartists sentimentally considered (of course I am not speaking of the political

adventurers, to whom Imperialism is a trade and a speculation); and I am equally afraid that, in the minds of the French peasantry of the existing epoch, Bazeilles and Sedan, the requisitions of the Prussians, and the scarcely less odious exactions of the French *francs-tireurs*, have quite extinguished the touching memories of the man of Marengo and Austerlitz. Be it as it may, Cæsarism is 'quoted very low' just now, not only in the political, but in the literary and artistic, market. Politically I am indifferent to the fact. Artistically, or rather archæologically, I selfishly rejoice that mementoes of the great man are to be picked up in the Paris of to-day very cheaply indeed. I nourish a *cultus* for Napoleon I. I enshrine him in my relic-collecting heart of hearts, not because I am ignorant of the fact of his having been, in many respects, an unconscionable scoundrel—a forsworn, lying, murderous, selfish, tyrannous man; but because I cannot help admiring the sub-lieutenant of the artillery regiment of La Fère, who, by his own unaided pluck, daring, decision, mental acuteness, and strength of will, contrived to become Emperor of the French, King of Italy, mediator of Switzerland, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine. Perhaps, take him for all in all, he was not a greater villain than Julius Cæsar, than Alexander, or than Oliver Cromwell; and there are some who maintain Oliver to have been 'the greatest prince that ever ruled in England;' while others hold with Lord Clarendon that the Protector of the Commonwealth, who, uncrowned as he was, died to all intents and purposes a despotic monarch, was only a 'bold bad man.' Who is good? Was Napoleon, *à la longue*, quite so disreputable a character as George IV.? He was assuredly not so great a scamp as Charles II. He did not sell his country for an annual pension from a foreign state. He did not make dukes of a multifarious progeny of byblows, and saddle his subjects with the permanent cost of the young gentlemen's maintenance. He was as great a captain as Marlborough; but he was not quite so perjured, so impudent, so rapacious, and so mean as John Churchill. So I bow down—one must have a fetish—

before the memory of Napoleon, and assiduously collect all that I can get together of painted and graven, carved and written work connected with him.

The French painters and sculptors have, as a body, nothing to say, as things political go, to Marengo and Austerlitz, to Jena and Friedland. They sulkily acquiesced in the reëdification of the Vendôme Column, less because they gloried in the Napoleonic victories than because they disliked Courbet, 'audacious pencil-man' one might call him, paraphrasing Mr. Carlyle's qualification of Tom Paine—who for years had been snapping his fingers in the face of French academical art, and who had a prominent finger in flinging down the Vendôme Column into the dirt. Raffet and Bellangé, Carl and Horace Vernet, the great Tambour-Majors of the Napoleonic epic, are no more; and M. de Neuville, who, after Philippoteaux, is the most favourite exponent of modern French militarism, restricts his sympathies to wounded Zouaves and exhausted Turcos, to carousing *francs-tireurs* and *fantassins* of *regiments de marche*, bent double beneath their inordinate packs, trudging, rifle on shoulder, and their red trousers tucked up to the knee, along muddy roads or through ensanguined snows. Innumerable episodes of the Franco-German war of 1870-1 stream from the studios of contemporary French painters (many of whom, it must be remembered, took, like poor dead Henri Regnault, an active and heroic part in the struggle). Solferino and Magenta, Balaclava and the Malakoff, are reckoned of as little account as Pharsalia or Marathon; and if the military artists do, now and again, condescend to go a little further back than Le Bourget or Reichshoffen, it is to dwell on the Republican glories of Jemappes or Fleurus, to extol the prowess of Hoche, or to show us the corpse of Marceau, lying on its bed of death and glory, and surrounded, not only by weeping Frenchmen, but by deeply moved and sorrowfully reverential Austrian officers. As for the *petit chapeau* and the *redingote grise*, the grand reviews which the *Petit Caporal* used to hold in the Carrousel, the heroic disasters of the retreat from Russia, the crowning glories and disasters of Quatre Bras and Mont

THE AUSTRIAN STAFF BEFORE THE BODY OF MARCEAU. I. 242.

From the Picture by J. P. Laurens.

St. Jean—all these once-famous *fasti* are now but so many old wives' tales, despised, neglected, and all but forgotten. I should like to write a book on the successive influence of politics on French art. It might be made very interesting; but, if justice were done to the subject, the work would be too long. For the rest, it would be difficult to name one single human thing in France which has not been influenced by politics. I read lately a notice of a book entitled *Le Parfait Charcutier* (the Complete Porkbutcher and Tripe-shopkeeper's Companion), in which the author considered the feasibility of adapting the *charcuterie* of the *ancien régime* to the principles of 1789!

Meanwhile, strange to relate, the Italians have, as painters and sculptors, been faithful to the memory of 'Napoleon il Grande.' They were the first, after his coronation as King of Italy at Milan, to give him the appellation. They have not yet revoked the grandiose diploma. He betrayed and cozened them, as he did most people. He promised them an United Italy, and gave them instead a curtailed Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, governed by a puppet viceroy, and a kingdom of Naples ruled by his swashbuckling satellite, Murat, the ex-postilion, who had modesty enough (or it may have been *fanfaronade*) to keep his post-boy's whip under a glass case in one of his royal palaces. 'Je suis venu de là,' Joachim was wont to say, pointing to the whip. Finally, Napoleon broke, like a thief in the night, into the Quirinal; kidnapped the Pope; stole the triple diadem from its shelf, and put it, with the keys of St. Peter, into his pocket. It was the most audacious act of burglary that history had ever recorded. He annexed the States of the Church to France; the Roman Campagna became the department of the Tiber; and Perugia was the *chef lieu* of the department of Thrasymene. He tyrannised over the Italians generally, and squandered their best young blood without stint in his German and Russian campaigns. Yet he wrought an immensity of material good in the Italian peninsula: built roads, bridges, hospitals, and aqueducts; established schools and pawnbroking establishments—thus demolishing petty

usury; and notably, he very sternly put a stop to the horrible manufacture of *soprani*. He had his reward. Nations are only too placable. The misdeeds of the First Napoleon were soon forgotten by the Italians. They remembered the good which he had done, and the glory which his name—that of a simple Corsican gentleman—had brought their country. They mourned his exile and his death with genuine sorrow; and in the *Cinque Maggio*, Alessandro Manzoni has stricken a sublimer chord than has been touched even by Béranger and Victor Hugo. During his lifetime Antonio Canova made the classic lineaments of Napoleon imperishably famous in marble. I may ask fairly, without fear of contradiction, whether, with the exception of Napoleon, there is a single historical personage of modern times whose form could be plastically presented undraped? What should we say to a naked Brougham, a naked William Pitt—imagine their noses!—an undraped Peel, a disrobed Gladstone, a Beaconsfield 'mid nodings on'? Napoleon I. in Canova's statue, now one of the most highly-prized treasures possessed by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, bears, with triumphant success, the crucial test of the nude. You forget that he was a little man—not only little, but actually 'stumpy'—you forget all the spiteful libels of Michelet about his having had no eyebrows, and his hair being normally of a sandy-brown, but darkened by pomatum. You see only the classic hero, as classic as the Antinous, as classic as the Apollo Belvedere, as classic as the Discobolos, and heroic enough to hold, as Canova's statue holds, the effigy of Victory in his conquering right hand.

The fidelity with which the Italians have adhered to that Napoleonic legend for the time being so scornfully discredited in France is significantly shown in the noble picture by Professor Didioni of Milan, entitled 'Per Ragioni di Stato' (For Reasons of State). The scene is one of the most gorgeous of the saloons in the palace of the Tuileries. Everywhere, on carpets and hangings, on couches and chairbacks, on panels and picture-frames, occurs the cognizance of the Emperor and King—the crowned 'N.' wreathed with

laurels. The time is in the year '10; and Cæsar is at the height of his grandeur and prosperity. He has reared his brazen column in the Vendôme square. He is building his Arch of Triumph hard by the Barrier of the Étoile. He has held his congress of crowned satellites at Erfurt; and Talma has travelled thither, at the imperial bidding, to play before 'a pit-full of kings.' During this same congress, at a grand state banquet, the blood of a German Vice-Chamberlain runs cold in his veins (so the Vice-Chamberlain says) when he hears this upstart Cæsar, this Jupiter Scapin, begin a story thus: 'When I was a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère.' The insolent! Professor Didioni gives us a wonderful portrait of Napoleon in the 'Ragioni di Stato.' It is only a back view; but the squarely-moulded head, the somewhat rounded shoulders, the swallow-tailed uniform coat of the Chasseurs of the Guard, the broad red ribbon of the Legion, the shapely lower limbs clad in kerseymere smalls and white silk hose, —all these are unmistakably Napoleonic. But why is his Majesty the Emperor and King shuffling out of the room with a gait very much resembling that of a convicted pickpocket shambling out of the dock at the Old Bailey, when Mr. Montagu Williams has done his best, and the chief warder of Coldbath Fields his worst (by proving previous convictions), for him, and the judge has given the dread doom of eighteen months' hard labour? Why is there a guilty, mortified—I cannot without a paradox say shamefaced, but still a thoroughly humiliated expression in the very back of his Majesty? The reason is miserably obvious. It has just been his painful duty to inform the wife of his bosom—the wife of his struggling and poverty-stricken youth—that, 'per ragioni di stato,' he intends to turn her out of doors, to wrench asunder the bonds which the Church has tied, and to wed another woman. Appropriately enough, the man who has just made such an avowal sneaks off, like a caitiff-culprit as he is, in the background. In the foreground, stretched, agonising, *éplorée*, despairing, in a magnificent fauteuil of velvet and gold, is poor Josephine. Well might she swoon; but her long-pent-up anguish finds relief in a

passion of tears. The lady of honour who tends her imperial mistress, momentarily turns her head towards the retreating figure of the Emperor, and eyes him with a look of concentrated wrath and scorn. One hand holds a handkerchief, with which she would fain dry Josephine's tears; but the other hand is vengefully clenched. I fancy that this high-mettled *dame d'honneur* would 'go for' the recreant Cæsar an she dared. I fancy that her own husband, say M. le Maréchal Georget, Duc de Dandin, would pass rather an uncomfortable quarter of an hour were he to hint to Madame la Maréchale the expediency of a divorce and a separate maintenance 'per ragioni di stato.' 'I'll reasons of State you!' I think I hear Madame la Maréchale exclaim as she seizes the handle of the silver coffeepot. But poor Josephine was never a woman of any spirit. She lacked muscle of mind. She was a Creole, and had all the Creole *mollesse*. Her attitude in the picture is one only of dolorous submission.

The execution of Professor Didioni's picture is superb. The colour is as glowing and the handling as dexterous as can be found in any example of the Fortuny or Madrazo school; but he has not been betrayed into any of those chromatic *tours de force* which so closely trench upon trickery. The costumes of the Empress and her *suivante* are scrupulously faithful to the fashions of the epoch delineated. The heavy trains of satin and brocade, the Marie de' Medicis ruff, the long gloves with eight buttons, the jewelled stomachers and necklaces, are all unimpeachably 'style Premier Empire.' As regards the furniture and accessories, one might be puzzled to tell whence an Italian, resident in the capital of Lombardy, had acquired so curiously accurate a knowledge of the upholstery and decorations characteristic of the First Empire, were it not remembered that the royal palace at Milan still boasts the furniture and the embellishments which it possessed seventy years ago, when it was the residence of Eugène Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy. I take this picture of Professor Didioni to be an example of the very highest form of historical *genre*—such *genre* as was so capably illustrated by our own lamented Augustus Egg, and,

in the earlier stages of his career, by the more recently to be deplored Edward Matthew Ward, R.A. It will be remembered that the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine furnished Mr. Ward, some sixteen years ago, with the subject for a very effective picture —the effect being one of lamplight; and I may mention that, in my own drawing-room at home, I have hanging two powerful pen-and-ink sketches, by my lamented friend, of the retreating figure of Napoleon—back views as in the Didioni picture—and suggesting the same guilty sneaking gait. These sketches were made for the picture of 'The last Meeting of Napoleon I. and Queen Charlotte of Prussia at Tilsit.' It is certain that poor E. M. Ward never saw the 'Ragioni di Stato,' yet by a curious coincidence the attitude of his swooning Prussian queen closely resembles that of the despairing Josephine.

The place taken by Russia in the Fine Arts Department of the Exhibition was, both graphically and plastically, a very prominent one. Do you remember the colossal composition of M. Siemeradski, 'Les Torches Vivantes de Néron' (Nero's Living Illuminations)? This astounding work may have been suggested to M. Siemeradski by reading M. Ernest Rénan's *Apôtres*. Nero was assuredly the most sensational theatrical manager of his age. In getting up melodramas with 'unprecedented spectacular effects' he was unrivalled. *Blasé* with his scenes in the circus, in which the wretched Christians were only torn to pieces by wild beasts, the imperial Ducrow conceived the idea of a grand nocturnal *fête*—a kind of infernal Vauxhall or diabolical Cremorne, with so many hundred additional Galileans as precursors of the 'twenty thousand additional lamps' of the old 'royal property.' So he lighted up the long esplanade of the Golden House with a perfectly new and original series of 'Torches Vivantes.' A detachment of Christians —among whom there may have been some criminals whom it was deemed expedient to execute in a decorative manner: between the lamp-post and the Gemonian Steps there was not much to choose: —were neatly smeared from head to foot with pitch. Bands of tow, equally well tarred, were wound round their limbs, so that they

might catch fire all the more quickly; and they were then, at given intervals, hoisted up to iron standards of highly ornamental design, and connected one with the other by festoons of flowers. What jokes the Roman workmen must have cracked—mercurial children of the sunny South!—as they coated the luckless Galileans with pitch and tar, and dabbed lumps of resin-indued tow over them, and so garrotted and triced them up to the ornamental standards! Tarring and feathering in the Northern States of America, or tarring and cottoning in the South (the last a freak frequently played with Abolitionists prior to the Great Civil War), could have been as nothing, looked upon as a frolic, compared with the racy humours of the Golden House. The night of festivity being come, and the Palatine Court assembled, on a signal being given the human torches were all at once kindled. What horrid yells, what fearful groans, what piteous appeals for mercy, must have come from those poor roasting bodies up there, among the festoons of flowers! It was part of the inscrutable wisdom of Providence *not* to permit the Devil then and there to make his appearance and carry away the Emperor Nero to hell; nay, many centuries afterwards, the Living Torches of the Maison Dorée were allowed to serve several generations of Grand Inquisitors in Spain, Portugal, Rome, Goa, and other places with models and exemplars for that brilliantly orthodox entertainment, truly spectacular in its *mise en scène*, the *auto da fé*.

M. Siemeradski has done his best with his horribly suggestive subject. Nero's Golden House, imposing in its architecture, occupies two-thirds of the canvas, and staircases and galleries are thronged with the *élite* of Roman society; members of consular families, senators, ædiles, knights, and Vestal Virgins, mingled with gladiators, mountebanks, dancing girls, *meretrices*, and slaves—the last only too happy that it was not their turn this time to be tarred and towed, and hung up as aerial bonfires. The Emperor Nero was, I have no doubt, immensely pleased with the performance. I wonder what the great Roman ladies and the Vestal Virgins thought of it. Well, the ladies of the court of Louis Quinze went to see the

wretched Damiens suffer, in the Place de Grève, tortures quite as atrocious as those inflicted on the Galileans on the Palatine Hill. The miserable monomaniac who had feebly pushed a penknife against one of the ribs of the Most Christian King had, what with the *question ordinaire* and the *question extraordinaire*—what with the boots, the thumbikins, and the picket, been tormented half to death or ever he came to the scaffold. When they got him there, Sanson and his men tore his flesh repeatedly with iron pincers, and poured melted lead, pitch, sulphur, and what not into the gaping wounds. Then he was tied hands and feet to the tails of four horses, which were beaten and spurred in contrary directions, with the intent of tearing his body in four quarters. That wonderful machine, Heaven-built, called the human frame—an apparatus which so soon as we begin to understand something of its mechanism we proceed to abuse—proved, however, in Damien's case, much tougher than the sentencing judges and the performing executioners had imagined. The wretch would not come to pieces without much sawing at his sinews and jagging at his articulations by Sanson and his *aides*. Meanwhile the four horses were fiercely slashed by the whips of the assistants to make them pull the stronger. 'O, les pauv' zevaux!' (O, the poor horses!) squealed, in the lisping court-jargon of the time, the great ladies from Versailles. They had been diverting themselves with this hellish butchery, as though it had been an opera or a ballet. Some of them brought *pantins* or puppets, the limbs of which were set in motion by means of a string, to the show in the Place de Grève.

Well, if 'slaughter' be 'God's daughter,' as the mild Wordsworth, 'booing his pottery'* at Grasmere, crudely, yet perhaps truly, put the matter, cruelty would certainly appear to be humanity's foster-sister. We are all abominably cruel, in words or in deeds, at some period or another. 'Cet âge est sans pitié,'

* An old lady who was a neighbour of the Bard told an inquisitive American tourist that Wordsworth was 'no bad sort of a mon,' except when he went 'trottin' aboot the grass, booin' his pottery'—reciting his poetry, I conclude.

the good La Fontaine wrote, of children. Our young ones pore over the pretty pictures of animals in *Little Folks* or *Chatterbox*, and then they go and worry the kitten, or make the life of the dog a torment to him. Schoolboys will resort to butchers' slaughter-houses as to a place of entertainment, and club their pence to fee the slaughterer to kill a bullock. I saw one killed five-and-thirty years ago at Slater's, at Knightsbridge. It was a grand sight; but I am sure that I could not bear to see any creature deliberately killed now. Yet Spanish ladies will smilingly sit out a bullfight, the sight of which makes many strong Englishmen physically sick; and English ladies see no harm in assisting at a 'tournament of doves'—in other words, the wanton massacre of flocks of harmless pigeons. If you, of malice aforethought, were to shoot at a pigeon in the streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg, the mob would fall upon you or stone you; and in 1855-6, when Constantinople was full of British officers proceeding to or returning from the Crimea, the Turks were with difficulty restrained from 'going for' the smart young subalterns who amused themselves by roaming about with revolvers at night, and 'potting' the homeless harmless dogs of Pera and Galata. Yet Russians and Turks can be, on occasion, as cruel as other folk.*

Returning to the Russian Fine Art Department, I notice an exceptionally 'cruel' work of Muscovite art in a picture representing what at first sight seemed to be a masquerade, or rather a *bal paré et travesti*, since, although the assistants, male and female, were clad in the most extravagant fancy costumes, they wore no masks. In particular were you struck by the number of dwarfs of

* 'We all do it.' Here we have Sir Bartle Frere prating about Cetewayo's army as a 'frightfully efficient man-slaying machine,' while every Jingo is ready, in verse or prose, to qualify the Zulus as 'murderous savages;' and lo, in an illustrated paper, the other day, I saw an engraving of a knot of gallant officers of a Highland regiment shooting with their revolvers at the seagulls from the deck of a transport at sea. This engaging picture was called 'Practising for the Zulus.' Amiable incident! So many Zulus must be killed, of course, for every one of our men assegaied at Isandula; but what had the seagulls done that they were to be ruthlessly slaughtered?

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN. I. 256.

From the Picture by Señor Ferrant y Fischermans.

both sexes, hideously deformed, and bedizened in dresses the grotesque splendour of which made their deformity only the more repulsive. There was a strong contingent, too, of zebra-striped buffoons and zanies—Triboulets and Rigolettos of Petropolis. There were dancers too in grand court-dress, blazing with jewels and gold embroidery; but they had all an odd, coarse, pinchbeck patrician look, as though they were in reality princes of the stable and princesses of the scullery. The kitchen, indeed, played a conspicuous part in the festival. This rabble rout of jesters and glorified lacqueys and chambermaids advanced mopping and mowing, grimacing and posturing, and brandishing aloft pots, pans, gridirons, soup-ladles, pokers, shovels, and tongs, with which they simulated one of those derisive symphonies known in Germany as 'katzenmusik,' in France as a 'charivari,' and in England as 'rough music.' Such 'music' is being played at the procession of the 'Skimmington' in Hogarth's illustrations to *Hudibras*. Its latest form of expression in London was the 'marrow-bones and cleavers' concerts, now nearly obsolete, of the butchers on the occasion of a wedding between the sons and daughters of their craft. In the last century the blue-jerkined gentry did not confine their cacophonic attentions to the marriages of members of their own calling. No fashionable wedding in the parishes of St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. James's, Piccadilly, was complete without the marrow-bones and cleavers, which in process of time became engines of intimidation and extortion. The law had at last to interfere to abrogate the butchers' insolent demands for *backshish*.

But why this horrible concourse of discordant sounds in the Russian picture? Well, there are a bride and bridegroom to be saluted. 'Benedick, the married man,' sitting on a couch of honour under a canopy of state, is a poor miserable dwarf, with a yellow, wrinkled, half baboon-like face, fraught with an expression of unutterable woe. His teeth are chattering; his nose and his finger-tips are blue. Beatrix, his spouse, likewise a pigmy, pitiable to look upon, is in no better case than her lord. She crouches and shivers by his side. Observe that the wretched-

looking bride and bridegroom are sumptuously clad, although their apparel is of the thinnest possible materials. Their robes are of almost transparent silk and gauze; whereas their entertainers—the jesters and zanies, the princes of the stable and the princesses of the scullery, have a plenitude of comfortable fur-lined vestments. Presently you begin to ask yourselves why these glowingly coloured groups—their faces seem to have been illumined by copious potations of *vodka*, hot tea, and punch—should be contrasted with a background of the palest and most diaphanous tints. The columns and archways, the balustrades and vases, the enriched ceiling, the couch of honour, and the canopy of state, belong unmistakably to a palace. But it seems, to all physical appearance, to be a palace of crystal. Error. Consider that faint greenish tinge which overspreads the whole background, and the nuptial couch and canopy to boot. *It is a Palace of Ice!* That is why the bride and bridegroom are gibbering and shivering on their *haut pas*. The poor little wretches are half frozen. It has been the whim, the caprice, the good pleasure, in fine, of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina of All the Russias—Anne or Elizabeth, I forget which—to marry her favourite *homunculus* to her female pigmy in ordinary. All the dwarfs and dwarfesses, all the *fous* and the *folles* of the great court Boyards, have been bidden to the festival; and, to add excruciating humour to the frolic, her Majesty's architect and her Majesty's upholsterer and decorator, aided by any number of obedient slaves, have built, on the frozen bosom of a lake in the grounds of the Imperial residence, a Glacial Palace.

We used to read this story in schoolbook collections of anecdotes ever so many years ago; and I confess that, even as a boy, I regarded the tale only as a lying wonder. But if the painter—a Professor of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg—of the picture in the Exposition is to be trusted, this barbarous act of cruelty was really committed. I never learned what became of the wantonly tortured man-and-wife dwarfs. Perhaps they died of frost-bite. People did not trouble themselves much about the possibility of such contingencies at the Russian Court, and in the middle of the

eighteenth century. Nor, in the last quarter of the nineteenth, does the Academical Professor who has produced this undeniably clever work seem to look upon the palace of ice in any other light than as an intensely comic episode of Russian life and manners. He might try his hand with advantage on the equally characteristic and even more dramatic tableau of the knouting of Madame Lapoukhin, who, after she had been scourged, was branded on the forehead and had her nostrils torn asunder—always in accordance with the good-will and pleasure of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina of All the Russias. Well; it was the fault rather of the century than of the Czarina. At the very eve of the great French Revolution did not an English nobleman witness, in the courtyard of a prison in Paris, the whipping and branding with the letter 'V'—*voleuse*—of the luckless Countess de la Motte, the heroine of the Diamond Necklace swindle?

I have not yet noticed, in English accounts of the Russian contributions to art at the Exposition, any mention of the curious plastic exhibit of Professor Le Vittoux of Warsaw. It seems to have occurred to this gentleman (presumably of French extraction) that provincial schools of art, especially in Russia, are sometimes very badly off for life-models—female models in particular. In some governments of Russia the 'fair' sex are only fair by courtesy; in many cases they are indeed stunted in stature, and in face and form extremely ugly. In other provinces, where the women of the humbler classes are comelier, the priests are averse from allowing their catechumens to sit as models. So Professor Le Vittoux picked out the likeliest young Polish damsel he could light upon, and—for a handsome consideration, doubtless—persuaded her to allow herself to be cast from top to toe in plaster-of-Paris. The operation was performed in a single 'coulage' or casting; but how the young lady was cut or sawn or scooped out of her whited sepulchre is not explained. The strangely successful result was apparent, however, in a special cabinet of the Russian section, into which ladies were not invited to enter, but which, as they did enter it, to criticise its contents with much apparent curiosity and interest at all hours

of the day, I may be permitted, I hope without offence, briefly to dwell upon. Indeed, it would be squeamishness of the most hypocritical kind to pass by in silence a display of which the definite object was to further the cause of art-education.

You saw, then, in a room into which the light had been cautiously admitted, two representations, life-size, in plaster of the Polish life-model. Both were recumbent—one on the face, the other on the back. The naturalness of the plaster reduplication of the human form was simply wonderful; but by the process of casting, one perhaps inevitable, albeit unanticipated, effect had been produced. The sudden contact of the wet plaster with the skin had produced in the poor girl what is called 'chair de poule' or 'goose-flesh,' and had covered the skin with a corrugation of innumerable follicles. This was unjust to the fair *Varsovienne*, since it stigmatised her with a coarseness of skin which probably in reality she did not possess. The form was very symmetrical; the face quiet and kindly looking, but too irregular in feature to be considered pretty. I looked at the hands—in which every wrinkle of the epidermis was reproduced with microscopic exactitude—narrowly. On the first finger of the left hand were the innumerable punctures made by the needle in passing through work from right to left; and on the second finger of the right hand was the unmistakable depression of the phalange made by the rim of the thimble. Not a peasant-girl, evidently, this Venus of Warsaw—the hands were too small for that—but a milliner-girl, or some other kind of sempstress. The feet were horrible. The atrocious *bottines* of modern civilisation had wrought their usual wreckage of Nature's handiwork; and the outcome were two wrinkled and contorted lumps of callosity. If a selection of life-models who had never worn shoes or stockings—and let me whisper that the ligature which is the cognizance of the Most Noble Order which was *not* founded by Edward III. in honour of the Countess of Salisbury does quite as much harm, artistically speaking, to the female leg as is done to the foot by the boot or the high-heeled shoe—could be obtained, Professor Le Vittoux's well-meant experi-

ment might bear good fruit; and schools of art might be enabled by the aid of these plaster-casts to dispense to a very considerable extent with life-models. Unfortunately the Professor has yet another foe to contend with in the shape of the bust-strangling corset. If the Venus of Medicis had worn stays, she would never, I warrant, have enchanted the world.

Although there is an astoundingly abundant display of sculpture in the Exposition Universelle, and although a large number of the works exhibited are extremely graceful, there are not many of really surpassing excellence—works that at once become famous, and take their place instanter in the cosmopolitan Walhalla, as Canova's 'Graces,' as Thorwaldsen's 'Venus' and 'Night and Morning,' as Danneker's 'Ariadne,' as Kiss's 'Amazon,' and as Gibson's 'Tinted Venus' did. I miss even from the Palace of the Champ de Mars any very striking example of such intense and pathetic reflection as was manifest in the never-to-be-forgotten 'Reading Girl' in our Exhibition of 1862, or as was shown in the 'Napoleon at St. Helena' in the Paris Exposition of 1867. You remember that wondrous composition: the Captive Conqueror, enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, leaning back, weakened by an agonising disease, in his armchair; his cheeks hollowed, his features sharpened, his eyes sunken, his hands worn almost to skin and bone, and outstretched on his knees a map of the World. Recent Italian sculpture seems equally indifferent to the examples offered by antiquity, by the soft Paganism of Canova, or by the severer Atticism of Thorwaldsen and Gibson. The graceful *tours de force* of Rafaelle Monti, of 'Veiled Slave' celebrity, still find plenty of imitators among his countrymen, and marvellously skilful simulations of diaphanous drapery, of lace and net work in marble, may be found in the Italian section; but on the whole the sculptors of the Peninsula seem to have banded themselves together in four distinct groups, producers first of the simple nude —very symmetrical, very soft, very pleasing, and altogether free from the 'fleshliness' of Pradier, but deficient in nerve and force; next of groups and single figures of young children, graceful,

innocent, and charming; thirdly, of compositions of a stupidly frivolous and meretricious kind, *cocottes*, *Fanfan Bénoitons*, *débardeurs*, and the like, in modern 'fancy' costumes, wholly unfit for treatment in marble, and all of which are, to me, simply abhorrent; and, lastly, groups of a downright comic character, such as 'I was First, Sir,' and the 'Dirty Boy,' concerning which I shall have something to say presently.

In the English Fine Art section Mr. Frederick Leighton's noble bronze statue of the 'Athlete struggling with a Python' has attracted during the Exhibition the most attentive observation. When the 'Athlete' was first exhibited at Burlington House I was purposely reticent in the critical remarks which I was called upon to make on it; purposely so, because a great work in sculpture belongs not to any particular country or school, but to the world at large; and because I wished to hear what experienced foreign critics would have to say respecting the adventurous plastic effort of the most accomplished and most versatile of English artists. Not one foreign lover of art out of fifty thousand has the opportunity perhaps of seeing a painting by Millais or by Edwin Landseer, and the vast majority of the foreigners who *have* seen the pictures of such British masters as those whom I have named, these six months past, in Paris, will, in all probability, never look upon them again; while engravings, however skilful, from their pictures can give but a very faint idea of the genius and skill displayed in the original works. A celebrated statue goes, on the other hand, the round of the whole world. Not only may the marble mason execute an indefinite number of replicas of the original, but it may also be multiplied *ad infinitum* and in every variety of form, in terra-cotta, in papier-mâché, in earthenware, in plaster—ay, and even in chocolate or in soap. Painting is virtually local. Sculpture is universal; and a cast of the 'Venus de' Medicis,' bought for 3*s*. 6*d*. in Leather Lane, is, to all the intents and purposes of corporeal beauty, as enchanting as the 'Venus de' Medicis' in the Tribune at Florence. This is why I waited to hear what the foreign critics had to say about the 'Athlete' of Mr.

Frederick Leighton. I am glad to find that the superb work is well-nigh unanimously applauded; that the anatomical accuracy of the modelling, the harmony of the lines, and the general balance of the composition, are cheerfully recognised by those most qualified to judge. The only remark in disparagement of a work of which, and of its author, England should be proud, is the perhaps hypercritical objection that it is not only substantially but spiritually of bronze. Neither the Athlete nor the Python was ever of flesh and blood, the hypercritics say. Man and reptile alike lack vitality.

That which is by far the most fascinating, and has been the most popular, work of sculpture in the Exhibition is 'La Baigneuse,' a full-length figure, in marble, by Professor Tabacchi of Milan. The statue, which is about a third less than life size, is that of a young girl, certainly not more than seventeen years of age, attired in a closely-fitting bathing dress, who, her arms extended diagonally above her head, and the tips of the fingers of each pretty hand lightly touching each other, is preparing to take a 'header' into a supposititious pool of water at her feet. It is to be hoped that the amateur who has been fortunate enough to become the possessor of this charming Bather will place a marble basin, encircling a sheet of plate glass, at the foot of the statue, so as to give a complete reflection of the figure, which real water, if shallow, could not present. The bathing-dress leaves the arms and lower limbs bare, and displays the exquisite modelling of the muscles—modelling at once perfect from a symmetrical and from a rigidly anatomical point of view. The girl's face, her head bent slightly downwards towards her plunge-bath, is deliciously *naïve* and artless, yet not devoid of a slight expression of girlish sauciness. It is Thomson's Musidora, but Musidora before she has left Madam Soberside's Finishing Academy—Musidora who has not yet lost her appetite for bread-and-butter and almond-rock—Musidora before the swains have begun to sigh after her. And this lends to the work its greatest charm. The girl, for all that every line of her rounded form can be traced, is abstractedly as decorous as a youthful Quakeress in a

drab-silk dress, a brown silk shawl, and a coalscuttle bonnet. She is nearly as scantily clad as the Simple Truth, the *Gymna Aletheia* herself; but she is as beautiful and as pure. Still I confess that the statue of a pretty school girl about to take a 'header' is not a work of High Art. That Professor Tabacchi is capable of efforts of a much higher order than are shown in 'La Baigneuse,' is sufficiently manifested in his noble statue of 'Hypatia,' a full-length nude figure of the unfortunate lady-lecturer at the University of Alexandria, chained to a post. The luckless advocate of the Higher Education of Women was, so the legends say, scraped to death with oyster-shells; but Professor Tabacchi has wisely represented Hypatia before, and not after the infliction of the scarifying operation in question.

But what am I to say of Sigor Giovanni Focardi's uncompromisingly comic statue of the urchin whose face is being lathered, much against his will, by his exasperated grandmother, and to which the legend, 'O, you Dirty Boy!' is attached? 'Est-il sale!' as the French call the uncleanly youth, has been surrounded every day by groups of people from all parts of the world, roaring with laughter at Signor Giovanni Focardi's irresistibly droll performance; for most of us have had grandmothers, and more of us have violently objected to having our faces washed when we were young. But now that long years separate us from those agonies of soap and water and rough towels, those fearful tortures when the ruthless huckaback was applied behind the ears—Hypatia under the oyster-shells could not have endured a worse martyrdom—we can afford to laugh over the plastic commemoration of our bygone misery. The group of the 'Dirty Boy' which has set so many hundreds of thousand folks, gentle and simple, screaming with merriment in Paris is, however, only a model in plaster of the original work, which is a group in marble, commissioned from the sculptor by the very old firm of English soap-makers—they date from 1789—Messrs. A. & F. Pears of London. They have been Prize Medallists at Exhibitions in all parts of the world, from the year 1851 downwards, and have, I hear, again won a prize medal

at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1878. The marble of the 'Dirty Boy' is not yet complete, but so soon as it leaves Signor Focardi's studio it is to be permanently exhibited at the London establishment of Messrs. Pears. The copyright of the work goes of course with the statue, and the 'Dirty Boy' will probably henceforth be the legally-protected trade-mark for the wares produced by Messrs. A. & F. Pears. The 'Dirty Boy' will supersede, I suppose, the highly humorous dual picture of the little blackamoor who is being put into a bath preparatory to being thoroughly well washed with 'Pears's transparent soap'—a toilet article used as extensively on the Continent as in England, and which is the invention of the house in Great Russell Street. The highest of authorities on the skin, Professor Erasmus Wilson, has warmly testified to the virtues of Pears's Transparent Soap, as 'one of the most agreeable and refreshing balms for the skin'—an opinion which I, in common with every one who has made use of the soap, readily indorse; but besides this the little blackamoor in the bath must, pictorially considered, be regarded as a very important witness in the case. After a short course of the Transparent Soap he emerges from his tub as white as wool, all but his face, which has not been washed. Now, precisely a different result is visible in Signor Focardi's 'Dirty Boy.' His arms and hands have been satisfactorily cleansed, but it is on his much-begrimed countenance that his indefatigable but enraged grandparent is finally operating. She looks as though she could scrub twenty little blackamoors white in five minutes; but, O, what dreadful anguish former generations of 'Dirty Boys' must have endured before Messrs. Pears discovered the refreshing and balmy virtues of Transparent Soap!

XVII.

DINNER-TIME IN PARIS.

Sept. 16.

The late Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*—a book of travels which, to my thinking, is entitled to hold a place between Mrs. Trollope's book on America and the *Diary of an Invalid*—wrote a vivacious description of a fair young Viennese lady who was his opposite neighbour during his stay in the Kaiserstadt, and with whom he confessed that he would have fallen madly in love had it not been for the insatiable appetite with which she was afflicted. A narrow street and an open window made Mr. Willis an involuntary participant in the secrets of the

ménage over the way; and it was impossible for him to shut his eyes to the fact that the blue-eyed and flaxen-haired *fräulein* ate four substantial meals a day, to say nothing of an after-supper *butterbrod* or so and a *seidel* of beer or two before retiring to rest. Now, Mr. Willis's own countrymen, the Americans, are not by any means accounted contemptible trenchermen. At least three, and often four, copious repasts, into which meat, hot or cold, enters largely, form the staple of your board at a first-class American hotel; and, as though with a view towards preparing you for the ordeal of overfeeding which you are bound to go through in the States, you are offered every day on board the Cunard steamship which conveys you from Queenstown to Boston or New York a tremendous breakfast, a hearty lunch, a prodigious dinner, a substantial tea, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws in the way of grilled bones and Welsh rarebits that William Steward may like to have dished up for you before bedtime. When poor Nathaniel Parker Willis wrote his pleasant book some forty years ago, the *table d'hôte* of the Astor House, New York—is there any Astor House now?—was held to be the most splendidly provided among all the hotels of the American Continent. The 'Penciller by the Way' was an *habitué* of the Astor House; yet he professed to be shocked by the spectacle of a young lady in Vienna who got comfortably through her four meals a day, and looked all the prettier for her *gourmandise*.

To subdue a tendency towards prejudice, and to avoid taking one-sided views of things, are among my most constant aspirations. It is quite possible that on a variety of topics I am unconsciously the bitterest of partisans; but at least I try my hardest to be impartial. Here have I now been, for many weeks, a Stranger and a Pilgrim in Paris, under circumstances almost totally different from any that I can remember to have been formerly subjected to in this metropolis. I have seen, designedly, scarcely anything of my own countrymen; I have lived almost altogether in the open air—I am writing this letter in a balcony; I have breakfasted and dined at a restaurant every day, and rarely twice at the same place; and I

am continually asking myself whether I am right or wrong in the persuasion, which every day has been growing stronger within me, that the modern Parisians devote a great deal too much time every day to eating and drinking, and that, while the people seem to crowd the public eating-houses to a greater extent than ever, the Art of Cookery is slowly but surely deteriorating and degenerating among them. In the last respect I am glad to find my opinion shared by so high an authority as M. Abraham Dreyfus, who, in a remarkable article on Cooks and Cookery in the *XIXme Siècle*, points out that it is every day becoming more difficult to secure the services of really accomplished cooks, for the reason that first-rate *chefs* can always command much larger salaries in London, in Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in New York, and in San Francisco, than they can obtain in Paris; and that at the slightest reprimand which they receive from their *patrons* they threaten to 'rendre le tablier'—which is the technical term for resigning. Again, the first-rate *chefs* plead that when they enter the service of a *restaurateur* whose customers are many and hungry the finest efforts of their art are, through the gluttony of the guests, ill understood, if understood at all. A not dissimilar complaint has been heard ere now from the *chef* of a London club. '*A quoi bon*,' he has pleaded, 'is it for me to rack my invention to put eight fresh *entrées* in every day's *menu*, when out of an average of a hundred diners in the coffee-room seventy-five dine off a plain fish and the joint?' For a French cook to be misunderstood is the most unpardonable outrage that can be inflicted on him. 'Je lui ai composé,' said the great Carême bitterly of our George IV., 'une longe de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangée; mais il n'a pas su la comprendre.' So the disgusted cook 'composed' a last sauce, which he called 'La Dernière Pensée de Carême,' and retired from the Royal service. Had he remained at Carlton House a catastrophe as lugubrious as that of Vatel might have happened.

It is lamentable to learn, on the authority of M. Abraham Dreyfus, the opinion of a culinary artist, who, next to MM. Jules Gouffé and Urbain Dubois, is universally acknowledged to be the

first *chef* in Europe, that the only remedy for the evils under which gastronomic France is suffering is the establishment of a Conservatoire Culinaire, or National School of Cookery. Imagine the

THE CHEF.

Parisians, the nation of cooks *par excellence*, coming down to the complexion of South Kensington! Meanwhile, it is my intention to 'take stock'—the expression is less metaphorical than technical

—of the existing condition of Public Cookery in Paris, premising that I am criticising that cookery quite apart from the *menu* of the clubs, of diplomacy, or that 'haute cuisine bourgeoise' which you enjoy in French private houses, and of all of which I have seen in my time as much as most people. I shall be willing, again, to make due allowances for the exceptional pressure on all places of public entertainment in Paris caused by the Exhibition—a disturbing element which has enhanced the price and lowered the standard of excellence in every appliance of civilisation in this vast city. I need scarcely say that my acquaintance with the metropolis of France is not of the day before yesterday. It dates, indeed, from the midst of the reign of Louis Philippe, when Beauvillier's and Hardy's had ceased, it is true, to exist, but when the chief and surpassingly excellent restaurants in Paris were the Trois Frères Provençaux, Very's, Vefour's, D'Ouix (the Café Corazza)—all in the Palais Royal; the Café de Paris, the Rocher de Cancale; the renowned restaurant in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where Thackeray ate the *bouillabaisse*, and called for 'the Chambertin with yellow seal'—Philippe's in the Rue Montorgeuil, and the Café Anglais. About the year '36, there was published a remarkable article on French gastronomy in the *Quarterly Review*, which, if I had it by me, would remind me of at least a dozen more equally good, albeit not quite so famous, Parisian restaurants of the last generation; but those which I have mentioned enjoyed at the time of which I speak the highest prestige. As for Durand's, the Restaurant de la Madeleine, now one of the most fashionable and most expensive restaurants in Paris, I remember it in 1839 as an admirably provided eating-house, to which a very near and dear relative of mine used to take her three children to dinner on their 'days out' from school, *because the Restaurant de la Madeleine was so cheap!* They charged me sixteen francs for a roast pheasant—it was produced, it must be admitted, for a moment, *en évidence* as a *pièce montée*—at Durand's this very September.

Among the places I have named, the Trois Frères, Very's, the Rocher de Cancale, Philippe's, and the Café de Paris exist no

DECAPITATING A TURTLE AT A PARIS RESTAURANT. I. 264.

longer.* Since I have been sojourning in Paris I have dined or breakfasted at the following old and new places of popular resort: (1) The Café Anglais; (2) the Maison Dorée; (3) Bignon's (the Café de Foy); (4) the Café Riche; (5) the 'Grand' Café; (6) the Restaurant Rougemont; (7) Vachett's (Brebant's); (8) the Café Veron, corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Vivienne; (9) 'London House,' a succursal of the same well-known establishment at Nice; (10) the Restaurant Bonnefoy; (11) Vefour's; (12) the Restaurant d'Ouix, now the Café Corazza; (13) the Taverne Anglaise, in the Place Boieldieu; (14) the Restaurant Rousse, by the side of the Opéra Comique; (15) Gaillon's; (16) Voisin's; (17) Vian's; (18) Laurent's, in the Avenue Marigny, Champs Elysées; (19) Lucas's Taverne Anglais; (20) the Café de la Paix; (21) a Restaurant Italien, close to the Passage des Panoramas; (22) Magny's, in the Rue Mazet, off the Rue Dauphin, 'over the water,' nearly in a line with the Pont Neuf; (23) the 'Taverne Britannique,' in the Rue Richelieu; and (24) a 'fixed price' dinner in the Palais Royal, to whose exact whereabouts and whose precise name I decline to allude. In my memory it will be indelibly fixed as the 'Dîner Burnand,' because, when I emerged from the Trophonian caverns in which that dinner was served, I exclaimed, with the celebrated art critic of the Grosvenor Gallery, 'Joy, joy! but never again with you, Robin.'

The Café Anglais still, to my thinking, maintains its place as the very best for dining purposes in Paris. You will dine well if you order any one of the dishes specified in the bill of fare; but you will dine much better (if you know enough about French cookery to dismiss the *carte du jour* entirely from consideration) by ordering a dinner altogether 'out of your own head.' They will cook everything for you that is in season. Everything that should be hot will be 'piping' hot—at very many pretentious places they give you that abominable thing, tepid soup; the fish is always fresh, and the cleanliness of everything is simply perfect. The prices

* That is to say, so far as the Boulevards are concerned. There is a new and splendid Café de Paris in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

are confessedly high, but they cannot be called extortionate. A very modest little dinner at the Café Anglais for two people of long experience, but moderate appetites and limited means, consisted of a dozen of Marennes oysters, of goodly size and delicious flavour; *no fish* (I hold fish to be a surplusage when you have had more than three oysters); a *Crécy* soup; a *perdrix aux choux*—a tiny partridge braised with cabbage, carrots, and small sausages; some *gruyère* cheese, a *salade à la romaine*, and a bottle of the excellent Bordeaux wine called Pontet Canet. The partridge and cabbage cost ten francs, and the dish was dear at the price; but the Pontet Canet,* which cost eight francs, was worth the money, and more, for it was so much purple velvet to the palate; and it had a flavour which reminded you at once of the odour of violets and the taste of raspberries. This dinner—stay, it included a *demi-tasse* of coffee and an undeniably authentic Havana cigar, the last an almost unattainable luxury in Paris †—

* I have been told, and impertinently told, in print by some person wholly unknown to me, but who addresses me as 'George,' that the Café Anglais has no specialty for Bordeaux, but that it has one for Burgundy. I am accustomed to write about the things that I know, and not about things that I do not know; and I have known nothing of the wines of Burgundy these twenty years past. Still, we will see what a competent authority, M. Auguste Luchet, says upon the subject: 'The wealth of this cellar (the Café Anglais) consists in Bordeaux wines. M. Delhomme, the proprietor, is a Bordelais, who, not caring for the growths of Burgundy, does not admit that any one else can care for them. He keeps Burgundy in his cellar, but only for form, and, so to say, against his will.'—*Paris-Guide: Les Grandes Cuisines et les Grandes Caves*, p. 1550. I may add that M. Delhomme is still the proprietor of the Café Anglais. M. Auguste Luchet, who was both a Republican and a *gourmet*, was named Governor of the Palace of Fontainebleau after the Revolution of 1848, when he was accused by the anti-Republican newspapers of having fried and eaten the historic carp that Francis I. fed with breadcrumbs, and to which the Duchess d'Etampes threw golden rings.

† The sale of cigars at the Café Anglais is a speculation on the part of the waiters, who import the tobacco themselves from Havana, and share the profits. A *garçon* who is fortunate enough to be accepted as a member of the staff of the Café Anglais rarely quits it ('bar' death or other casualties), save to go into business on his own account.

STUDYING THE CARTE. I. 266.

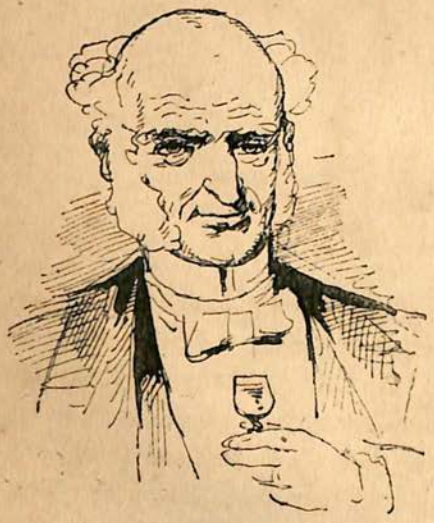
cost twenty-eight francs and some centimes: with the waiter's fee, thirty francs; say twelve shillings a head. Now there is good *vin ordinaire* to be had at the Café Anglais for three francs—I am

THE CELLARMAN.

not quite sure that it is not two francs fifty—a bottle, and the average price of an *entrée* is three francs and a half; thus you may set down our oysters, our *perdrix aux choux*, and our Pontet

Canet as so much reckless extravagance; but please to remember that a Frenchman, or even an Englishman, who had set his heart on having 'a regular tip-top French dinner,' even if he had suppressed the preliminary bivalves, would have thought his repast incomplete without a dish of fish, a *rôti*—say a *Chateaubriand* or an *entrecôte à la Bordelaise;* a sweet—say a *parfait au café* or a *soufflé de chocolat;* and some fruit.

The Frenchman would assuredly have taken a tiny glass of *fine champagne* cognac, chartreuse, or some other *liqueur*, with his *demi-tasse;* and the Englishman would, in all probability, have wound up with at least half a bottle of Pommery Sec or Heidsieck's Dry Monopole. As for the French, it is with the extremest rarity that, save at Carnival time, or at a *repas de noces*, they ever touch champagne, which is often alluded to contemptuously, as 'le vin des cocottes,' and more frequently 'le vin des Allemands.' They are content to make it in order to sell it to the foreigner. Thus such a complete dinner as that which I have specified, at the Café Anglais, would cost at least twenty-five francs a head. Our own was incomplete, but to us sufficing. For the rest, a gentleman dining by himself would pay almost as much for a 'complete' dinner as when he had a companion; and, as a rule, a party of six or eight will be called upon to expend less in proportion per head than would be disbursed by a party of three or four. An English exhibitor told me that, with seven friends, he had enjoyed a really sumptuous banquet in a private *cabinet* at the Café Anglais, and that the bill only amounted to twenty-two francs a head. And I fancy that they must have had plenty of champagne. Of course



you may ruin yourself at the Anglais if you like, and that with great promptitude and despatch. There are Lafittes and Margaux, there are (so I am told) Chambertins and Romanées, which are thought cheap at from thirty to fifty francs a bottle, and which are in extensive demand among the American clients of the house. I dined, indeed, the other evening with some old friends from New York at the Restaurant Rougemont, and we had Madeira of 1824 with the oysters. A pheasant was produced with his wings and tail spread, and with a kind of gold and jewelled *aureole* round his head; and —I did not ask to look at the bill. Had the dinner been a moderate one I might, for the purpose of comparison, have taken that liberty.

I may finally remark, touching the Café Anglais, that as a rule the service is irreproachable. The waiters are civil, quiet, and suggestive, and two or three of them speak English. The knives, forks, and spoons are all silver; yet, strange to say, the proprietor of this excellent establishment has not yet awakened to a sense of the expediency of providing his guests either with fish knives and forks, or with salt-spoons. The drawbacks to this very admirable house are, normally, in the smallness of the rooms, the low ceilings of which render them in summer nearly as hot as the *piombi* of Venice; and, abnormally, in the tremendous crowds of visitors brought by the Exhibition, and the clatter and *tapage* made by some of the foreign guests, whose nationality I will not particularise, at whose guttural gabble the English simply stare with stupefied amazement, while the few French gentlemen whom the guttural gabblers have not driven away sit silent in corners

glowering with rage at the Invaders. They are as objectionable in Peace as in War. This is especially the case on Sundays, when a

A PARISIAN MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

Frenchman, having in all likelihood been to the races, is very fond of enjoying a good dinner. Unless he be one of a party, or has secured a *cabinet particulier* in advance, he will have considerable difficulty in making headway against this alien cohort, who—

A PARIS RESTAURATEUR.

men, women, and children—come six or eight strong, and virtually monopolise the public rooms. They are all gifted with enormous appetites, and they have an unquenchable thirst for champagne; so that I imagine that the Parisian *restaurateurs* console them-

selves for the nuisance inflicted upon them by these turbulent (and upon occasion insolent) customers by making out the very biggest bills imaginable against them—casting up the highest possible 'additions,' and leaving it to the waiter to demonstrate that the total is both accurate and moderate. Especially do they 'have' them in the way of fruit. Dessert, generally consisting at this time of the year of grapes, peaches, and pears, is very costly indeed at the first-rate restaurants.

The frugal Frenchman orders what fruit he desires — 'une pêche,' 'une poire,' or 'du raisin.' The improvident foreigner calls hoarsely for 'tes vruits.' They bring him fruit with a vengeance—a whole *plateau* heaped high with the gifts of Pomona. 'Most boys,' sagely remarked Dr. Johnson, in the celebrated case of the alleged cause of Swift's deafness in a youthful surfeit of fruit, 'will eat as much as they can get.' But this foreigner's voracity is the *restaurateur's* opportunity. He watches the fruit disappear, and rubs his hands in mute joy. Do you remember the story of the old Duke of Norfolk—the Prince Regent's Duke of Norfolk—and the cucumber? His Grace, who was wont to dress very shabbily, and who thought twice before washing himself, strolled late one evening into the coffee-room of the Old Hummums, in Covent Garden, and ordered dinner and a cucumber. It was the middle of winter. The waiter—he was a new one—mistrusting the looks of the guest, went to confer with the landlord. 'There's that shabby old fellow,' he said, 'has ordered a cowcumber, and you know, sir, that they're half a guinea a piece in the market.' The landlord peeped round the corner of his little private hatch; recognised his customer; rubbed his hands, and said, softly smiling, to his servitor, 'A cucumber, John? A

cucumber? Yes, John; *give him six.*' Cucumber is not a *primeur* in Paris at present; yet I am astonished at the want of energy among the Parisian *restaurateurs*, which has rendered them blind to the advantages of importing West India pine-apples. A fine 'nubbly' pine, such as is dispensed on a London costermonger's barrow for a penny a slice, would be worth at least twenty francs in its entirety, or two francs a *portion*, at a boulevard restaurant.

Wenceslas Steinbock, the wayward husband in Balzac's *Cousine Bette*, is 'taken by his sentiments' by one of his wife's relatives, just as he is about entering a forty-sous restaurant in the Palais Royal. He is, without much difficulty, persuaded to listen to the voice of reason and the pleadings of affection; and is ultimately led home, in a thorough state of penitence, to enjoy a succulent family dinner at the mansion of his mother-in-law, Madame la Baronne Hulot. In all this behold yet another proof of the profound philosophy of Honoré de Balzac. It is precisely at the moment when a man is fumbling in his pocket for the necessary two francs—not without some sorrowful uncertainty as to whether he is also in possession of the necessary coppers for the *garçon*, for his coffee and his *petit verre* after dinner—it is just when he is gazing upwards on the illuminated ground-glass panel above the portal of the cheap restaurant kept by Gargottier *aîné*, or Boustifaille *jeune*, but is not quite sure as to whether the legend in crimson letters on the glass is 'Déjeûners à f. 1 25; dîners à f. 2,' or 'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate,' that he is most liable to be successfully assailed by the sentimental side of his mental organisation, and to yield, after a decent simulation of reluctance (we try to humbug ourselves just as frequently as we try to humbug other people), to an invitation to go and dine somewhere else. Not undesignedly have I quoted the *Inferno* with reference to the forty-sous restaurants. Does not the immortal Florentine tell us that there is no greater anguish than the remembrance, in misery, of the days when we were happy? One of the

direst characteristics of the one-and-eightpenny repast is its being the caricature, the parody, the grotesque but effete phantom of a good dinner. Cardinal Mezzofanti remarked contemptuously (and quite unjustly) of modern Greek that it resembled the language of Plato and Demosthenes about as much as a monkey does a man. Thus in the number of its component parts the banquet provided by Gargottier *aîné* or Boustifaille *jeune* corresponds to the lordliest dinner that you could order at Bignon's or Durand's. For your forty sous you shall have *hors d'œuvres*, a *potage*, fish, an *entrée*, a roast, a vegetable, a sweet, salad, cheese, and dessert. But there the resemblance to the good dinner comes to an end. You are in a Shadowy Land, where 'all things wear an aspect not their own.' Somehow a fishy flavour gets into the bruised peach or the sleepy pear of the dessert; and it *must* have been *fromage de Brie* that you tasted just now in the chocolate cream. My own opinion is that it is 'the gravy that does it;' and that the foundation of that gravy is something beyond mortal ken. The fish induces you to think that there are finny denizens of the deep as yet undiscovered by Mr. Frank Buckland; and as for the meat—well, what was it that the wicked Count Cenci gave his daughters to eat?—'the fevered flesh of buffaloes,' or some such unholy viands? I have partaken of many strange meals; but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about some of the dishes at the cheap Paris restaurants altogether beyond my powers of definition or analysis.

I am not quite certain whether, to be strictly accurate, I ought not to speak of the forty-sous restaurants in the past tense. I am inclined to suspect that, since the commencement of the Exhibition, Gargottier *aîné* has raised the price of his breakfasts to one franc seventy-five, and of his dinners to two francs fifty centimes; while a friend tells me that Boustifaille *jeune* has taken an even more heroic step. He has pasted slips of paper over his list of prices on the ground-glass panel; and when he has once got you into his lair he has you altogether at his mercy. On the other hand, the remarkable repast to which I have attached the name of 'Le Diner Burnand' is quite candid in its proclamation of tariff. Three

francs for breakfast; five francs for dinner, including an ice and a bottle of Burgundy or Bordeaux; the wine, 'susceptible of being replaced,' at the discretion of the guest, by half a bottle of a superior vintage. I have hinted that I tried the 'Dîner Burnand.' It was, not excepting a 'Court' night at the hall of one of our civic companies, the most wire-drawn dinner to which I ever sat down; and yet there were no speeches, no glees, no songs. There was a little money-taker's box on the landing of the staircase leading from the Galérie de Valois to the saloons of the 'Dîner Burnand,' and an elegantly-attired lady gave me, in exchange for my five francs, a large octagonal metal ticket with 'Un Dîner' stamped upon it. That was enough to make you uncomfortable to begin with. Who likes to be badged and ticketed, and to be sent a-wandering through strange rooms with 'Good for One Dinner' branded, so to speak, on his back?

The Administration, having got hold of your money, has no further personal interest in you. You are an incumbrance; and the Administration may be looking on peevishly while you are consuming your five francs' worth of victuals. 'You just gnaw it out,' said an American friend to me. The elegantly-dressed lady who took the money was very stiff, and scarcely acknowledged the lowly salute which I made her. Had she been a *dame de comptoir* in a *restaurant à la carte* she would have been all bows and smiles both at the entrance and the departure of a guest. But, the Administration, having encashed my five francs, could no longer nourish any hopes concerning their customer. On the other hand, while the elegantly-attired lady was icily haughty, her cat, a huge creature, sitting majestically by the side of the till—a fat cat, with a tail as big as a fox's brush, and an Elizabethan ruff of feathery fur—regarded me from her amber eyes with a look, as it seemed to me, of comic commiseration. That grimalkin was evidently aware of *le fond des choses*. She had seen so many people coming up, so many going down, those fateful stairs. She was as the Clerk of the Arraigns at a Culinary Court of Oyer and Terminer, and may have been wishing me a good deliverance.

The oldest waiters in Paris had seemingly been 'laid on' to attend on the guests at the 'Dîner Burnand.' But that these ancient servitors possessed, to all appearance, the proper complement of arms and legs, they might have been so many *vieux grognards* from the Hôtel des Invalides, in civilian garb, with their moustaches shaved off, and their medals stowed away in their trousers-pockets. I was waited upon by a *vieux de la vieille*, a veteran of the first line, who might—so old did he look—have been at Marengo when the historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. Marengo! He looked old enough to have been the inventor of that Sauce Robert, the oldest of all known sauces for pork-chops, and which Mr. Dallas has ascertained to be a sauce of English origin, and to have been known to the *gourmets* of Chaucer's time. I hasten to admit that this patriarch waited upon us with much zeal and assiduity, and was particularly anxious to explain to us the extent of our rights and privileges in the matter of dinner. 'You are entitled to yet another *hors d'œuvre*,' he gently remarked, when I contented myself with a single sardine; 'be not afraid; you may have butter and olives, radishes or sausage.' He was quite scandalised when one of the ladies of our party declined the ice which he proffered her. 'Pas de glace!' he exclaimed; 'mais vous avez droit à une glace.' Similarly he exhibited signs of the deepest dejection when we refused to have anything to do with the salad, which was as soft and clammy as cold boiled turnip-tops,

and was dressed apparently with asafœtida and verjuice; and he was affected almost to tears when, unable to endure the lengthiness of the Dîner Burnand any longer, we rose to depart without partaking of any dessert. 'Vous partez,' he murmured; 'yet there remains a choice of four fruits. You are entitled to a peach or a pear, an apple or a grape. There are even figs.' I say again that he was a most fatherly waiter; but, alas, he was semi-paralytic, and in spilling soup and sauce over the pantaloons of the public I have rarely seen his equal. He hobbled to and fro as quickly as his poor old feet would permit him; but apparently the kitchen was a very long way off, or the guests were too numerous, or he was too tired and so was fain to take a brief nap now and then between the courses. In any case, when he went away he did not come back for a painfully prolonged period. We sat down at half-past seven, and it was a quarter to nine when we fled from the Dîner Burnand, leaving even then the dessert untasted. Had we grappled with the fruits I might have been sitting there now, perchance, 'stiff as a broomstick,' like the man in the German student's song.

Against the good faith of the Directors of the Dîner Burnand I have nothing whatever to say. They adhere literally to the letter of their engagement. Everything that was in the bond—written in white paint on a black board at the entrance to the restaurant—was conscientiously provided. *Hors d'œuvres*, soup, fish, *entrée*, roast, vegetables, sweet, salad, ice, cheese, and dessert were all there; but they were all (to my taste) extremely nasty. Everything was equivocal, stale, and soddened. It was Nobody's fault, of course; nobody's but the *trop plein* of this overwhelming Exhibition. The rooms, already overheated by myriads of gas-burners, were crowded to suffocation; and the noise made by the guests was almost deafening. They vociferated among themselves; they shouted to the waiters, who were always bringing the wrong dishes; and then the waiters shouted to one another. There were numerous families of provincials—little removed from peasants, so it seemed by their costume—and in each large group

there was generally a newly-married couple. Scenes of the liveliest altercation between bride and bridegroom were not unfrequent; and in some cases the elder folks had brought small children with them. Of course these brats overate themselves; and then, 'feeling bad,' they began to yelp, and had to be taken out of the stifling oven of a place. How glad I was when the experience—abating the dessert—was at an end, and I descended the staircase of the Dîner Burnand! Suddenly there recurred to me that well-known passage in *Artemas Ward, his Book*, in which the two Mormon ladies informed the Immortal Showman that it had been revealed to them that they might enter his booth without paying. 'Mebbe,' replied Artemas; 'but it has been revealed to me that you can pay without goin' in.' Would that I had been content to depose my five francs at the money-taker's box of the Dîner Burnand without accepting in return the brazen symbol of wearisome servitude! As I passed the elegantly-attired lady, I noticed that she wholly failed to return my parting bow. I own that I was heavy at heart; and my salutation may have been a gruesome one. But the cat was aware of me; and, from those eyes of amber which had already gleamed on me, there seemed to radiate, no longer facetious sympathy, but fiendish exultation. Where had I seen that cat before? Somewhere, I fancy, in the county of Cheshire.

One word as a moral and an apology. Everybody, it is to be hoped, is not so ill-conditioned, so hard to please, or so dyspeptic, as I may seem to be. I may have dined too often and too well; and, satiated with the masterpieces of the finest *cuisines* in civilisation, I may be yearning for my *premières amours*—for the 'mutton-chop with a curly tail,' and the 'potato like a ball of flour'—I cannot help it. I cannot help having 'seen the Show' both before and behind the scenes thereof, since the days when I tasted of the *mets* of Soyer and Francatelli, of Vidal and Roco-Vido, of Delmonico, and of the incomparable *chef* of the Brevoort House, New York, who always knew when his Excellency Lord Lyons was staying in the hotel from the exceptional tastefulness of the

dinners selected from his bill of fare by the occupant of the suite of apartments on the first floor of the hotel. 'Milor Lyon he arrive,' the *chef* would remark to his roasting cook. '*Je vois là la main du maître.*' To vast numbers of very worthy people the Dîner Burnand may, I have not the slightest doubt, appear a very good dinner indeed; just as new St. Pancras Church, N.W., may seem a very sumptuous edifice to those who have not seen the Parthenon. The provincials at the Dîner Burnand seemed in particular to relish their entertainment immensely. They enjoyed all their rights, and claimed more. They demanded more sauce. They swooped down on all the *hors d'œuvres*. They asked for twice salad. They could not be made to understand that they were only entitled to choose two from the four fruits.

There was a party of English people close to us, comprising a clergyman in a beard and a wideawake-hat, a bride and bridegroom, a benignant old maid, and two brawny little boys in turn-over collars, whose delighted appreciation of the copious bill of fare was really comfortable and pleasant to view. The reverend gentleman in the wideawake pointed out that there was a choice between Burgundy and Bordeaux; and when they exchanged whole bottles of *petit bleu* for half-bottles of a darker and more astringent liquid, he sipped the stuff—the like of which may have been giving somebody else fearful qualms—as though it had been Chambertin or Clos Vougeot. The party were thoroughly happy. 'Only fancy,' said the benignant old maid, 'ices *and* peaches, and macaroons with cream, too.' They will go back to their peaceful English homes and talk, many a time and oft, over the cold mutton and the rice-pudding, of the grand dinner they had in the Palais Royal. 'Eight courses—eight distinct courses,' the benignant spinster was never tired of repeating. What a pickthank, what a trouble-feast, what an ingrate, what a malevolent libeller, that simple party of English people might have thought me had I approached their table and, unintroduced and uninvited, imparted to them my opinion—an opinion to which I still steadfastly hold—that the pretentious, greasy, sloppy, soddened, mawkish meal

was only the old two-franc dinner of Gargottier *aîné* & Boustifaille *jeune* promoted—always in consequence of the Exhibition—into a five-franc one.

Let me add, ere I quit the subject of the Palais Royal restaurants, that you may dine tolerably well, but very expensively, at Vefour's. If you order your dinner in the morning, and secure a *cabinet*, a really superior dinner, including wine, should not cost more than twenty francs a head. But beware, if you are dining downstairs at Vefour's, of ordering such a dish as a *demi-selle de mouton pré-salé*, if you see it on the *carte du jour*. It is a delusion and a snare; and I fell into the snare myself a fortnight ago. I ordered the mutton. The waiter brought us three or four little cutlets of more than half-raw meat, weighing certainly less than nine ounces in all, and nine francs were charged for it. My memory must be failing me, else I should have remembered that in the spring of 1867 I fell into a similar springe, by ordering at this same Vefour's a dish of *flageolets*, or young haricot-beans. The *flageolets* were, it seemed, a *primeur*, or 'spring novelty,' in the way of vegetables, and I had to pay ten francs for a single *portion* of them. At the Café Corazza,* once a first-rate house, the cookery has fallen off, the waiting is dilatory, but the prices are moderate. At the restaurant of the Galerie d'Orléans you may breakfast excellently well, and—but for the pressure of the Exhibition—comfortably. These are all restaurants *à la carte*.

With the lower class of 'fixed price' houses—the inferior Gargottiers and Boustifailles that absolutely pullulate in the two great galleries—I should seriously advise you to have nothing whatever to do, unless you wish to pay an early visit to the pharmaceutical establishment of Mr. Roberts, English chemist, of the Rue de la Paix. As a rule, too, I would implore you likewise, if you value

* Formerly known and famed as the Restaurant d'Ouix. I knew old M. d'Ouix nearly thirty years ago in London. He had been *officier de bouche* to Charles X., and in *habit à la Française* and his sword by his side had waited on that monarch at table. But poor old D'Ouix fell upon evil days; sold his restaurant; came to England, and was doing very badly when I knew him.

your health and your peace of mind, to abstain from all salmon, from all sauces known as *mayonnaise, rémoulade, financière, Béarnaise,* or *Bordelaise,* in any but first-class restaurants. In second-class ones these sauces are not made with good butter, and they all mean indigestion and bilious attacks. Especially should you beware of the preparations of shell-fish known as *moules à la marinière* and *moules à la poulette.* Mussels are at all times perilous things to eat; but you may partake of them with a tolerable certitude that they are fresh at Durand's or at the Maison Dorée. At other houses you run the risk of being—to use the common English locution—'musselled' to an alarming extent by stale and carelessly cleaned fish. The same remark will apply to the enormous *langoustes* or crayfish, and to the appetising little *écrevisses* or crawfish, of which *en buisson,* boiled hot with a butter sauce, the French are so immoderately fond. By the way, not being a scientific naturalist, I am not prepared to say that the big *langouste* is not a crawfish, and the little *écrevisse* a crayfish. Mr. Frank Buckland or Mr. Henry Lee will perhaps set me right on this point.

At the majority of restaurants—always in consequence of the Exhibition, I suppose—I have found the fish to have much more of an 'ancient and fishlike flavour' than is desirable. At the Café Anglais and at the Restaurant Gaillon, however, I have invariably found the fish to be as fresh—to use the proverbial expression—'as paint.' At most of the remaining restaurants, including even the grandest, it is frequently more than equivocal. It is but scant consolation for the habitual staleness of a most wholesome and delicious article of food that papers like the *Figaro,* the *Gaulois,* and the *Voltaire,* revel day after day in extremely funny but, under the circumstances, exasperating stories about stale fish. Here is one: A customer at a boulevard restaurant complains, in distinctly audible tones, that his mackerel is absolutely uneatable. 'S-sssh!' whispers the waiter, discreetly putting his finger to his lips. 'It isn't the mackerel. Pas le moins du monde. *It's the salmon of the gentleman opposite!*' Another story is of a guest who com-

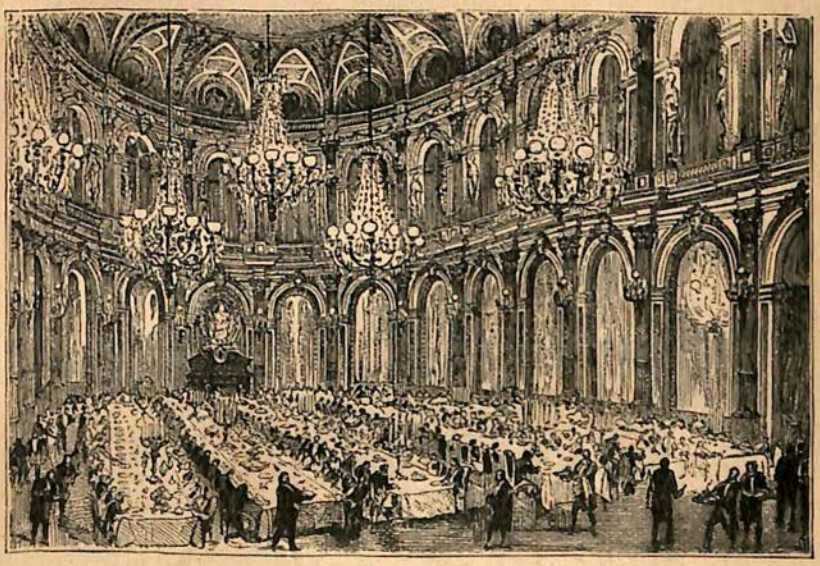
plains on Wednesday that his turbot is not so good as that of which he partook on the preceding Sunday. 'That's very odd,' remarks the complacent *garçon*. 'Really, I can't make it out; for it happens to be a slice of the very same turbot which was served to Monsieur on Sunday.' This is only a clever paraphrase of the very old French Joe Miller about Jocrisse and the salmon. 'I saw this morning,' said Jocrisse (the French tomfool), 'the finest salmon at Chevet's that I ever beheld in my life. I shall save up my pocket-money till I am able to buy it.'

DURING THE EXHIBITION (BY CHAM).

'What! Two francs for an egg which isn't even fresh?'
'Monsieur forgets the chicken is included!'

Peace and quiet and a sparseness of guests are to me among the essential components of a good dinner. One need not be such a gastronomic solitary as Handel the composer, who, having ordered dinner for three at a tavern, and being asked by the waiter when the rest of the company were coming, tranquilly replied, 'I am de gompany;' still I have an objection to sitting down to dinner with a hundred and fifty or two hundred people whom I do

not know, and whom I have not the slightest desire to know, which may be done here any day at the crowded *tables d'hôte* of the Grand, the Louvre, or the new Hôtel Continental; and



THE TABLE D'HÔTE OF THE GRAND HÔTEL.

even more strongly do I object to being compelled to eat my meat to the music of the band of the Grenadier Guards discoursing a selection from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, or to the clatter of innumerable knives, forks, spoons, and plates, and the vociferations in a dozen languages of a horde of hungry people from all parts of the globe. There are no musical eating-houses in Paris, like our Holborn Restaurant; but the absence of harmony is compensated by the hideous discord which reigns around you while you are dining. The noise is almost as grievous in the *cabinets particuliers* as in the public rooms, since in the former poky little cupboards the atmosphere towards evening is usually so stifling that you are fain to open the window, and then you are confronted by the incessant strident roar of the boulevards. Next to the excellent quality of the wines at Voisin's, in the Rue St. Honoré,

is the blessing of the comparative quietude of the street in which the house is situated; but the first-rate houses—the Anglais, the Riche, the Maison Dorée, Bignon's, Durand's—are all not only on the boulevard, but at the corner of boulevard streets; so that the bellowing catches you on all sides, without surcease or respite. The uproar prevailing in the Paris restaurants just now—always in consequence of the Exhibition—has become positively appalling. The *vacarme* of one house is only equalled by the *charivari* of the next; and you have simply a choice, so to speak, between marrow-bones and cleavers on the Boulevard des Capucines and frying-pans and tongs on the Boulevard des Italiens.

As regards breakfast, you have, it is true, a chance of relief. Take a victoria and hie straight away to the Champs Élysées, and there you will be able to lunch peacefully and well. Laurent's, for example, in the Avenue Marigny, is, in the morning, a beautifully quiet house. It is close to the Cirque d'Été; but at the historic arena once known as Franconi's, no morning performances like those which take place at the Hippodrome are given. You hear no sounds more disturbing than the plashing of a fountain in the pretty garden surrounding the restaurant, and, now and again, a rippling of silvery laughter from the children on their hobby-horses at some distant merry-go-round. Laurent's itself is a trim little villa, gaily painted in the Pompeian style. It has a *soupçon* of the House of Pansa, or of that of the Tragic Poet; but I hasten to say that there is one Pompeian house which the Restaurant Marigny does *not* resemble—the Hôtel Diomed, for instance, dearest and dirtiest of *alberghi*, maintained for the purpose of fleecing the *forestieri* who visit the disentombed city. Abutting on the façade of Laurent's there is quite a Bower of Bliss, open on two sides to the garden, and on a third to the interior of the restaurant; and in this arbour you may regale yourself with an absence of noise and confusion eminently soothing to nerves that have been shattered by that brabbling brawling Paris beyond the Place de la Concorde yonder.

We were served in the Bower of Bliss by an admirably civil

nd intelligent waiter, whose only fault was that, knowing a little English, he was slightly too anxious to increase his knowledge of that tongue by propounding questions after the manner of the beneficent but somewhat irritating Ollendorff. As an atonement for this trifling fault, he caused to be brewed for us a pot of the very best tea that I have tasted since I have been in Paris. How is it that French people cannot make tea? Their tea warehouses are sumptuous to look upon, magnificently decorated, and crowded with rare porcelain and bronzes from China and Japan. I know

one tea-shop in the Rue Vivienne where there are no less than seven slim-waisted young ladies behind the counter; still you cannot swallow bronze griffins or porcelain vases; and *demoiselles de magasin*, although delicious to the sight, are possibly difficult of digestion. When it comes to actual tea-drinking, you find yourself presented with a weak and well-nigh colourless infusion of you know not what mawkish and insipid herb. Assuredly it does not remind you of any Pekoe, Souchong, or Hyson with which you are acquainted. It must, however, be borne in mind that the French, as a nation, are still quite infants in the art of tea-drinking. I can well remember when it was the custom in good society in Paris to offer you a *petit verre* of 'Rhum de la Jamaique' with your cup of tea—the clown in the pantomime did no more when he 'in his tea took brandy, but took a drop too much;' and one of the first dramatic pieces that I ever saw performed at a French theatre—it was just after the production of the inimitable *Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*—was a satire upon the then newly-introduced fashion of tea-drinking. It was a rollicking vaudeville called *Le Thé chez Madame Gibou*. The part of Madame Gibou, an old *portière*—there were no *concierges* in those days—was played by that admirable comedian Vernet; and the fun which he made out of the process of brewing some tea for the entertainment of some friends in the porter's lodge might have made the great Joey Grimaldi himself jealous. All kinds of strange ingredients were put into the teapot—some *bouillon* from the *pot au feu*, pepper, mustard, an onion, a glass of *cassis*; and finally the abominable broth was stirred up with a *bout de chandelle*—a tallow-candle end! I am afraid that the French have not improved to any marked extent as tea-brewers since the time when this diverting farce set all Paris screaming with laughter. Do they boil their tea? Do they import the superior qualities of the article, or is it they grudge the necessary *quantum* of tea to the pot? In the matter of tea they seem to have been stationary. The herb has always been looked upon as an exotic, and it remains one. Not one French working man or working woman in a

thousand has ever, I apprehend, so much as tasted tea, which, indeed, is looked upon by the poor as a kind of *tisane* or diet drink, to be taken only during sickness.

We came away from the quiet breakfast at Laurent's enchanted with the beauty of the garden, the quietude of the Bower of Bliss, the succulence of the fare, and the moderate charge which was made for it. It was quite a model bill in the way of cheapness. Only seventy-five centimes for a pear. 'You come, evening, dine,' quoth the Ollendorffian waiter as with many smiles he swept up his *pourboire*. 'You come, evening, dinner in the garden. In the garden you dine under the trees green. Over the green trees of the garden during the dinner of evening comes the illumination of the gas. Now I give you the hat and the umbrella. Have you his umbrella? [Lesson XIV.] François, where is the umbrella of the English gentleman? Stay, I have the Cashmere shawl [it was only a Paisley one] of the English lady. [Lesson XV.] Good-bye; you come dine.' Good-bye, Ollendorff. We made haste to get away, fearing lest in his ardour for linguistic improvement he should become still more Ollendorffian, and, asking us if we had the green boots of the Spanish captain, inform us that he himself possessed the pink ship of the Armenian muleteer.

So we strolled through the pretty garden, and by the murmuring fountain, and out into the always merry but tranquil Elysian Fields. Pleasant fields, lightly haunted by the apparitions of little children. There were many little manikins and toddlekins and *bébés* in the flesh gambolling under the trees that day. The sun shone very brightly. There were goat-chaises, and even goat *chars-à-bancs*, about. The 'Théâtre de Guignol' had attracted a large audience of small folks; the sweetstuff stalls were doing a prosperous trade; and there were distant symptoms of a hare and tabor and of a dancing dog. But everything was quiet and subdued. The Champs Élysées are bordered by some of the handsomest private houses in Paris; and on week-days, by some curious tacit agreement among the classes, so it would seem, the

place is the playground of the rich. On Sundays the mob comes, and the Champs Élysées roar. This afternoon the children, with their *bonnes*, had things all to themselves, and the showmen were as polite and affable as Mr. Cremer junior's young men, who go out conjuring to juvenile parties. I was quite surprised at the elegant attire and aristocratic mien of the little *demoiselles* of from eight, who patronised the wooden steeds of the merry-go-rounds. Silk stockings, embroidered slippers with high heels, *gants Jouvin* with three buttons, laced skirts, plumed and flowered hats of the newest mode, were common among these small ladies of fashion. There were a few *bourgeois* children in pinafores and blue-linen

trousers; but they kept themselves aloof shrinkingly, and refrained from engaging hobby-horses when the cavalcade was a patrician one. I noticed one leader of fashion, aged about nine, who had a scent-bottle and a fan. She managed her fiery steed, notwithstanding these trifling encumbrances, with so much skill and dexterity; she pointed her small lance with so much adroitness when she passed the pendant circles—for a French merry-go-round includes the game of skill of 'running at the ring;' she indulged in so many charming *minauderies;* she gave herself, in a word—the little minx!—so many airs, that I fancied she must be cousin-german to the tiny aristocrat of seven, who, when asked to hold one handle of a skipping-rope in the Parc Monçeaux, replied, with a toss of her head, 'I only play with children who are dressed in velvet.' The skipping-rope party were dressed in cotton. I was glad, however, to see when this superb young damsel descended from her charger that her stirrup was held by a muffin-faced boy in knickerbockers. They were velvet knickerbockers, mind you; and the edging to his cuffs and collars was of Brussels lace. I was still more glad to see la Princesse Toto and M. le Marquis de Petit Salé go off amicably to the nearest sweetstuff-stall to partake of barley-sugar; but I was pained subsequently to observe both of them engaged in a very fierce up-and-down fight over a penny-worth of gingerbread. The way in which M. le Marquis pummelled the Princess said little for the gallantry of juvenile Frenchmen; and the manner in which her Highness tugged at the hay-coloured ringlets of the muffin-faced Marquis was, to say the least, unlady-like. Perhaps children are pretty much the same all the world over. *Qu'en dites vous?*

So I went on strolling, strolling through the beloved place, every pace of which to me was classic, and well-remembered, and some of it quietly sorrowful ground. And, as I wandered, the Elysian Fields became peopled to me with innumerable troops of small infantry—but with the little children who are dead. Hand in hand with one who these thirty years past has been in the grave, I recalled myself, a small boy, in the days of 'skeleton'

suits and frills—not those of knickerbockers—wandering in and wondering at these delightful Elysian Fields, ever full, to me, of fresh enchantments. What frenzied gambling for macaroons used to go on at the bagatelle-boards! What a conquering hero seemed the boy who propelled the ball into the luckiest hole, or who struck the brazen bell, at the tinkling of which a little plaster statuette of Napoleon the Great would rise as by magic from a silent tomb of gingerbread and lollipops! The boy, generally a lanky youth *en quatrième*, had won the *grand prix*—usually a watch and chain of the purest tin lacquered yellow, or a flowery vase, warranted Sèvres, and worth about one franc fifty. We followed that proud prize-winner. We made much of him. We humbled ourselves before him. We extolled him to the skies when he treated us to *coco*—a deliriously exciting beverage, composed of Spanish liquorice and sassafras—dispensed in tin cups by a man who carried the *coco* reservoir, a sort of Chinese pagoda, adorned with red-cotton velvet and tricoloured flags, strapped to his back. Yes; these are the Elysian Fields. There, behind the

canvas wall of the Théâtre de Guignol, I smoked my first cigar. It was very long and of a light-brown colour, and it cost a sou—

THE MARCHAND DE COCO. I. 290.

one halfpenny sterling. The excruciating agonies of nausea which I suffered after half-a-dozen whiffs of that never-to-be-forgotten combination of cabbage-leaf and brown paper should properly have cured me for ever and a day of any desire to indulge in the pernicious habit of smoking. But it failed to have that effect. There are people, I presume, who are fated to consume tobacco; and they must needs commence its consumption at some time or another.

Not far from the scene of my first dealings with nicotine, I found the well-remembered Cirque d'Été, now a very grand building indeed, but in my time a humble barn of circular form. The Brothers Franconi were then flourishing—twin emperors of the hippic ring. The famous Auriol, whose daughter married our much-regretted Flexmore, was clown at Franconi's. The grandest of hippodramatic spectacles, generally treating of the martial episodes of the Napoleonic epoch, used to be performed there. The Cirque had a Napoleon of its own, second only to our Gomersal, a Blucher whom Cartlich might have studied with advantage; a Murat who was nearly as dashing, but not so elegant, as Ducrow. *Moscow and the Passage of the Beresina; La Corogne* (meaning Corunna), and the *Defeat of General Lord John Moore;* the *Campaign of Egypt and the Battle of the Pyramids; Austerlitz, or the Dog of the Regiment; Marengo, or the Two Vivandières*—these were the kind of pieces which they gave us at Franconi's in the brave days of old. Had I been dramatic censor under the Government of King Louis Philippe, I scarcely think that I would have licensed these hippodramatic apotheoses of the deeds of the Consulate and the Empire. They kept alive a very fascinating legend, a very dangerous *cultus*, among the masses. Psha! Louis Philippe's Ministers not only authorised, but conceived, organised, and triumphantly carried out a 'hippodramatic spectacle' fifty times more perilous to Orleanism than the plays at Franconi's.

As I stroll through the Fields, calling up old days, old scenes, old kindred and playmates long since dead, the temperature of the sunny September afternoon seems suddenly to grow bleak and

chill and raw. It is November. As for myself, I have shrunk to very small proportions indeed; I have left the solid earth, and am astride on the conveniently strong bough of a leafless tree. The Champs Élysées, from the Arch of Triumph to the Place de la Concorde, are thronged by an innumerable multitude of people—black, silent, waiting for Something. The roadway is kept clear by serried lines of infantry and cavalry. Presently there is heard the distant thunder of drums; then come the distant wailing and soughing of a sea of martial music. Then, in the brumous distance, the head of a great procession begins to sway, glittering. It sweeps through the Arc de l'Étoile—*his* arch. The white roadway is gradually overspread, absorbed by a prodigious and splendid train, and at length the Something for which all have been waiting looms in sight. All eyes are fixed on a huge funereal car, a lofty bier, a towering catafalque, the car drawn by steeds caparisoned from head to foot in black velvet, silver embroidered. But the pall over the bier is of purple velvet, powdered with golden bees; and beneath the catafalque, patent to all eyes, is a coffin, on the lid of which is a Little Cocked Hat and a Sword. It is the sword of Austerlitz. They have brought back the ashes of Napoleon the Great, Emperor and King, from the Atlantic rock to bury him under the golden dome of the Invalides, on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he loved so well. A very dangerous hippodramatic spectacle, indeed! On the day of the performance Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Illustrious Dead, was securely locked up in the prison of the Palace of the Luxembourg awaiting his trial for his madcap escapade at Boulogne. Twelve years afterwards he was Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

DAMES DE LA HALLE.

XVIII.

IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.

Sept. 21.

SPLENDID weather overhead and crisp dryness under foot. A sky of cloudless blue, and sunshine of pale gold. The air clear and bracing. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I am bound for the Halles Centrales. The Parisians of all classes (save the vicious) are extremely early risers, and an astonishing amount of business is transacted before breakfast; still, the streets at eight A.M. are not destitute of signs that the working day is still in its first youth. M. Barbédienne, my next door neighbour, has just taken his shutters down; but his windows are not yet 'dressed'—that, I believe, is the correct shop-walking term—and his nymphs and bathers in bronze are still enveloped in green-gauze veils, suggestive of the verdant *calzoni* which the prudish Bomba, King of Naples, forced the *ballerine* at the San Carlo to assume. As I pass the door of Brébant's restaurant, likewise known as Vachette's, I behold a curious spectacle. At least a hundred

forlorn-looking creatures, men and women, young and old, and mere children, are standing *en queue* two and two against the wall which skirts the kitchens of the great restaurant. Eight o'clock in the morning is the time when M. Brébant gives away soup, made from all sorts of yesterday's leavings, to the poor; and his poverty-stricken guests may either sup their pottage on the spot or take it home with them in the cans or the pipkins which they have brought. But very few members of the ragged regiment who form the 'tail' are, I am told, can-and-pipkin-bringers. The majority drink their soup standing from a common porringer. They are outcasts, *gens sans aveu*, miserables who have no homes at all. The compassion extended to them should perhaps be of a modified kind. There are poor wretches who cannot work; these may be lazy rascals who will not work. Still they may be pitied, even as we pity the 'casuals' in Mr. Luke Fildes' picture. We must punish idleness and profligacy; but we may not pass sentence of death on the idle and the profligate. Starvation is equivalent to *sus: per coll:*

Down the Rue Montmartre, always noisy, always crowded, always business-like and bustling, and thoroughly French. 'Ici on ne parle pas Anglais,' they might write up here. I pass with temporary disdain the secondary Marché de St. Joseph: although I descry through its portals some admirable effects of light and shade and colour in the picturesquely grouped masses of fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, and fruit. But I am bound on a grander expedition, and the Marché St. Joseph must wait. Then I pass a shop which I am told is that of the largest game-dealer in Paris. I may not stop, since I shall behold presently a wondrous assemblage of *gibier*, large and small. As I approach the Church of St. Eustache symptoms of the neighbourhood of a great market make themselves more and more apparent. The pavement becomes greasy and slippery with the tattered leaves of cabbages; porters laden with sacks hurry by you; you are jostled by *ménagères* carrying enormous market-baskets; and all at once you see a cascade of lemons tumbling bodily into the vaults of the old

Gothic-Renaissance Church of St. Eustache. Since the abolition of intramural interments, the church-vaults have been utilised as warehouses for fruit; while in the thickness of the walls, so it seems, of the edifice itself there have been constructed a guard-house, a pastrycook's shop, and a *cabaret*. This mingling of the sacred and the profane gives a quaintly mediæval touch to the scene. Did not a pie-shop and a puppet-show impinge on one of the very chapels of Old St. Paul's?

Rounding the corner of the fine old fane, I came upon the perfectly modern series of edifices known as the Halles Centrales, and which are constructed, with the exception of a low skirting

wall of brown stone from the Vosges, entirely of iron and glass. To be briefly technical, once for all, I may remark that the building (which was opened for business in 1858) covers an immense parallelogram comprising six pavilions, separated by six spacious covered avenues, one of them extending from the central boulevard to the Rue Pierre Lescot, while the two other avenues, which cross the first one at right angles, run from the Rue de Rambuteau to the Rue Berger. The pavilions—or 'blocks,' as Anglo-Saxon architects would less elegantly call them—are devoted respectively to the sale of meat wholesale and retail, game, poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, butter, cheese, culinary utensils and crockeryware, sea and freshwater fish, and 'jewelry.' Yes, there is a section—a very small one, it must be admitted—affected to the sale of 'bijouterie.' I shall touch on the 'jewel' department in the Halles Centrales last. Under the enormous structure are ranges of subterraneans, where the operations of manipulating butter, counting eggs, plucking and trussing poultry and game, are carried on by gaslight. In 1870, just before the siege, millions of kilogrammes of potatoes were stowed away in these vaults, but their presence there was during many weeks unaccountably overlooked. When drowsy authority, feeling hungry at last, woke up, it was found that the great mass of the potatoes had rotted, and was totally unfit for food.

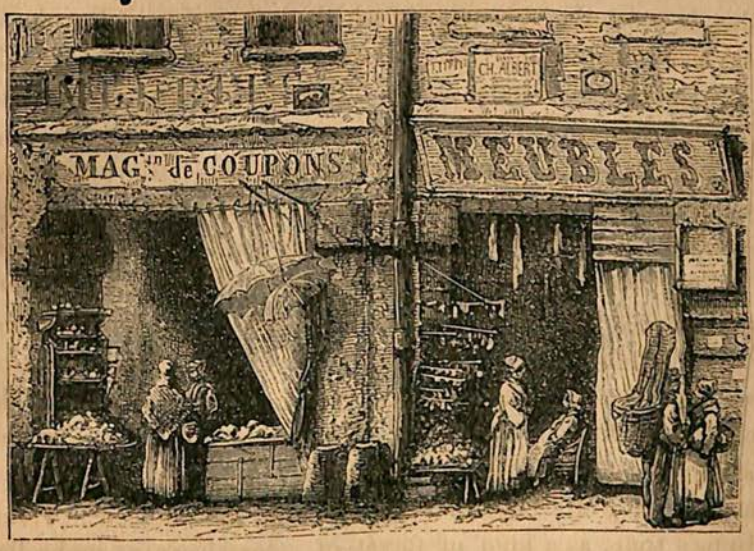
Potatoes are not the only things that have decayed hereabouts. Close by is the site of the old Marché des Innocents, which, until the advent of the Second Empire, fulfilled the purposes at present filled by the Halles Centrales. The Innocents forms now a handsome 'square,' in the centre of which rises the magnificent Renaissance fountain built and decorated by Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon. The edifice is contemporary with the defunct Tuileries, and within recent years has been judiciously and tastefully restored. On the occasion of the formal opening of the markets in '58 the fountain ran with red wine for three-quarters of an hour, just as our conduit in Chepe used to do in bygone times. There was, however, a substantial railing round the fountain of the Innocents;

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE INNOCENTS.

and the police took care that only the *Forts de la Halle* and their lady-friends were permitted to swill the surging Macon. But I spoke of things which have decayed there—some millions of human bones, to wit. During six centuries the vast expanse was the Cemetery of the Innocents, but it was surrounded by covered

arcades, beneath the pavement of which the remains of Royal and wealthy persons were interred. These arcades became fashionable walks. In process of time, sellers of toys and sweetmeats came to vend their wares there. The place grew into a bazaar, and the bazaar ultimately into a market. Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century the municipality, laudably anxious to enlarge the market, came to an understanding with the ecclesiastical authorities to remove the human bones which, by the million, were crumbling in the Cimetière des Innocents. The removal took place at night by torchlight, the relics of mortality being placed in covered wagons, escorted by troops of priests and monks chanting the Office for the Dead. The market-space was thus considerably increased, but little was done to improve it structurally. I remember the Marché des Innocents very well indeed in Louis Philippe's time, as a kind of forest of colossal canvas umbrellas outspread, and with the handles firmly fixed in the earth. Beneath these Brobdingnagian parapluies the ladies who dealt in fruit and vegetables did business. The old arcades had been replaced by modern galleries—somewhat resembling the 'bulk shops' you see in old prints of Fleet Market and Butchers' Row, near Temple Bar—and which had been erected in 1813 by Napoleon I. That ruler had formed a grandiose scheme for remodelling the Halles; but the plan was destined to be postponed until the reign of Napoleon III., whose architects possessed the inestimable advantage of living in an epoch signalised by the wonderful structural invention of Joseph Paxton. It can scarcely be denied that the distribution—not the material—of Mr. Horace Jones's stately dead-meat and poultry markets in Smithfield may have been to some extent suggested by the *ordonnance* of the Halles Centrales; but it is altogether undeniable that the influence of the originator of the Crystal Palace is visible in every iron truss and girder and column, and in every pane of glass, in the Halles.

So much for technicalities. I have not the slightest intention of making the round of the pavilions *seriatim* with you, or of describing in anything like detail the contents and the appearance



A PORTION OF THE OLD HALLES.

of an emporium of food in comparison with which St. George's Market at Liverpool is a mere baby, and which can only be approached—and that at a vast distance—by the market at Philadelphia. Fully to describe the Halles Centrales would be, indeed, a task impossible of achievement, in this place at least, and in such restricted space as is at my command. The Halles Centrales form an Exposition Universelle of victuals. It is Grandgousier's larder. It is the Tom Tiddler's Ground of things eatable. It is the grandest 'Grub Street' in Europe. Take and roll into one New Smithfield, Farringdon, Covent Garden, Billingsgate, Leadenhall, and the Borough; throw in the New Cut, Lambeth Marsh, and High Street, Camden Town, on a Saturday night, and the proportions of the Halles Centrales would not yet be reached. You might build an equally magnificent market in the very centre of London, My Lord Duke of Bedford; you might earn for yourself fame as splendid and as enduring as that of Herodes Atticus, could your Grace be only brought to recognise the fact that structurally the paltry little collection of hovels called Covent Garden

Market is a reproach to our civilisation and a scandal to us as a nation.

The picturesque is not altogether absent from the Halles Centrales, all modern though they be. Entering the market from the Place St. Eustache, I found myself in the midst of a very wilderness of pumpkins, which the small *cultivateurs* from the villages around Paris are permitted to sell in the open air from break of day to nine A.M. After that hour the 'pumpkineers' are rigidly moved on by the police. They are ridiculously cheap, a very fine pumpkin being obtainable for a franc, and seem to be used exclusively for soup-making among the *petite bourgeoisie* and by the working classes. I have never yet met with *potage de potiron* in the bill of fare of any restaurant: nor do the French cooks appear to have any idea of pumpkin in the form of custard or of a pie. Among the pumpkin dealers and their customers circulated numbers of itinerant soup-sellers—the soup being 'à l'oignon,' a racy, toothsome, and nourishing pottage, but too inelegant to find a place in the *menus* of the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée. Beyond the *soupe à l'oignon*, and a slice of bread now and then, with, perhaps, an occasional visit to a neighbouring *marchand de vins*, the market people did not seem to require any refreshment. They had all had their morning coffee at six A.M., and about eleven they would breakfast seriously. Every Frenchman breakfasts seriously when he has any money. It is a ceremony which must be gone through *ab ovo usque ad malum*—from the omelet to the apple or the pear or the grapes of the dessert. The poorest cabman has his two *plats* and his dessert. The consumption of fruit is thus much larger than it is with us; and the same, in degree, may be said of vegetables. A Frenchman does not hold himself as in duty bound to eat at least a pound of potatoes every day. We do. But no day passes without the Frenchman partaking at one meal, and generally at two, of pulse or green vegetables in his soup, as a *plat* or as salad. When we eat salad we generally eschew the mild and wholesome oil, and drench our green meat with bad vinegar, to the ruin of the flavour of the salad and the injury of

the coats of our stomachs. The variety of salad alone sold in the Halles Centrales is simply amazing. Of tomatoes, likewise, there is a splendid display. We are beginning at home slowly to recognise the culinary virtue of the 'love apple,' with its salutary sub-acid properties. Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz has made 'chops and tomato sauce' immortal; but within recent years English people have found out that tomatoes are very good and very wholesome, fried, stewed, baked, stuffed, and *au gratin*. Tomato soup is one of the finest of *purées;* and raw tomatoes sliced, with oil and vinegar, *à l'Américaine*, is a most succulent breakfast dish. In France every dish *à la Portugaise* is garnished with tomatoes, and 'Portuguese' eggs are as delicious as 'Portuguese' fowl and 'Portuguese' cutlets; but the Parisian cooks have a bad habit of mingling shredded onion with tomato salad. The tomato has a distinct and independent flavour of its own, which needs neither enhancement nor diminution. What would you think of asparagus and onions? I question, even, whether mint with green peas be not a barbarism. Among the vegetables in the Halles Centrales not usually found in England, save, perhaps, in the Central Avenue of Covent Garden, where you can obtain everything that grows if you can afford to pay the price asked for it, I note 'aubergines'—the American name for which is, I believe, 'egg plant,' but the English appellation of which has escaped me; I saw it the other day in an Anglo-French dictionary, but it was not a familiar name, and it fled from my mind—the black radish, as big as a large carrot, very pungent, and very good eating with bread and cheese; 'salsifis' and 'cardons.'

As for 'strange meats,' I observed with admiration in the game department a huge wild-boar, fresh killed, and which the dealer told me had been shot in the Ardennes. The last wild boar I met in a continental market was in that behind the Pantheon at Rome. He came from the Pontine marshes, but he was only a poor little fellow compared with the formidable *aper* in the Halles. Venison, too, was abundant. It is expensive; but the French are very fond of it. In London venison, with the exception of the haunch, is

cheaper than butcher's meat. I have seen neck of venison offered at sixpence-halfpenny a pound. The common people won't eat it. We are a wonderful people. Frogs by the score, frogs by the hundred, ready skinned and trussed and spitted, were plentiful in the Halle. I ate some once at a dinner in London of the Acclimatisation Society. They were *en fricassé* with a white sauce; but so far as flavour went they presented no definite purport or signification to my palate. An obliging French friend, a confirmed frog-eater, tells me that the diminutive creature who once a-wooing went, contrary to the advice of his mamma, with his Roley Poley, Gammon, and Spinach, and who was an immediate factor in the discovery of galvanism, is truly delicious fried, with parsley. My friend bought three dozen this morning for the family breakfast. He told the dealer that he would send his *chef* to fetch them by and by, jokingly telling her not to eat them all in the mean time. 'Y a pas de danger,' quoth Madame la Grenouillière. 'Jamais de la vie je ne mangerais de cette volaille-là. Peuh! une pourriture, allez!' So you see that the prejudice against frog-eating is not confined to England. Snail-soup, however, I have heard of as recommended by English physicians for consumptive patients; but in France the *colimaçon*, or rather the *escargot*, is habitually eaten, stewed, with a stuffing of *fines herbes*. There used many years ago to be, near the top of the Rue St. Honoré, where the district of the Halles begins, a restaurant by the sign of Les Cent Mille Escargots. Horrid reminiscence! And yet we eat periwinkles. I am glad to know that we do not eat squirrels; and I was heartily sorry to see a brace of those beautiful and harmless little nutcrackers exposed for sale this morning in the game department. Well, we eat 'the merry brown hare' and the inoffensive, albeit idiotic, rabbit. As for the thousands of quails and larks to be found in this part of the Halles, and which are brought, they tell me, from North Africa, it would be better, perhaps, to say nothing of a sentimental nature. Those small fowl are such *very* nice eating.

But touching that 'Jewelry' department in the Halles

Centrales of which I spoke anon. My conductor, the most obliging of Frenchmen, amicably insisted that the 'Section de la Bijouterie' should be the very last visited in our survey of the Great Central Market of Paris. 'C'est très drôle à voir,' quoth he. As a rule, I do not care about staring at gems. I *do* like to ponder over the sovereigns and napoleons, the doubloons and ducats, the dollars and roubles, in the windows of the money-changers' shops in the Palais Royal, because I have had a good deal of gold and silver dross in my time; and it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But I shall never possess any diamonds; and I prefer a dozen of oysters—Marennes are the best—to all the pearls at Mellerio's, in the Rue de la Paix. Stick a piece of foil paper at the back of a piece of glass symmetrically cut into facets, and you may at once provide yourself with a ruby or an emerald. Let others pine for coral. I can make a very fair imitation of the ruddy polype with gum tragacanth and vermilion. What is coral, after all, but so much cartilaginous matter combined with carbonate and phosphate of lime? On the whole, to most of the gewgaws in which some people take so much delight, there may be applied the scathing remarks on gay wearing-apparel in Swift's 'Letter to a Very Young Married Lady:' 'In your own heart,' writes the Dean, 'I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it neither makes you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous, nor wiser than if it hung upon a peg.' The profound philosophy of Swift might in this instance, perhaps, be supplemented by the apologue of the fox that had lost his tail. It was a cousin of his who found the grapes so sour.

'Jewelry in the Halles,' thought I, as we hastened through the interesting but somewhat overpoweringly odorous Cheese Department, in which the lordly Camembert, the unpretending but delicious Brie, the milky Bondon, the porous Gruyere, the leather-skinned Port-de-Salut—the last a *fromage pratiquant*, or orthodox cheese, stamped with pious emblems—contend for preëminence with the mighty Roquefort—*le fromage qui marche*, as the French

significantly call it from its tendency to spontaneous locomotion when kept too long. In England Roquefort has nearly killed our own Stilton; but the victor has a formidable rival in the Italian Gorgonzola, a cheese almost unknown in France. 'Jewelry in the Halles,' I repeated. 'Of what kind could those baubles be? Cheap brooches and earrings for the daughter of Madame Angot, silver crosses for the *Dames de la Halle?*' I asked my conductor. He laughed and told me that I should see the brooches and earrings presently. So we passed from the cheeses to the corridors allotted to fresh and sea water fish, where all kinds of finny food were being sold, as in our own Billingsgate, by auction. The same means are adopted in disposing of nearly the whole of the produce brought to the Halles; but in a few instances, eggs and butter for example, the *vente à la criée* is superseded by the *vente à l'amiable* —an amicable arrangement between vendor and purchaser. The auction sales are very well managed; a tramway running along the length of the stalls carrying a platform which supports the auctioneer's rostrum, the auctioneer, and the *crieur*, the man who does the bawling part of the business. The seller holds his tongue; but brings down his hammer at the final bid, and then enters the sale in the ledger before him. Among the fish I descried two or three noble sturgeon. These are *poissons de représentation* or 'show-fish,' and are generally purchased by the proprietors of 'so much a head' restaurants to decorate their *devantures*, in company with the biggest asparagus, the hugest *langoustes* —I use the French word because I cannot yet make out whether a *langouste* is a crayfish and an *écrevisse* a crawfish, or *vice versâ*— some piscatorial authorities tell me one thing, and some another —and the most blushing tomatoes in or out of season. The sight of these dainties, artistically displayed in the glass cases which flank the *restaurateur's* door, dazzles the eyes of the Parisian in quest of a dinner at 'so much a head,' but who has not quite made up his mind as to the particular establishment which he shall patronise. The royal sturgeon or the colossal asparagus vanquishes him in the end; and he ascends the fatal stairs, and feeds.

Chevet's in the Palais Royal, close to the Galérie d'Orléans, used to be famous, in days of yore, for its 'show fish;' but since the *restaurateurs à tant par tête* adopted this obviously attractive means of advertising their wares, Chevet—the Fortnum and Mason of Paris, as Potel and Chabor are its Morel—relinquished the display of 'sensational' provisions. It was Bilboquet in the farce who used to say, some forty years since, that he had seen that morning

a wonderfully fine salmon at Chevet's, and that he intended to save up his pocket-money until he was able to purchase the splendid fish.

Here is the 'jewelry' at last. We pass between a double line of stalls heaped high with the most astonishing array of cooked food that I have ever set eyes upon. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, pastry, confectionery, and cheese are all represented here, ready cooked, but cold, and arranged, not on plates or dishes, but on quarter-sheets of old newspapers. Imagine one pile, consisting of the leg of a partridge, the remnants of an omelette, the tail of a fried sole, two ribs of a jugged hare, a spoonful of haricot beans, a scrap of *filet*, a cut pear, a handful of salad, a slice of tomato, and a dab of jelly. It is the microcosm of a good dinner, abating the soup. The pile constitutes a *portion*, and is to be bought for five sous, or twopence-halfpenny. There are *portions* as low as two sous; indeed the scale of prices is most elastic in ascending and descending. There are piles here to suit all pockets. Are your funds at a very low ebb, indeed? On that scrap of a back number of the *Figaro* you will find a hard-boiled egg, the gizzard of a fowl, two pickled gherkins, and a macaroon. A breakfast for a Prince, if his Highness be impecunious. Are you somewhat in cash? Behold outspread on a trenchant leading article from the *République Française*, a whole veal chop, a golden store of cold fried potatoes, an artichoke, *à la barigoule*, a sumptuous piece of Roquefort, some *barbe de capucin* salad, and the remains of a *Charlotte russe*. A luncheon for a King, if his Majesty's civil list be a restricted one. But there are loftier luxuries to be had. Behold an entire fowl. See at least the moiety of a *Châteaubriand aux champignons*. Yonder are the magnificent relics of a *demie-selle de pré salé*, the remains of a *sole à la Normande*, the ruins of a *buisson d'écrevisses*, half a dozen smelts, the backbone of a pheasant, and, upon my word, some truffles; yes, positively, truffles. It is true that they are mingled with bits of cheese and beetroot, with a dash of *meringue à la rème*, and a suspicion of *sauce Robert*. All this is gathered

together on a front page of the *Pays*. A dinner for an Emperor, when Imperialism is at a discount, and Cæsar does not find it convenient to dine at the Café Riche or the Maison Dorée.

And yet it is precisely from establishments of the kind just named that the heterogeneous *portions* come. An erroneous idea has long prevailed that the cheap eating-house keepers in the Palais Royal are dealers in *crambe recocta*, and that their larders are largely supplied from the 'leavings' of the great Boulevard restaurants, which are hashed up again for the benefit of the one-franc seventy-five and the forty-sous customers. Nothing whatever of the kind is the case. The cheap *restaurateurs* may purchase meat of the second category, lean instead of plump poultry, game that is a little too far gone to suit aristocratic palates—the French epicure abhors game when it is 'high,' and fish which is not quite in its vernal prime of freshness; and, as regards

A GRAPESELLER AT THE HALLES.

A CONNOISSEUR OF BUTTER AT THE HALLES.

butter especially, there is certainly a difference between the quality of the article used in the first-rate *cuisines* and that employed in the second- and third-rate ones; but for the rest, dear and cheap restaurant proprietors go mainly to the same market. It is the same *portion* of fried potatoes for which you pay five sous at an *établissement de bouillon*, and for which one franc seventy-five centimes are extorted from you at the Café Lucullus or the Restaurant des Grands Gommeux. The cheap eating-houses have few 'leavings' to dispose of. Their guests are generally too hungry to leave anything on their plates; and, if aught, indeed, remains, it is devoured

by the scullions and *gâte-sauces*, or is manipulated by the *chef*, who should be an adept in the 'art d'accommoder les restes.' The fragments which form the 'jewelry' of the Halles Centrales are brought down in big baskets, between seven and eight every morning, by the *garçons* of the great Boulevard restaurants, or by the *larbins* from the hotels of the Ministers and the foreign Ambassadors. If there have been overnight a dinner at the Ministry of the Interior or at the Baratarian Embassy, the show of 'jewelry' in the morning will be superb. Whole turkeys and capons, all but entire hams and *hures de sanglier* scarcely impinged upon, *pièces montées*, the majestic vestiges of a *poulet à la Marengo* or a *saumon à la Chambord*, will decorate the deal boards of the stalls in the Halles. Out of the fashionable season the supply comes principally from the leading restaurants, where the 'leavings' are the perquisites of the *garçons*. Whether the proprietors levy any tolls on the proceeds accruing from the sale of this astonishing *omnium gatherum*, this *macédoine*, this *pot-pourri*, this salmagundi, this *galimatias* of edible odds and ends, I do not know; but, so far as my inquiries have extended, I incline to the belief that the fragments become the property of the *garçons*, in frank-almoign, and go to swell the aggregate sum in the *tronc* or money-box vase on the restaurant counter into which all the fees received by the waiters are cast, to be divided at the end of every month in equitably proportionate shares among all the servants of the establishment:—from the lofty *premier garçon*, who will be a *maître d'hôtel* soon, and who may become a *patron* some of these days, to the lowliest *marmiton* in the regions below.

The 'jewelry' is not sold by auction. The sales are always 'à l'amiable;' and there are some dealers who have yearly contracts for the 'leavings' of a particular restaurant. So soon as the merchandise has been received at the Halle the dealers—nearly always women—proceed to arrange it for sale; and this arrangement is, to all intents and purposes, an art. The *marchande de bijouterie* has a twofold object in view. First, she wishes to make a very little seem like a great deal; and, next, she is desirous to make the *por-*

tions look as attractive to the eye as possible. Some *marchandes*, fortunate enough to possess the sentiment of artistic beauty, make up their own *portions*; others engage the services of a *metteur en œuvre* or a *donneur de coup d'œil*—the great jewellers of the Rue de la Paix can only do as much—to give the *portions* the requisite infusion of the picturesque in the way of composition and colour. These *metteurs en œuvre* are a kind of professors of culinary peripatetics, flitting from stall to stall, and giving here and there a dash of green, in the shape of some spinach or a *chou de Bruxelles*, or a touch of red in the way of a carrot or a tomato, to a *portion* the hues of which seem too monotonous in tone. A high light is needed there. Quick! the fat of a mutton-chop, the white of an egg, or a morsel of *blancmange* supplies the deficiency. Is not yonder heap somewhat feeble and unsubstantial in appearance? Swiftly the *donneur de coup d'œil*, by the artful introduction of the deep crimson of beetroot, the Vandyck brown of an *entre-côte*, or the mellow tawniness of the crust of a raised pie, imparts strength and richness to the whole; and the *étalage* of 'jewelry' is complete.

The purchasers are the Quiet Poor, the people who are ashamed to beg, and who, but for the merciful cheapness of these toothsome scraps, would not taste meat from month's end to month's end. To watch the decent but wretchedly-clad people, men, women, and children, critically examining this 'jewelry' for the indigent—jewelry to be worn inside instead of outside the stomach—to watch them slowly passing from stall to stall and turning over the coppers in their hands before they made their final choice; to watch them at last going off with their newspaper-enwrapped parcels, and with just a gleam of tranquil satisfaction in their wan pinched faces, was more than curious, more than interesting. It was inexpressibly pathetic. Could I persuade a member of the Charity Organisation Society to accompany me to the jewelry department in the Halles Centrales between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, I will wager that in less than five minutes I would get twice that number of francs out of him to treat the poor decent thinly-clad folks to *portions* withal.

XIX.

EXHIBITION ITEMS.

Sept. 21.

HAPPY the scribe—and I am he—who is not called upon to describe the Exposition Universelle in a systematic manner, and who has nothing whatever to do with the wrongs of the exhibitors and the high-handed doings of M. Krantz, Commissary-General and *Grande Bête Noire* of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars. 'The ferocious Engineer' is the mildest qualification which the

majority of the Paris newspapers can find for the energetic Commissary-General; and at least twice a week a flaming leading article appears in some organ of public opinion, demanding the instant dismissal from office of a functionary whose most grievous offence appears to be that he cannot please everybody. A similar incapacity, it will be remembered, was the misfortune of a certain old gentleman in remote antiquity who had a donkey. At this present moment an avalanche of abuse is descending on the devoted head of the Commissary-General because the distribution of prizes is to be delayed until the 21st of October, ten days before the close of the Exhibition itself, and because M. Krantz obstinately refuses to publish beforehand a complete list of the medals and diplomas to be awarded by the juries. There are, it is said, 10,000 awards, and some 2000 persons—jurymen, officials, copyists, and so forth—are necessarily in the secret of who is to have anything and who nothing; but, on the other hand, there are 52,000 exhibitors, who angrily deprecate the leaking out of partial revelations, and call for the publication of a full, true, and particular list of the recompenses which are to be given. All that M. Krantz has hitherto condescended to do is to hang up, in the Vestibule d'Honneur, a very handsome drawing, on tinted paper, in sepia heightened with Chinese white, which drawing is the model of the diploma to be conferred on meritorious exhibitors. It is a beautiful work of art; but as yet it is not more highly appreciated by the *exposants* than a bride-cake in a confectioner's shop-window would be, when you knew that somebody was going to be married, but when you were totally unaware whether there was any intention of asking you to the wedding breakfast.

The rage of the exhibitors at the postponement of the *tableau* of rewards has at least one highly diverting aspect. The following is in substance their plea. 'You deprive us,' they say to M. Krantz, 'of the means of selling our goods. You are spoiling our market. If we get gold medals there will be an immediate and extensive demand for our wares; and orders will flow in proportionately if we receive silver or bronze medals, or even honour-

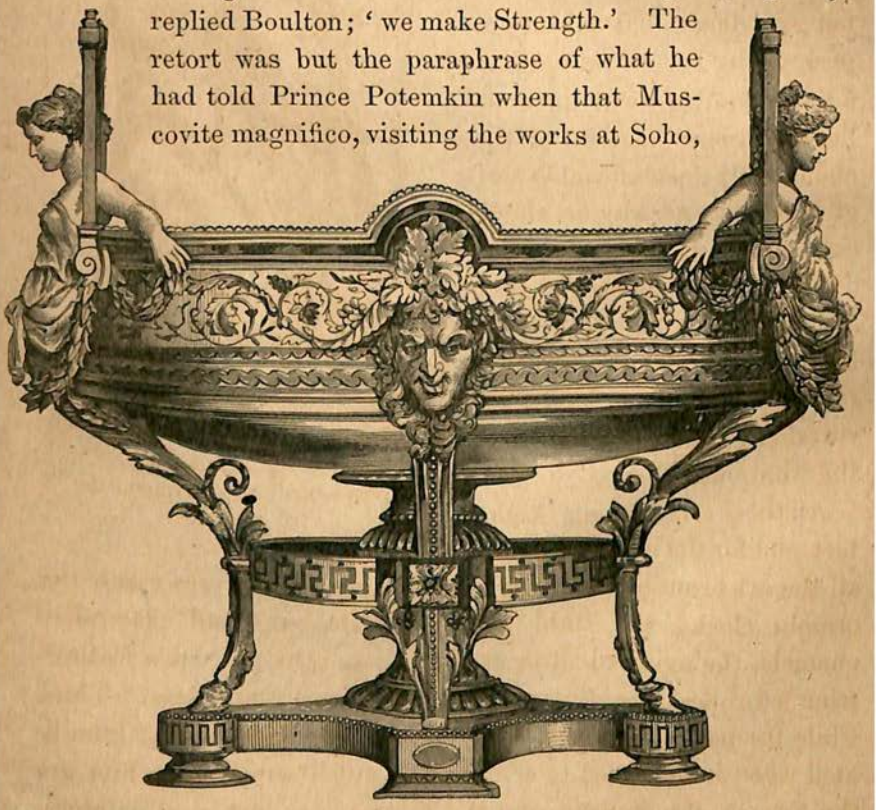
able mentions; whereas, if we have to wait until the 21st of October for our deserts to be recognised, the commercial travellers of the great foreign firms will have left Paris. We shall have lost a month's prestige among wealthy visitors, willing to buy, but preferring to wait until they can make their purchases from medallists'—or 'lauréats,' as these ambitious tradesfolk term themselves —'and after the 21st we shall have little more to do than to pack up, with the deplorable consciousness that our medals of 1878 are, in a business sense, of no more use to us than our analogous decorations of 1855, of 1862, of 1867, and of 1873.' I have heard that one ingenious *fabricant*, say of Æsthetic Soap or Sympathetic Corsets, exasperated at the official delay, which is keeping his exalted merits in the shade, placed in his case of exhibits a placard bearing the inscription, in Liliputian and Brobdingnagian characters respectively, 'Espérance d'obtenir la Medaille d'Or.' 'Medaille d'Or,' was in portentous capitals; 'Espérance d'obtenir' in microscopic letters. But one of M. Krantz's alguazils was very soon 'down' on the inventive *fabricant*, and he was sternly admonished to remove the obnoxious sign and nourish his hopes in secret. He declares, however, that justice shall eventually be done to the Æsthetic Soap or the Sympathetic Corset; and that, following the example of Piron the satirist, who desired that there should be graven on his tombstone the epitaph,

'Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien,'

he will style himself should the unintelligent jury of his class dare pass him over, 'X., non-médaillé de l'Exposition Universelle de 1878.'

But the exhibitors and M. Krantz may be left to fight out their little difficulties among themselves as best they may. Their polemics concern me not. I am one of the public. I have nothing to exhibit. I buy my ticket at a *débit de tabac;* and I am bound to acknowledge that the Show in the Champ de Mars is a capital franc's worth. You should not take too much of it at a time, because the multiplicity of things to see is apt to superinduce

headache; but 'doing' your Exhibition gently and tranquilly, and mildly but firmly declining to be systematic, will become eventually a pleasure instead of a pain, a pastime instead of a burden. With regard to the part which Great Britain plays in the Show this much may be taken for granted, that we are always sure of being able to exhibit two things in well-nigh unapproachable perfection, the economy of strength and the accessories of comfort. Sir Walter Scott, when Matthew Boulton, James Watt's partner, quoted, in reply to some casual observation, an old saying, to the effect that 'in every quarter of the globe you were certain to find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone,' suggested that he might have added, 'and a Brummagem button.' 'We make something else besides buttons at Birmingham,' quietly replied Boulton; 'we make Strength.' The retort was but the paraphrase of what he had told Prince Potemkin when that Muscovite magnifico, visiting the works at Soho,



ENAMELLED JARDINIÈRE, EXHIBITED BY M. SERVANT

superciliously asked what was sold there. 'What all the world wants—Power,' returned the senior partner in the firm. The undiminished power of English mechanic genius has gone on increasing, now as then, in an astonishing ratio; but not less surprising has been the development of our ingenuity in ministering to the comforts and conveniences of life. It stands to reason that power is a very fine thing to possess; but that is no reason why Hercules should not wear boots that fit him properly; why he should not have a due supply of clean linen and fleecy hosiery in lieu of that abominably uncomfortable shirt of Nessus; and why he should not enjoy a tidily furnished dwelling, with plenty of easy-chairs and sofas to rest his limbs, a well-planned carpet to rest his feet upon, and snug curtains to his windows to keep the wind out.

BRONZE STATUETTE, EXHIBITED BY M. HOTTOT.

All these are elements of comfort, and for the lack of them not all the art bronzes, the Murano chandeliers, the Sèvres vases, the ormolu clocks, the Buhl tables, the *cloisonné* and *champ-levé* enamels, the oxidised silver statuettes, and the peacock's feather-trimmed robes of continental civilisation can compensate. Thus, while the national conceit of the Briton may be somewhat humiliated when he is forced to confess how much superior to him are the French, the Italians, and the Germans as historical painters,

as sculptors, and as modellers, his heart may swell with honest and legitimate pride when he gazes upon a multiplicity of objects due to the inventiveness of the Anglo-Saxon, and which only Anglo-Saxon hands and machinery can make to perfection. Who invented oilcloth and Kamptulicon? To what nation do we owe railway rugs and waterproof clothing? Is the sewing-machine a French invention or an Anglo-Saxon—that is to say, an American one developed from the sixty years' old crude notion of an ingenious German? The French banter us on our wastefulness of fuel in our kitchens, and they point, to some extent justifiably, to their compact and frugal charcoal-stove, which is in reality only a very old Roman device, which, in its most primitive form, survives in the Spanish *brasero* and the Oriental *manghal;* but we invented the gas-stove, which cooks fifty things which the *poêle à charbon* cannot touch; and, besides, you cannot roast a sirloin of beef or a saddle of mutton over a charcoal-stove. Charcoal will not, without difficulty, keep your boiler and your oven at a proper heat. The French are, save in so far as regards a fowl, or at most a turkey, the wretchedest of roasters. If they have to deal even with so small a matter as a leg of mutton, they send the meat up to table burnt black outside and blood-raw inside, and then, because they do not know how to roast, they circulate a preposterous myth about the English liking their meat *saignant* or *sanguinolent*. Why is this? They cannot roast properly, for the reason that when the operation of roasting requires any machinery larger than that of the Dutch oven in which we toast chops, kidneys, and bacon, they are thrown back well-nigh on the barbarism of the spit and turnspit-dogs. Their middle-class houses know nothing of the completeness of comfort afforded by a well-fitted kitchen range, which, properly constructed, and with a cook who knows how to arrange her fire, need not be by any means extravagant in the way of fuel. It strikes me that a thoroughly well-appointed kitchen is one of the most important components in the entity which we call comfort; and for all the lustrous sham of a French *batterie de cuisine*, for all the elaborate array of stock-

pots, *casseroles à liaison*, and *bain-marie* pans, French kitchen furniture is left wofully behind when compared with such culinary machinery as is supplied by our Benhams, our Adams, and our Browns and Greens.

The reason, I apprehend, why so many thousands of French people breakfast and dine at public eating-houses is that their own small, pokey, and ill-ventilated kitchens are destitute of the appliances which are seldom lacking even in the kitchens of an English middle-class-house of very moderate pretensions. I may be met, in all this, I am quite aware, by the embarrassing rejoinder that, with all our excellent culinary apparatus, we do not know how to cook. I will traverse one count in the potential indictment by asserting that we are the best roasters in Europe. I will go further, and declare that we can broil excellently well. Since I have been a stranger and a pilgrim in Paris this last outing, I have breakfasted or dined at twenty-seven different restaurants of the first and second rate order. My experience of the lower grades will be published after my decease; but I deliberately maintain that no *côtelette de mouton, nature*, for which I have paid two francs and a half at Bignon's, at the Café Riche, at the Maison Dorée, at Durand's, or at the Café Anglais—I suppose that one cannot go in the way of eating-houses higher than this—has approached within a very long distance the mutton-chop with a curly tail which I can obtain for ninepence sterling at the Cheshire Cheese or the Cock in Fleet Street. Of course, I do not expect *filets de sole à la Orly* or *poulet sauté à la Portugaise* at the Cheshire Cheese or the Cock. I merely take *plat* for *plat*, meat for meat, and broiling for broiling; and I insist the more strongly on the chop, as the modern Parisian *gourmets* profess to disparage the most approved made dishes in their *cuisine*, and sicken you with panegyrics of the blood-raw 'chunks' of wasted

flesh and the skinny little morsels of tough meat and gristle clinging to a scrag-bone, ill-bred, ill-kept, ill-killed, ill-cooked, ill-served, and extravagantly charged for, which they naïvely term 'nature.'

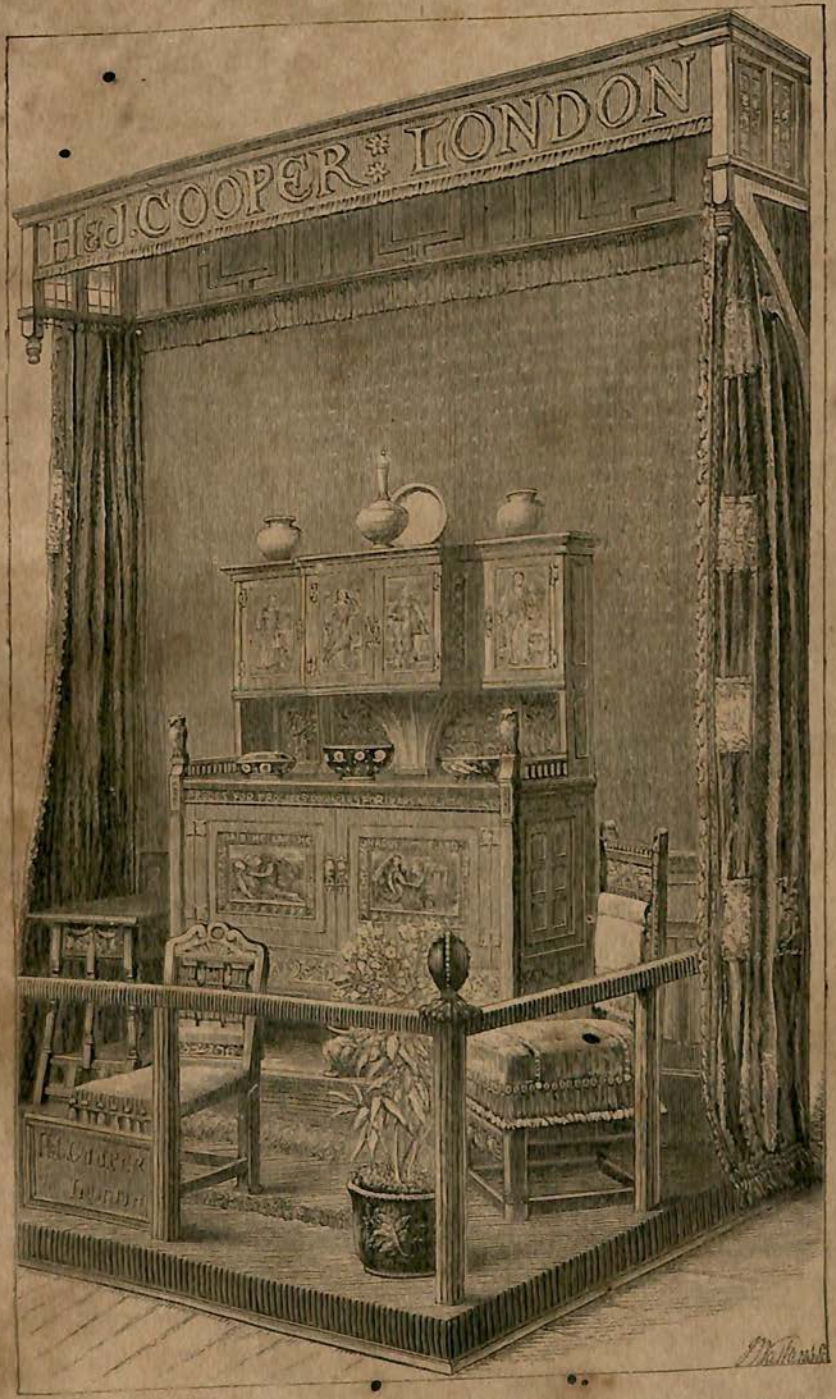
The service of their dinner-tables is quite as much open to animadversion. Look into scores of glass cases in the Exhibition, and you will see what we are able to do—and have done for years—in the way of table cutlery, and electroplate, and glass. The best French dinner-tables are but very poorly provided in these respects; and you cannot fail to be struck with the meagre appearance of a Parisian table, even of the highest class, if you glance at one of the first-page engravings in Jules Gouffe's magnificent work on cookery. I grant that the French Department of the Exhibition contains some most sumptuous examples of salt-cellars in gold, silver, and electro, and some of these are really marvels of modelling and chasing. I own again the great gastronomic convenience of the tiny machine called the *moulin à poivre*, which contains whole pepper, which you grind as you want it, over your plate. The freshly-ground pepper is most delightfully aromatic; but its spiciness fails to console me for the almost total absence from French restaurants of a salt-spoon. Some of the higher-class houses have begun to use English mustard, but in the majority of places of public entertainment the sinapistic condiment is simply vile. *Moutarde de Maille*, when the pot is kept scrupulously corked, is very succulent; but it is expensive, and you rarely obtain the real Dijon preparation at a restaurant. For patriotic reasons the French repudiate the wholesome, albeit not very puissant, German Senf; and the common French mustard, acrid but not pungent, is as nasty as the common French salt, which is a dirty gray in hue and tastes of stale periwinkles. I should speak, however, of this detestable salt in the past tense. Of the salt now in use no complaint can be made, save that it is not quite crystallised enough. The gray salt with the periwinkle flavour went out—why, I cannot tell—with Louis Philippe.

I have said so much about dinner-table appliances that I may be perhaps permitted to say a few words about a singularly inge-

nious and convenient dinner-table in the English furniture department of the Exhibition. This article is in the display of Messrs. Johnstone, Jeanes, & Co. of New Bond Street, London. The collection comprises a very superb cabinet of satinwood, inlaid with ebony, tulip, and other rare woods in most intricate and fanciful patterns, a noble sideboard and chimneypiece of carved oak, and many other articles of decorative furniture of equal excellence; but the *spécialité* for which Messrs. Johnstone, Jeanes, & Co. are entitled to the greatest commendation is the patent circular expanding dining-table, which, by an arrangement of mechanism equally ingenious and simple, is made, with almost magical rapidity, to contract or enlarge its circumference. It will dine four people, or it will dine eight, or ten, or sixteen, or twenty. It is the bed of Procrustes, but with a difference. The table is aggravated or diminished to suit the guests, who, on their part, do not suffer painful excision or more painful dislocation of their limbs to suit the table. The production of a homogeneous plane in a circle, of which the diameter can be widened or narrowed by a mere turn of the hand, is based on simple mathematical principles. Certain segments of the circle have to be taken out or fitted in, as the dining-table requires to be made larger or smaller. The whole table, indeed, is a 'puzzle,' of which the different parts fit into each other with unerring exactitude. Still it is a puzzle so plain in its mechanism that it could be mastered with ease after a few hours' practice by an intelligent butler or handy parlourmaid. Circular dining-tables are just now much more fashionable than the old long 'telescopic' tables. The round table, it is argued, is much more sociable—King Arthur and his Knights found that out long ago—than the solemn banqueting-table, with its upper and lower end. The servants have less trouble in attending to the guests when the table is a round one; and in a country house, where the company is sometimes very restricted and sometimes very numerous, the advantages of such an accommodating piece of furniture as Messrs. Johnstone & Jeanes's circular expanding dining-table will at once be manifest.

In this same furniture department Messrs. H. & J. Cooper of Great Pulteney Street have an artistically arranged display, the effect of which is much enhanced by the judiciously selected tones of the rich velvet-pile curtains and hangings that form at once the frame and background to their exhibit. The post of honour is accorded to a solid rosewood cabinet of novel conception and fine workmanship, which, although partially based upon the decorative style of the sixteenth century, before the advent of the florid Italian Renaissance, displays decided originality of treatment as regards design, and is especially remarkable for the harmonious richness of its *ensemble*. The aim of Mr. H. J. Cooper, the designer of this graceful piece of furniture, has apparently been twofold—firstly, to achieve what he defines as a 'harmonious composition in tones of red,' embracing alike the constructive and decorative features; and secondly, to subordinate the paintings on the panels to the general structure, in order that they may appear as integral portions of the cabinet instead of mere adjuncts to it—as is often the case with the ornamentation of modern decorative furniture—and thereby preserve that sense of unity which should pervade a piece of high-class furniture the same as any other work of art.

The framework of the cabinet is of solid rosewood relieved with elegant brass mountings, and the panels are painted in oil with scenes and characters from Tennyson's *Princess*, by Mr. Lewis Day, to whom the decorative details of the structure are also due. The upper panels are devoted to the leading members of that strange university which has 'prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans, and sweet girl-graduates.' There is the Princess herself, with the twin tame leopards crouched beside her throne; the falcon-eyed Lady Psyche at her satinwood desk and her babe slumbering by her knee; Melissa, book in hand, smoothing the petted peacock and scattering shafts of gentle satire; and the faded form, haughty lineaments, and falsely-brown autumnal tresses of Lady Blanche—'a tiger cat in act to spring.' The lower panels contain a couple of groups, one of the Princess bending in grief over the stricken lover, the other illustrating the final injunction,

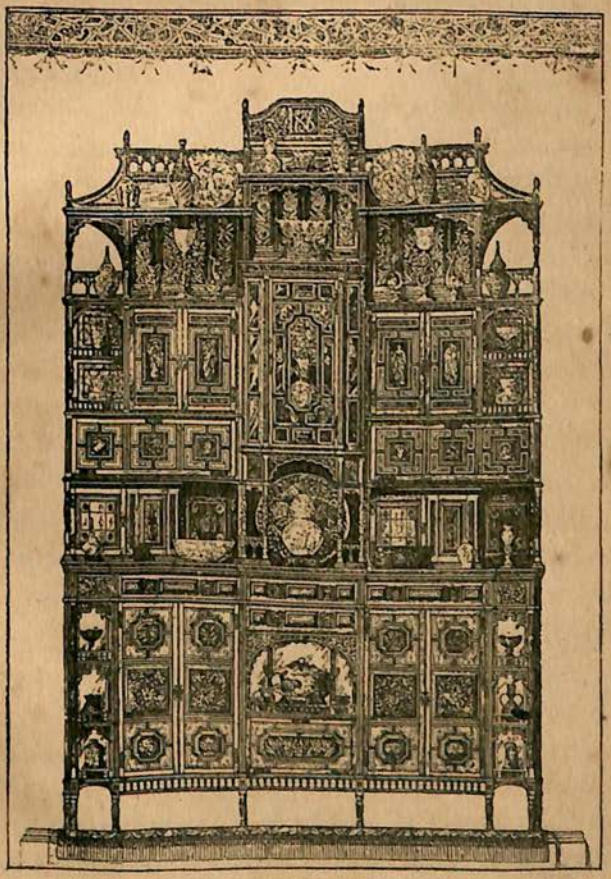


THE PERICLES CABINET. I 320.

Exhibited by Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.

'Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.' The leading tones of these paintings are in excellent keeping with the deep ruby tint of the wood-work of the cabinet, and a singularly rich and vivid chromatic result is arrived at without the slightest approach to garishness.

Another rosewood cabinet, differing materially from that of Messrs. Cooper, being highly ornate in its general design and



diversified in its manifold details, is exhibited by a Manchester firm, Messrs. Henry Ogden & Son of Deansgate. This structure, in which a certain Oriental tendency is apparent, recalls the deco-

rative furniture in vogue during the Queen Anne period, but displays more freedom of design as well as considerable ingenuity in its adaptation to modern requirements. Its graceful proportions and finished workmanship, combined with the artistic feeling of its decorative details, entitle it to rank among the finer examples of artistic furniture in the British section. Rich as it is in ornamentation, not merely as regards carving, but metallic and ceramic accessories, the judicious choice of a dark material for the groundwork of the structure conduces far more to a subdued general effect than might have been anticipated. In addition to their cabinet, Messrs. Ogden exhibit a pianoforte in satin-wood, inlaid with mahogany and various delicately-tinted woods, in which a marked improvement upon the recognised inelegance of form of the 'grand' is apparent. As regards the plan of the instrument, this necessarily follows the conventional shape; but the elevation is treated in semi-architectural fashion and in the pseudo-classic style with complete success. A kind of frieze runs round the upper portion, and moulded panels, inlaid with cupids, wreaths, musical emblems, and the like, ornament the sides, while the body of the instrument rests on light elegantly-shaped tapering legs. The difficulties to be overcome were considerable, but the result is a very graceful piece of furniture.

Bewildered jurymen—puzzling over a number of objects all exhibited by the same firm, and inwardly debating whether the merits of one half of the collection are not more than counterbalanced by the glaring imperfections in the other half—must have been favourably struck by the simple and tasteful display of Messrs. Henderson & Co. of Durham, who have contented themselves with showing merely a couple of specimens of their artistic carpets. Both of these productions, wrought in good materials into substantial and enduring fabrics, are equally admirable as regards design and arrangement of colour, and are, indeed, textile gems in their way. The more refined of the two is an Axminster carpet, woven in one of the firm's patent looms, and notable for the combined chasteness and elegance of its design. The pattern is a simple one

on a neutral-blue ground, the treatment being architectonic and in the mediæval style, so that the carpet is especially adapted to harmonise with furniture of the Early English character now much in vogue. The other carpet is a Wilton, minutely intricate in pattern and remarkable for the rich harmony of its brilliant tones, in both of which distinguishing features the direct and beneficial influence of Oriental art is traceable. A Silver Medal has, I hear, been awarded to Messrs. Henderson & Co. for their modest, but highly satisfactory, exhibit.

There is yet another cabinet in the British furniture department to which I desire to call attention, deserving as it is of the minutest examination, for it is unquestionably one of the most beautiful examples of artistic *ébénisterie* that it has ever been my lot to inspect. I allude to the Louis Seize cabinet exhibited by Messrs. Mellier & Son of Margaret Street, sumptuously enriched with foliage, mouldings, and tracery in brass, with its large central panel representing Minerva rewarding the Arts and Sciences. The design belongs precisely to that transition period—say between 1770 and 1780—when the conventional Græco-Roman classicism, of Carle Vanloo and Raphael Mengs, so fiercely assailed by Diderot, was declining, and when the star of David's classicism chaste, austere, but still conventional, was slowly rising. Mr. Mellier's cabinet is one which might not have been like enough to the style of Boucher or of Fragonard to please Madame Du Barry, but it would have assuredly delighted Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe. It is in *marqueterie* of the rarest woods—*marqueterie* of the famous style, hitherto deemed unapproachable, of Lunéville. The sitting figure of the sapient goddess, the little *amoretti* who symbolise the Arts and Sciences, their emblems and attributes, the elaborate architectural details, the sunlit sky, the Orb of Day himself with his coruscating rays, the distant mountains, the sylvan middle distance, the foreground full of flowers and leaves, form one grand mosaic composed of an infinite number of shreds of differently coloured wood, inlaid with the most exquisite patience, cunning, and taste. It is an *œuvre*

à la scie, a work wrought with the minutest handsaws imaginable, and joined together with more than Chinese—more than Japanese deftness and accuracy. Substantially, it is a mosaic in wood; still, looked at even through a powerful magnifying-glass, its effect is that of a most carefully executed painting in oil. Vast numbers of spectators have possibly already expressed their wonder and delight at this astonishing specimen of cabinet-work; but the critic who will most thoroughly appreciate Mr. Mellier's work, and whose suffrages he is perchance most anxious to gain, must be the skilled artificer in *ébénisterie*. Only the practical art-workman can tell what an immensity of pains has been bestowed on any fiftieth part of an inch in this picture; how weeks may have been given to Pallas's helmet, and months to the folds of her drapery; how incessant has been the task of insertion and reinsertion, and how desperate have been the difficulties occurring in obtaining a particular shade of wood, were it only for the mouldings in a cornice or the warm lights on a tuft of foliage. Exquisite designs of a geometrically decorative and floral character have been produced in wood *marqueterie* in France, in Italy, and in the Low Countries; but Mr. Mellier's panel may be looked upon as a well-nigh unique example of a figure-subject of the highest class in a most delicate and intractable material.

If you would see in the rough some of the very rarest and most beautifully tinted of the woods required for the production of *marqueterie* on an elaborate scale, you should go to Brazil. I went to Brazil—in the Exhibition—before my visit terminated, and after a mild surfeit of odorous timber, chocolate, nuts, spices, arrow-root, manioc, cassava, araca, maize, and preserved cocoanut, I thought that I would have a look at those colonial dependencies of the kingdom of Portugal of which the interesting Brazilian Empire once formed a part. But I had much difficulty in finding 'Flores in the Azores,' to say nothing of Goa in the East Indies. I had heard that colonial Portugal was to be found in the south-east corner of the building of the Champ de Mars, hard by the École

Militaire. Now, in wandering about 'Paris Cut to Pieces,' I start by one invariable compass—the Big Balloon, the captive monster, to make ascents in which is the delight of the existence of the fascinating Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt. Whenever I see the Big Balloon in mid-air I know that the monster must be over the defunct central pavilion of the burnt-out Tuileries, and shape my course accordingly. When the balloon is 'down' I lose my way. In wandering through the exhibition I have two compasses—Gustave Doré's vase and Signor Tabacchi's 'Bather,' the gracefullest—mind, I do not say the grandest—statue that the world has seen since Hiram Power's 'Greek Slave' was first revealed to us in '51. But this afternoon I could discern neither of my compasses, and found myself wholly at sea. Gustave Doré's vase had seemingly taken unto itself wings and flown away; and as for Signor Tabacchi's 'Bather,' that chaste nymph—she wears a most decorous bathing costume of the 'combined pattern'—had apparently taken so determined a 'header' into that briny ocean into which she is incessantly threatening to plunge as to be invisible to all eyes save those of Schiller's 'Diver.'

As to where the south-east corner of the Exhibition Palace was, I knew no more about it than did probably the Man in the Moon when he prematurely descended on this sublunary sphere and inquired the way to Norwich. Emboldened, however, by the example of the *Vir Lunâ*, I asked *my* way of a *sergent de ville*. This functionary was probably the Man in the South who had burnt his mouth by eating cold plum-porridge; for he told me very crustily that he had nothing to do with the Eastern section. 'But where,' I persisted, 'are the Portuguese dependencies?' 'Sapristi!' he replied, 'en Portugal.' But I had just come out of Portugal, and I could find no dependencies there. Could he tell me geographically where the South-East was? At this the *sergent de ville* lost all patience, sternly bidding me 'passer mon chemin,' and 'plus vite que ça' he added. The existing race of *sergents de ville* in Paris are distinguished neither for their politeness nor for their intelligence. I met one the other day who

could not tell me the way to the world-famous restaurant of the Moulin Rouge in the Champs Élysées. Perhaps he thought that I was a Red Republican, and meant mischief.

At length a friendly trundler of a Bath-chair—they are very civil and patient fellows, these pushers of *fauteuils roulants*, although their endurance seems to be sorely tried by the crossness and captiousness of the old ladies who seem to be their principal patronesses—came to my assistance, and good-naturedly informed me that Colonial Portugal was in the Quartier de la Dégustation. But I was not yet out of the wood. I lost my way in the Dutch dependencies. My progress was blocked by the tremendously towering trophy of casks, kegs, puncheons, jars, and bottles, representing, in a really grandiose architectural mass, the exhibit of the great liqueur house of Wynand Fockink of Amsterdam. Curaçoa and scheidam, maraschino and schnapps, kûmmel, kirschwasser, and orange-boom—one would have thought that this colossal pyramid of strong drink was a monument erected to the memory of the late Mynheer Van Dunk. After various other delays I eventually reached the Portuguese dependencies, and over against the pavilion in the park of the Champs de Mars, guarded by two most ferocious effigies of Indian Sepoys in the Portuguese service, I found a very pretty little rustic kiosk, devoted to the exhibition of the Madeira wines of Messrs. Cossart Gordon & Co. of Madeira and London, a firm of very ancient standing, having been estab-

lished as slippers in the wine-growing island ever since the year 1746.

Are you fond of Madeira? Have you, travelling in the United States before the Civil War broke out, ever been regaled with the famous vintages known as 'Governor Fish,' 'Sunnyside,' and 'Smoked Charleston'? Did you ever taste the Madeira at the Fishmongers', at the Goldsmiths', at the Clothworkers'? If such be your experience and your inclination of taste, the 'dégustation' in progress at the rustic kiosk of Messrs. Cossart Gordon & Co. would be in the highest degree interesting. In the year 1813 this house shipped something like three millions of quarts of Madeira, of which no less than 464,816 quarts went in a single shipment to the East Indies. Everybody has heard of the disasters caused in Madeira between 1852 and 1860 by the disease of the vine known as the *Oïdium Tuckeri;* but it is not nearly so generally known that Cossart Gordon & Co. were enabled, owing to the enormous stocks which they held, to continue during the eight years of barrenness their shipments to all countries. At present it would seem that there is an abundance of good wine in Madeira, both young and old; and, as if to verify this fact, every one of the score and a half of samples of Madeira exposed by Cossart Gordon & Co. are exhibited, not in bottles, but in five-and-twenty-gallon casks. In the island of Madeira new vines are being planted almost every day, and from the older vines maturing the vintage becomes richer every year; besides which it is confidently, and on the best authority, maintained that the wines of the present day are fully equal, and often superior, in body and flavour to those exported before the outbreak of the 'oïdium' malady. This must be good news for the admirers of 'Rainwater' and 'Old Particular,' of 'Branco secco' and 'Pale Reserve,' of 'Old dry Sercial' and 'Choice rich Bual,' of 'Sao Martinho' and 'Crown Malmsey.' There is enough of the last historic vintage left to drown any number of Dukes of Clarence.

Our French neighbours are very partial to what they term 'Vin de Madère,' which is in general request at the Paris cafés

and pastrycooks as the 'vin de dames,' it being almost the only stimulant that a French lady allows herself. Nearly the whole of the

Madeira consumed in France comes, however, from Cette, where many thousand pipes of so-called Madère are annually manufactured out of a full-bodied southern wine by sweetening, colouring,

and fortifying it, and subjecting it to natural or artificial heat. In order that the French people may judge for themselves how great the difference is between genuine Madeira and the imitation wine of Cette, Messrs. Cossart Gordon & Co. have liberally dispensed their wines to some thousands of visitors to their rustic kiosk since the Exhibition has been opened.

END OF VOL. I.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018